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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week 104,000.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1888. NUMBER 21.

Poetry.

DECREED.

Into all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear-drops start,
Whether they fall as gentle shower
Or fall like fire from an aching heart.
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some doubtings come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep
From dimpling waters to seething foam.

Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp thorn spring,
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with their bitter sting,
Upon all brows rough wind must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be lain,
Bowing the form in its lofty height
Down to the dust in bitter pain.

Into all hands some duty's trust;
Unto all arms some burden's given,
Crushing the heart with its weary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.
Into all hearts and homes and lives
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,
Gilding the ruins of life's great plain—
Weaving for all a golden crown.

SHE WAS REALLY SMITTEN.

A while ago it was summer
And a yellow moon swung low,
And checkered with shifting shadows
The white surf's ebb and flow;
The sky in the purple darkness
Was spangled with gleaming stars,
And the moonlight lay on the water
In level golden bars.

The waves sung soft in the silence
A song of the mystic deep,
And murmured as if the ocean
Were talking in its sleep;
A white ship tossed in the harbor
Where the swells were low and long,
And somewhere a woman was singing
The air of an old sweet song.

From the odorous depths of the pine woods
A mist came drifting down,
And beyond with lights atwinkle
Lay the quaint New England town;
We sat on the sands together,
And his voice was soft and low;
That night he told me he loved me:
'Twas many weeks ago.

And I? Ah, yes, I was happy,
As I looked in his love-lit eyes,
I thought his words meant something;
I was neither old nor wise.
"A while ago," but it's all over,
And summer has faded to fall;
It was only an idle flirtation
And a tender good-by; that was all.

I don't think he's quite forgotten,
But I know I am foolish to care;
There are golden prizes for winning
In the markets of Vanity Fair.
Last night at a dance I met him,
And away from the music and light
My thoughts went drifting, drifting
Back to that moonlit night.

In the German I know he remembered;
When the favor figure came,
He gave me a painted sea shell
And whispered the old love name;
And as we joined the dancers
His thoughts had wandered afar,
And he heard instead of the music,
The waves on the harbor bar.

I hear he's to marry this season;
She has millions, the gossips say.
He loved me? Yes, but what of it:
He had only his talk and his play.
So we talked of the last new opera,
And the music of coming years,
But behind my fan's white feathers
My eyes were full of tears.

Our Story Teller.

JACK DUDLEY'S WIFE.

A NOVELETTE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY.

Author of "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," "Under the Rose," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY WIFE AND MY FRIEND.

That I am endowed with a superabundance of coolness and patience, the reader, doubtless, has already discovered: but also that the position in which I found myself was a trying one, cannot be denied.

Barely touching the supper that had been brought for me, I paced the little room in a fever of impatience till Tom returned. The moment he came I was struck by the change in his expressive face. There was an ominous tightening about the corners of the mouth, and an evident desire to avoid looking at me.

I sat down again beside the fire; he also dropped into the chair he had occupied before.

"Now, sir, I can go on with my story. But after all there is not much more to tell. Let me see. Where was I?"

He spoke with some embarrassment, quite at variance with his manner before he left the room. I was silent. I would not assist him by word or look. That something had occurred to alter his determination of telling me the whole truth, I was convinced. Possibly the strong emotion I had shown was the cause. I would manifest less interest; by this means perhaps I might learn most. He resumed:

"The poor squire was carried home. He only recovered consciousness an hour or so before he died. And what made matters the more painful, you see, sir, was this—he knew very well it was that kick from his daughter's horse that had done for him. Immediately after the funeral Mrs. Hargreave and her step-daughter left the Park; everything about the place was sold and I've been told the ladies went traveling on the continent."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, yes, sir, that's about all."

"You had, in point of fact, finished the story before you left the room?"

"If there is anything more you would like to know that I can tell you, I'll do so, sir." Clearly the answer was evasive.

"You said that Miss Hargreave rode on. Would you mind explaining what you meant, more fully?" I inquired.

"I said she rode on, and that all the field could testify to it. I suppose the excitement of finding herself on horseback once more caused her to lose her head. I can give no further explanation on that point, sir. Is there anything more you would like to know?"

What had come over the man I knew not, but I felt it would be useless to pursue the subject. I would try him on another tack.

"Do you know the name of—Gascoigne?" I asked, abruptly.

"Gascoigne?" he repeated, and seemed considering. "No; there's never been anyone of that name hereabouts to my knowledge, and I've been in this part over six years now."

"You never heard of a Dr. Gascoigne, then?"

"No, sir."

"Who was attending Mr. Hargreave when he died?"

"Dr. Wilson from C——; and a great London doctor came down—when it was too late."

"Where is Dr. Wilson now? Possibly I could hear of Gascoigne through him."

"He's dead, sir."

"Did he attend Miss Hargreave? You see I'm taking you at your word, and asking plenty of questions."

"If Miss Hargreave needed a doctor, he would attend her, naturally, as he was—you may say—the family doctor. But the young lady was never ill enough to require medical attendance. She'd one of the grandest constitutions going."

"But after that terrible tragedy, for instance—was she not ill? Did no medical man attend her on that occasion?" I inquired, vividly recalling to mind what Mrs. Hargreave had told me of her daughter's attack of brain fever, of the shock her nerves had undergone, of the doctor's advice concerning her.

"You give me credit for more knowledge than I possess, sir," answered Little. "I told you Mrs. Hargreave and her step-daughter left the Park immediately after the funeral. I wonder what's got them now?" he said, looking at me keenly.

Involuntarily I winced, feeling that the tables were being turned on me.

I arose and tried to laugh. "Evidently, your too graphically told tale has had a depressing effect," I said. "I'll go outside now and try to walk it off."

Alone, and in the darkness, I would think over what I had just heard. Alone and in darkness—how truly did those words describe my own condition.

It was evident there was no further information to be gathered from the ex-huntsman. In point of fact, perhaps there was no more to learn. God knows it was enough! But even then, as I tramped along the unknown road that starless night, my passion somewhat cooled, and I felt I might have pitied Georgie had it not been for those damning words of Little's beneath which such subtle meaning lurked—"Miss Hargreave rode on." Good God! would the tones of his voice, the expression of his face as he uttered them, ever cease to haunt me?

This, then, was the story which a few seasons ago been the talk of the sporting world! When a certain Mr. and Mrs. Dudley took up their abode in far-off Northshire, and the hunting men, who were so cordial with Jack Dudley in the field, wished their wives and mothers to call upon his wife, they inquired first, "Who was she?" "Lester Hargreave's daughter." Why, every M. F. H. in the kingdom would remember the tragic tale the moment the name was spoken. And how the news would spread!

Need I wonder any longer that no callers came to Langdale Grange? Need I wonder now what Edna Lynton meant when she tried all a woman could to dissuade me from this fatal marriage?

Fool! Blind, infatuated dupe that I had been, to sell my liberty for the sake of a beautiful face and—mammon!

But, alas, more remained to be discovered. The part Dr. Gascoigne played in this wretched drama was still to be explained; and I vowed to heaven I would neither sleep nor rest till the mystery surrounding him was solved.

I left Leicestershire by the first train the next morning.

How long the return journey seemed—How wearisome all the changes and delays! It was nearly nine at night when I found myself once more at Wexham.

I had telegraphed from York for a cab to meet me, and two were waiting outside the station. Selecting that to which a pair of horses was attached, I was about to enter it when the driver stopped me. It was engaged, he said, for a lady. I therefore took possession of the other, and we were soon passed by the two horse cab, which I could not help noticing was being driven at unusual speed. About half a mile from the Grange we met the same vehicle returning; a ray of moonlight glinting in showed me that it was empty.

The entrance to the grounds was reached. The gates stood open. A few seconds more and I should be in the presence of my wife. Sudden conviction that I was not prepared assailed me. I called to the driver to stop; I paid him, took my bag and walked slowly along the moonlit carriage drive. I did this to gain time—to no other motive can I assign the action—to gain time to frame the words which could best excuse my absence and explain why I returned a day earlier than I had named. It was supposed I had gone to York about a horse. I had not bought the horse * * * The less said the better.

Still brooding over my sombre thoughts, almost unconsciously, I turned along a favorite walk which led round the side of the house; all here lay in deepest shadow; but a broad flood of light from the music room window crossed the path and lost itself in the shrubbery beyond.

Georgie is in there, I thought; but, instead of hastening forward, I stood still. One minute more with the fresh March wind blowing on me—one minute more, and then—

It was a Frenchman who wrote: "Le hasard c'est peut etre le pseudonyme de Dieu quand il ne veut pas signer." In this instance it might have been the very devil himself who prompted me to be there that fateful night.

I was close by the French window; I had even advanced a step with the intention of tapping on the pane to be let in, as I had done numberless times before, when it was flung suddenly open, and a shadow fell along the illuminated space.

"There, that is better. The air will soon revive you." And the voice was the voice of Gascoigne, but he spoke with a tenderness I had never heard from him before.

"Yes—I—I—can breathe now." And these words were spoken by my wife.

The shadow seemed to separate—to form two; and I felt certain that he—Gascoigne, my *friend*, heaven save the mark—had been holding her in his arms! The conversation that ensued was clearly a continuation of one that had been going on inside the room.

"Further concealment is becoming almost impossible. It is incredible how the secret has been kept so long. Surely your husband must have some suspicion, he must have seen——."

"He has not the slightest idea, I tell you. If I thought he had, I'd—I'd—kill myself!"

"No, no. Not that. There is another alternative, my poor child—a better one—the plan I was suggesting to you just now. You will trust yourself to me——." His emotion seemed to choke him.

"I am thinking about it. Whether I can bring myself to promise ——."

I dropped my bag lightly to the ground. I wanted both hands free—free to grapple with him—to shake the truth from him if I could get it in no other way.

"But you seemed to consent? Tell me again that you consent?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Yes. When the time arrives, you have but to say 'Come,' and I will go with you when and where you please." She spoke with strange composure considering the terrible import of her words.

"If I could feel but quite sure—" he began hesitatingly.

"Do you mistrust me? Do you fear I shall change my mind?" she asked, with a laugh that sounded hysterical. "Shall I write it?"

"A good thought. But I will write and you shall sign," he answered. "It will help you to remember, and may be of use should any difficulty arise."

They were far too much absorbed to notice that I changed my position so that I could see as well hear.

Gascoigne wrote in his pocket book, then he handed it and the pencil he had used to Georgie. "Your signature is sufficient," he said.

She wrote, and, as he replaced the book in his pocket, he added: "It would take more self-possession than I feel quite master of to face your husband to-night."

"Then you must fly—quickly, for even a slow one-horse cab"—and she laughed lightly as she said it—"should be here by this time. Will you go out through the stable yard?" They knew of my return. They had had me watched.

"No," said he, firmly. "I came in by the front entrance. I will leave by it."

I crept cautiously away. I believed I knew their secret now. It was a vulgar one enough; only the old story of a false friend and an unfaithful wife. But, O my God, how I have been fooled!

CHAPTER XVII.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

Leaving my place of concealment, I walked swiftly down the carriage-drive and took my position near the gates. I had not long to wait. I heard Gascoigne's quick military tread upon the gravel before he came in sight. When he was within a couple of yards or so, I stepped out into the moonlight right in front of him.

"Ha, Dudley!" he exclaimed, with the old hearty ring in his voice as he held out his hand.

I made no attempt to take it. For a few seconds we looked at each other thus.

"What is the matter with you Jack?" He put the question with the most innocent air imaginable.

"You've come from my house," I said significantly.

"Yes."

"You've seen my wife?"

"I have."

"You don't deny it, then?"

"No," he answered, fixing his eyes on me with a look that I interpreted as one of cool defiance. "And now, perhaps, you'll let me pass," he added.

The quiet scornfulness of his manner exasperated me past endurance.

"You're a devil!" I cried, with concentrated fury, and struck at him—I struck fair and full at his mocking face.

He parried the blow, however, and before I could help myself his arms were around me. It was a hand-to-hand struggle. I was the taller but he more muscular of the two, and with shame, I felt that, although the aggressor, I should be conquered. He flung me from him with a force that sent me reeling across the roadway.

"Jack Dudley," said he, "go home. I require no explanation from you to-night. To-morrow I'll come and demand one."

His assurance petrified me. With a muttered imprecation, giddy and still reeling, I turned towards the house.

For hours I walked up and down before the house that contained the false woman once I believed I loved.

If not as yet guilty in act, my wife was at least morally guilty. Her words had proved it. I had heard her own lips say she was ready to leave me and go with Gascoigne when and where he wished. He had only to come for her, she said. The villain had got her written promise, too. * *

The lights were extinguished, the moon and stars grew dim, and a biting wind began to blow.

For the fifteenth time, perhaps, I passed the now darkened music room. At last I paused before it and seemed to see again the same scene enacted, to hear again the same words spoken. All at once I became sensible of a feeling of intense fatigue, also that it was raining heavily; if I remained out there many minutes longer, I should be soaked to the skin. Laying my hand on the handle of the French window—a hundred to one, I thought, it would be fastened on the inside—to my surprise it flew open instantly. I stepped in, closed it, and approached the hearth, where a fire was still burning.

Weary, miserable and faint—I had not tasted food all day—I cast myself upon the couch, and closed my eyes. I could afford to rest. I knew the worst now. In an hour or two's time I would leave my home for ever.

A slight sound, a sigh quite near, roused me; and the soft touch of a hand upon my shoulder thrilled me as could the touch of only one woman's hand on earth. Looking up I saw Edna Lynton bending over me and holding towards me a glass of wine. Her sweet eyes were full of tenderness and pity." An angel had come to minister to me, whose very presence had calmed the tempest of my soul, and brought me peace. She looked gentle, sweet, and timorous as a dove.

I drank the wine gratefully, gave back the empty glass, and, at a sign from her, lay down again upon the couch. She turned down the shaded lamp upon the table, stirred the fire, then moved towards the door. "I must go now and say you have come in. I will return," she said in answer to the outspoken question of my eyes. I knew not the length of time that intervened. When she came again, I extended my hand to her, mutely imploring sympathy.

She understood. She sat down and slid her hand in mine. At first it trembled just a little, like the fluttering of a frightened bird; then it lay still. I strove to conceal the rapture with which this voluntary act of hers inspired me, and closed my eyes lest she should read in them the truth. My heart was beating so that my one fear was that she should hear it. I could have lain thus for hours, for years, for all eternity it seemed to me. I had no intention of deceiving her, but I know that she believed I slept.

"Poor Jack," she murmured, and the very sound of the words was in itself a caress.

When I thought I could sufficiently control my feelings to look calmly at her, I opened my eyes.

"Are you rested? Can you listen to something I have to say?" she asked with the same tender intonation with which she had said, "Poor Jack."

I pressed her hand; I still would not trust myself to speak. She continued:

"I want you to be very quiet, very calm, and answer me some questions. For more than four hours you have been wandering about outside. With Mrs. Dudley's knowledge, I waited for you here. Tell me, why did you not come in on your return from the station?"

"Surely what I heard in Leicestershire was sufficient to account for that? I wished to delay as long as possible the moment when I should have to face—my wife."

"But you knew, that sooner or later that time must come. What did you gain by the delay?"

"What did I gain?" I repeated, with a bitter laugh that it was impossible to disguise "The certain knowledge that the woman who is called my wife, is no longer worthy to bear my name. I will never look on her false face again."

"You have discovered something * * something since you came home?" she asked in a nervous, startled manner.

I strove my very utmost to be calm, for she trembled, and was pale as death.

"By an accident, I overheard their talk—hers and Gascoigne's. She, the guilty wife; he, the false friend!"

"No, no, no! it is not so. She is not guilty, nor he false. I am sure, am certain this can be proved. But first, tell me all—all that you saw and heard."

Edna was standing now. I, too, had risen. Her hands were clasped in supplication, her eyes brimful of tears. She was trembling in every fibre of her body. As simply as I could, I related all that had occurred, making no further comment.

When I had ended—she had turned her face away till then—she looked at me as though a weight were taken off her mind. "Thank you, she said, "I know that it can be explained."

"Explain it then," said I, incredulously.

"I will. To-morrow."

I glanced towards the window. She also looked in the same direction. Daylight was peeping through the half closed shades.

"To-day. A few hours hence——" she began.

"Within this hour I shall have left my home forever."

"But what do you mean to do? Where would you go?"

"I can tell you nothing—for I know nothing—except that I shall leave England and everything for which I sold myself. I shall go away free, penniless, and—I think—alone."

"Not without first seeing your wife? Not without giving her a chance to clear herself from this terrible——"

"It is as useless as it is painful to say more. Nothing can shake my determination——"

But I broke off suddenly. The look in her eyes as they met mine positively frightened me.

"Will you not stay—at least till noon?" she faltered.

I shook my head.

"Not for my—for my sake—Jack?" Her voice sank to piteous entreaty as she spoke the last words.

There is a limit to self-restraint. I went a step near to her, and the next moment she was in my arms.

She hid her suddenly flushed face against my shoulder. I did not speak, but caressed her hot cheek. She moved a little closer to me, kissing the hand that was caressing her.

I took her sweet face between my hands, and raising it whispered, "Look at me."

Her eyes, with the lovelight in them, met mine. It was enough. I knew then with what love she loved me. God keep her and bless her, and help her to bear the burden of it, I prayed. Our lips met. It was a moment when silence was more exquisitely eloquent than words.

By a supreme effort I relaxed my hold, and slowly and gently she withdrew.

"At noon—in the library," she said as she left the room.

I bent my head in token of assent.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRAGEDY.

I was alone. I looked at my watch. It was six o'clock. I pulled back the shades to let in the daylight. It was a wild March morning; clouds scudding before the wind, and now and again the pattering of sudden rain showers against the panes. I went to my dressing room, packed my portmanteau, then threw myself into a chair to wait. For Edna's sake—and for hers only—I postponed my departure till noon.

Once, a knock came to the door. It was a servant bringing me some breakfast. I told him to sit it down and begone quickly, and locked the door against further intrusion. It mattered little or nothing now what the household might choose to think of my self-imposed seclusion.

I sat near a window that commanded a magnificent view of hill and dale and winding river. The lights and shadows seemed chasing each other ever changing; and as I watched them the principal events of my life during the past few months passed before my mental vision like the phantasmagoria of a disturbing dream. Nothing seemed real except the blessed truth that Edna loved me. I repeated to myself a thousand times, "She loves me * * my darling loves me. * *"

A few minutes before twelve I went down stairs to keep my appointment.

The library was a dull, dark room, with painted windows, through which no sunlight ever penetrated. The walls were lined with well-filled bookshelves from the floor to five feet upwards. Above, dingy tapestry reached to the low oak beams of the ceiling. I had never liked the room. There was a ghostliness about it that would have impressed even the staunchest disbeliever in the supernatural. I could only imagine that Edna's reason for appointing to meet me there must be that, as it was the least frequented room in the house, we were the less likely to be disturbed.

There was a sliding panel behind the tapestry in one part, which had been pointed out to me on my first coming to the Grange: but I had only noticed it casually, for, as I have said, I did not like the room, and only entered it in search of books, which I invariably carried away to read elsewhere.

A cheerful fire was this morning burning in the low, old-fashioned grate, but, instead of going towards it, some strange, unaccountable attraction seemed to draw my thoughts towards that part of the faded tapestry which hid the sliding panel. The desire to investigate it took such strong hold upon me that I almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea. What could fifty sliding panels or secret doors matter to me now? Why should they even interest me, when in another half hour I should have left Langdale Grange forever? Nevertheless, I walked resolutely towards the spot. Another moment and I should have reached it, but the door behind me opened and Edna Lynton entered.

"You have come to me ——," I said the words suggestingly to help her.

"Yes; but I am in great trouble," she answered, almost in a whisper. "Your wife refuses me permission to explain."

"You felt bound to ask her first?"

"Yes. I was bound."

"Then let the matter rest. I *want* no explanation. I have seen and know enough."

"But Dr. Gascoigne says the time has come when the truth can no longer be concealed," she said, looking at me sadly and wistfully, but speaking in a firmer voice. "He is here now, and, if you will not listen to me, he insists on explaining everything himself."

"In that case I will hear you," I said constrainedly.

And she went on:

"On the morning of the day she died, Mrs. Hargreave confided to me a secret, little suspecting I already knew it * * * To prevent you discovering it, I went at your wife's request in the same train as you to Leicestershire. I—I was disguised. You could not recognize me. I followed you to Tom Little's and arrived only just in time to make him break off his story—."

"For heaven's sake, don't seek to spare me: I begin to see pretty clearly that I was tricked into marrying a mad woman. I can bear anything now save seeing *you* suffer thus. What Gascoigne had to do—"

"I should tell you that Mrs. Hargreave took Dr. Gascoigne into her confidence from the first. When he saw Miss Hargreave arrive at Glendale House, he was struck with the resemblance to the girl he had loved many a year ago; a girl who suffered in the same way as your wife—whose engagement to him was broken off on that account. He was interested in Miss Hargreave for the sake of that resemblance, but still more deeply when he discovered she was the daughter of the woman he had loved. He has always hoped she might be cured, and considered that the great dread and shame she entertained lest you should discover the sad truth made that hope almost a certainty. But lately she has baffled all our efforts for her good. Last night, Dr. Gascoigne found her in a most unsatisfactory state, but she yielded to his entreaty—that under certain circumstances—he might send her to some 'home' where maladies like hers are treated. You see now how you misinterpreted their words! Alas, she requires the closest watching. That box marked 'books,' that you conveyed to her, contained—— There are different kinds of madness," Edna said; and, sinking her voice almost to a whisper, added: "Hers is dipsomania * * inherited from——"

"Traitress!" cried a voice that rang through the room.

At the same moment there was a sharp report, a smoke, a low stifled cry, and Edna sank forward against my shoulder.

The arm was raised at the very spot I had been so near investigating, and in the shadow of it stood my wife, the revolver just fired still smoking in her hand. With an expression of terrible malignity on her face she held it pointed in the same direction. Her finger was on the trigger. She was about to discharge a second barrel.

I wound my arms around Edna. Bending over her, I strove to cover her with my body. Thus shielding her—my fascinated gaze fixed on the pistol—I saw my wife suddenly alter the position of her weapon. She put the muzzle to her own forehead, fired, and fell like a log upon the floor.

Georgie, my wife, lay dead. Edna, my love, had sunk fainting in my arms.—

And here—so far, at least, as I feel bound to make it public—the tragic drama of my life is ended.

THE END.

THE STORY OF A BUSTLE.

Why a Family Man Objects to His Servants Wearing Them.

From the Washington Star.

"Talking about bustles," said the father of a family, suddenly arousing himself from deep meditation. "Here's an advertisement I had prepared:

WANTED—A servant girl without a bustle or other artificial enlargement of the anatomy; no objection to carrying cold victuals home in a basket; no bustle need apply.

"My wife wanted to know if I was dropping back into barbarism, and declared that the tyranny of man would stop at nothing. Why should I attempt to abridge the civil rights of servant girls by depriving them of their constitutional privilege to wear bustles? Her woman's sense of justice was shocked, and she declared that I would not dare suggest such a thing if women had votes; and when I suggested the election frauds that might be practiced by women with bustles full of ballots she began to cry and said my cruelty was inspired by envy because she had just that day bought a new extra size 99-cent bustle that made her dress stand out just lovely. I might have it if I wanted and she would continue wearing the old one that was twisted all on one side and made her look like a chicken going across the wind. She enlarged upon the subject by declaring that I sought to deprive poor servants of their principal source of comfort—the rudder that kept them upon their course. I surely would not deprive a poor girl of her bustle. And I listened to all this and more. Then I led her gently into the kitchen and unhooked the bustle Honesty had left hanging behind the door. Honesty is the name of our servant girl that was. There was something prophetic in the choice on her christening day. I quietly unhooked Honesty's bustle from the door and emptied from it a half pound of tea, six of the babies' most useful articles of clothing, one towel, two pounds of sugar, three silver spoons, a bottle of pickles, a beefsteak, a box of tinted cosmetic and a pair of stockings. My wife fainted dead away—after she had secured the rouge and hid it from my sight in the back folds of her own dress. Now she weeps when I come home home to dinner, and declares that we'll never get a servant who is willing to dispense with a bustle for the consideration of $15 per month, unless Mr. Goodmaker, the missionary, can get us one way off there where they eat folks and don't wear any clothes at all. Then she covers her face with her hands and says it would never do for a servant to answer the doorbell dressed that way. Meanwhile, by a laborious mathematical process, I have been calculating the capacity of Honesty's bustle, and find it holds just three half-pecks and a pint, which is ample storage room, if used only for transportation and not permanent storage, for half my regular family supply of groceries and provisions, not to mention dry goods and notions."

An Interesting Crown Prince.

A Berlin friend sends me to-day a little anecdote of young William's domestic side which came to him from a court source. The crown prince has carried to excess the old Hohenzollern custom of giving its cadets a military training. Whenever he visits his children his oldest son, who will be six next month, has been schooled to give the word of command, whereupon the two smaller brothers, aged five and four, range themselves beside him, and all give the father a soldierly salute. The other day the crown prince was working, when his attention was drawn to the fact that the sentries outside his room were presenting arms repeatedly in an inexplicable way—a thing which German soldiers, be it explained, do in such a peremptory and vehement manner that the action can be heard for a considerable distance. He was puzzled at this, went out and discovered that his little boys were having some fun passing up and down the corridor enjoying the pleasure of being saluted. The crown prince said, "I must teach you that sentries don't exist for little princes, but princes for sentries." He then called for a cane and in the presence of the sentries gave the tiny fellows a sharp beating. It ought to be added that this incident of a Spartan education is much admired in Berlin.—*London Cor. N. Y. Times.*

A New Experience.

Mistress (pumping).—"Hold the pitcher under the spout, Bridget!"

Bridget O'Galway (under training).—"Oh, Mother uv Moses! Lookit! Sich a t'ing! All yez have to do is to be shakin' that stick, an' yez get hould o' one ind o' the wather, and jist pull out a rope of it. Sich a t'ing! Sure, ma'am, the on'y kind o' a pump we have in Ireland is a bucket."—*Puck.*

Lillie's Pretty Conceit.

On a summer's morning our little Lillie was walking with her aunt and discovered a spider's web. She was delighted, and exclaimed: "O, see, here is a hammock for bugs!"

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER I.

The room was small and spare, but very neat. How many of the readers of this story look upon just such a scene when they lift their eyes from this page? The walls covered with green and buff paper, meant to be cheerful, but undeniably cheap, the floor with dark red carpet, bright and clean, the sewing machine on one side of the window as polished as if it were not used from year's end to year's end, instead of toiling every day; a little old-fashioned melodeon across one corner, a small table with a kerosene lamp so clear it was a pleasure to look at it, on a shelf above, and a home-made receptacle for newspapers over that, the rose geraniums crowding in the window, with a delicate begonia and a red and pink Lady Washington making a show of blossoms among them, a pictured text on the wall, and some attempts at rustic pigeons in autumn leaves and grasses—it was the usual village home of narrowest means. Yet it was not a picture that invited regret, but rather gave one a cheerful surprise, that so much could be done with so little.

It was a family room, but everything showed that care which is in itself a virtue. The common furniture was kept glossy, the window frames and sashes were as free from dust as their clear panes, and every nook and corner showed that speckless cleanliness which even practiced housekeepers talk about more than they attain. There was an absence of all tawdry ornament. No faded lamp-mats, ill sorted rugs, neither wax-works nor bead baskets pained the eye: there was none of that litter of faded leaves and grasses that makes one wish them immediately swept out with a brush and dust pan, but the berried cedar about the slender frame of the old looking glass was still fresh, and the sprays of Florida moss and home-born bramble wound about the home-made picture cords still kept their Christmas colors and held no dust. The brackets each held something of use: one a bright brass candlestick to go about the house with, for kerosene is perilous in motion, and another a small basket of beautiful apples in convenient reach for eating. Even the zinc under the cylinder stove had its part to play in the general brightness; it must be polished like silver, the corners cut round and neatly nailed, till the warm nook was like an altar of comfort and cheer.

It is not worth while to lose time in saying that the youth scarce turned of manhood who stood in this room, the center of a parting group, was of a character that promised to yield both credit and service to the world. He was well-built and tall, though rather thin and stooping, as if his growth had outrun his strength, and he had a kind look, yet a careworn and rather sad one for one so young.

Two women said good-byes to him, his step-mother, a sallow-faced woman, whose look betrayed equal energy and ill-health, and his sister, a capable, rather pretty girl, having his own dark eyes, but less sympathy in their straightforward gaze.

His story up to this time will not take long in telling. He came of one of those families, still left, who have a superstition in favor of learning, ability and moral excellence, above property or any other gain. It did not matter that his father was a poor man of a grade hardly above that of a day laborer, and pressed with debt. He was allowed to earn his clothing and send himself to the nearest college, which had sent out its share of well-known generals and preachers. By teaching school, taking a circuit as mail rider for a year or two, and working vacations in Minnesota harvest fields, he had gained a fair start in his studies, when his father's health broke down, and the son hastened to take his place as provider for the family.

Times were dull in Milltown, and there was no opening for a young man unless he chose to work as a farm hand, at very low wages. Add to this that Henry had an uncle in California whom he had never seen, who had sent various invitations to the boy to come out and try his luck, and with the wonderful charm which that country bears to the minds of all boys and men, and it will not seem strange that he borrowed enough to take him to San Francisco.

The little stock that belonged to the family was sold, and the note which was pressing was paid, the tiny farm rented and at the beginning of April, Henry was ready to start. A huge lunch basket filled by the loving hands of the women, with all the good things they could devise, for the good boy who was brother and pet and sweetheart to both of them, was to last him a good part of the day, and save eating-house expenses. That and a stout valise formed his baggage which lay at his feet as he bid his step-mother and sister good-bye.

"A week more and I shall be in the golden country," said Henry, trying to keep a bright face, but his eye took in the warm, home-like scene, the hanging-basket he had tended, the frames and brackets he had carved evenings with the chatty mother and sister, that were gone by; and when the gray cat came in a friendly way rubbing against his legs, and he looked at the kind, plain faces which were closest and dearest in the world to him, he felt sick at leaving them. He caught his sister in a tight embrace, kissed them both, and then rushed out into the cloudy, sighing dusk.

* * * * * *

Two nights before, the evening train on the Erie road was ready to leave Jersey City.

Among the last passengers, two ladies walked up quietly and swiftly, and were shown to places in the rear car. Of course the rest of the passengers scanned them as they came in, and every gentleman's eye followed the tall, slight figure of the younger lady, and most of them forgot themselves so far as to turn round, for another glance at her striking face. Her traveling dress, plain, yet stylish to perfection, and the attractive nicety of her wraps and portables, from the heather gray water proof of finest tweed and the dark Scotch shawl she carried in a Viennese hand-strap of dark-red leather mounted with silver, to match her bag, and the ashes-of-roses tint of her fresh glove, caught the approval of every lady in the instant of her passing, and the next moment left them to remember the elegance of her carriage, which was used to surprise women as it captivated men. The glimpse of her showed a face beautiful and sweet enough for an angel's, if you can imagine an angel transformed into a New York young lady with slightly high features and two chatelaine braids of fair hair dressed close under a brown velvet turban with a pale, rose-colored wing.

A shrewd looking girl in one of the seats leaned forward to speak to her mother. "That is Miss Winter, who used to sing in the Second avenue church. Isn't she pretty?"

"How came you to know her?" asked her mother.

"She used to give us lessons at Miss Hayes' school when Mrs. Merrion was not well, and I used to see her in the choir at church. She used to be so much prettier, I don't see how she has fallen away so. I heard there was some scandal about her. There was some trouble about a gentleman People dropped her, and she lost her place in the choir—"

"That will do," said her mother. "I don't wish you to talk of everything you hear," and she kept her eyes religiously turned from the direction of the shrinking young lady in the ashes-of-roses dress.

The last bell rang, and the elderly lady in black, with fine diamond ear-drops, who came in with the young lady, now rose, and giving a last look that all was comfortable for her niece, bent and gave her rather a frosty kiss. The girl put her handkerchief to her eyes and sank back in her corner screened by a berth already going up, and the lady went out, unveiled, with a composed face, the train glided into the last faint light of sunset a few yards, and plunged into the darkness of the Bergen tunnel.

And two souls were going to meet and help, or mar each other.

* * * * * *

When he took his car, Henry Brooks chose a corner as far from the light as he could get it, and there went through the sad, grieving hours till midnight. All his hopes so far were disappointed, his work had gone for nothing so far as lasting results were concerned; he left his father sick, and might never see him again; his sister was to work her young life away without the freedom and indulgences that other girls not half so bright and appreciative were having; his kind half mother was doing daily toil from which in pure gratitude he would have been glad to save her, and he seemed a poor sort of fellow, unable to do anything to help it. He wondered if there really was the stuff in him for such such success as he saw other men make.

You may consider it a very meagre ambition, but his idea of success at this time was a neat brown cottage with deep eaves and woodbine thick about the door, a sitting room with a piano and all the magazines, and a bay window for plants, a garden and orchard outside, and a good business to keep this pleasant and care free for Eunice and the step mother, whom we will leave off calling by that awkward name, and call her, as she taught the children to when she first came into the family, "Margaret," a freedom not so far out of the way, since they had always known her, and she was hardly ten years older than Henry. His dreams represented the moderate amount of comfort, which, to bring it down to figures would cost five thousand dollars in all, with an income from work or property of twelve hundred a year to support it. Here this young fellow was, who had voted the first time the year before, with only one suit, which he wore on his back, and a ten dollar overcoat, seven shirts and a valise, his passage paid to San Francisco, and $35 in money, to work out his ambition, which then seemed so far out of his reach.

He takes out his fresh handkerchief that Eunice had ironed and perfumed by laying it with her brown little bags of dried rose leaves. The pure, delicate odor reminds him of her, and a sharp regret seems to go through him like a knife. The car is dim, he buries his face in the folds of the handkerchief, for one moment, half longing, half desperation, and the next, consolation is born. The depression has gone as far as it can, and his hopes assert themselves. The love of home and sister seems to come warm and close about his heart, in that dead rose odor. "God bless them all," he prays frantically, hardly knowing what he says, and he sets his teeth at fate. Come what will, it will have a hard time to beat him down for their sake. And by the time the Illinois moonshine is falling on his face as it lies pillowed on his valise, he is sleeping the sound sleep in which youth renews itself for struggle. There let him rest, like one of old who left his father's house for a far country, and from as hard a pillow, saw the angels of hope ascending and descending upon him.

* * * * * *

That night on the Delaware hills has deepened into storm. The flying rain beats against the glass, the other side of which is pressed a cheek as wet with its own tears. The young lady who travels alone has a section to herself, and wished the upper berth to remain up, so that with curtains drawn in the wide Erie car she has a little room to herself.

What does she see, gazing into the night and rain? Always a man's face, with a cheek between light and brown, open, sea-blue eyes, with short, silky black lashes which lent peculiar fire to their glance, and a sabre scar across the left eyebrow, a full face of command, and meaning and passion, but oh, to her, so kind, so kind! She sees the broad, sinewy shoulder, that could pillow a fair head so tenderly, the square cheek that bent so hungrily for kisses, the daring eyes, so soft to her, eyes used to command, and that spoke every change of mood, as of one too high to need to conceal emotion, yet able to speak love, and pleading after a fashion that no woman ever yet wanted to resist, a face that failed of being handsome, but not of being fascinating to those who loved force and spirit and finesse. She knew every line and change in that man's countenance, cloudy or gay, she heard the accent of intense tenderness with which he could say "My little darling," remembered when she had to chide his eyes for watching her, turning with every motion she made, and what impassioned welcome she got at her every coming. She knew that face and figure well enough to draw them, she could recall everydetail of this man's dress, the diagonal of his coat, and the plain gold shirt studs and the carved buttons of dull amethyst he was wearing. She knew his kisses morning and evening, and the delight of his companionship every hour of the day, and yet even in thought she did not hold hold her hand to him, or put a piteous lip to his, or fancy her arms around his neck, where, could she could have once more found them, she would have begged to die.

Between her and this ardently loved vision, there lay a bar, which she had no will to remove. He loved her no longer, and there was more than the bitterness of death in that word.

She saw seaweed lying on low summer shores, and felt the boat rock in her sad dreams, the lovely afternoon, as when they sailing and were all the world to each other, but it was some one else she was looking at; not herself, but a happy girl with her face and heart, a face she would never wear and a heart she would never carry again. She recalled impassioned evenings in velvet-lined boxes at the Academy, filled with perfume and lights and rich, rustling dresses, when, between the music her soul delighted in, and the presence of this man who sat near and held her hand under the fringes of her mantle, she thought the curse revoked, and in life tasted immortal pleasure. And there were afternoons in glens along the Hudson, when they strolled in sunshine and forest fragrance till they were tired, and he let her sleep in a rustic chair with her head against his shoulder, while he read, or professed to read, for when she woke it was to find his eyes on her face with a brooding fondness outweighing that of mothers. Not the love of a mother for her child, exceeds the tenderness of a man for the woman he loves, when it first takes possession of him. If it would only last!

Only last spring he had so passionately adored her, and the last time his eyes rested on her, it was with coldness and weariness, and he counseled for her own sake to forget him, go back into the world and pay good heed to its commandments, before their unhallowed love for each other had been found out and visited upon them. Good advice, but when in the first trembling passion she had pleaded with him to remember her defenselessness and her reputation, he had only answered by taking her in his arms with the excuse, "I love you and I want you," which with him over swept every other consideration in the world.

She felt the gloom of rumor gathering about her; the glances of disdainful and amused contempt, visited upon her in undeserved measure, which she was powerless to avert. She saw her mother's frightened tearful face, the haughty surprise and suspicious distance of her high-bred kinsfolk, the partial relenting and the finger of forgiveness held out to her, the penance and mortification life had become, till she accepted banishment from her home and friends as a relaxation of sentence. Such bittter cause had this woman, young and beautiful and well connected, to bewail herself, for her own folly, and her false love. So when she slept, she slept for sorrow, worn out as those who mourn by the side of the dead that is to leave their sight to-morrow.

The morning in Chicago was cold and sharp, the ground hard as iron, with a few snowflakes fluttering in the air. Henry Brooks walked across to the Northwestern depot, to save 50 cents fare, and had ample time to watch the passengers get on the west bound train. There were comparatively few first-class passengers at that time of year, but the emigrant cars were crowded with settlers anxious to get to their new homes in time for spring work.

Then came a middle-aged man and his fashionable and very plain wife, and with them—Henry leaned from the window to catch sight of the loveliest face he had ever seen. The blood actually rose in his face at the sight. A woman, such as he could fancy the heroines he read about, with her delicate skin and sweet, impassioned expression. It was a piece of good-fortune to him to be on the same train with her. The way she walked filled him with pleasure, it was so even, smooth and elastic, unlike the girls who put their feet down any how, or pecked their way like pigeons with plenty of grain. The quiet elegance of her dress was grateful to him, and took his fancy, for it seemed as much a part of her as the fervent face. He watched her step on the car, and as she passed from sight, he found himself repeating a line from

"When she passed it was like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Pardon him; he had never heard it quoted, and it was a bit of pure enthusiasm in him. Then the train was off over the purple ploughings of the northwest, and, though he watched for her at the stations, he saw no more of his vision all day.

It was the young lady in the ashes-of-roses dress, who had left New York two nights before in the Pullman car on the Erie road. The man and woman with her, were far away relatives, who had consented that she should join them at Chicago, and accompany them across the continent.

The next morning, while the train sped on, he stepped to the platform of the car for air and found that he had changed countries in the night. The morning glowed in his face, usually pensive and controlled, he gazed ardently till he found his lips parting with a cry of delight. At the breakfast station luck was with him again, for the lovely Chicago lady came out with her friends, and he could study her face eagerly the moment she was in sight. She looked up suddenly to catch the dark, boyish eyes fixed on her face, with an expression of admiration which she was no such novice as to fail to read. A fine, fire-like glow chased the paleness across her face, companion to the one that tinged Henry's cheek, for, I am proud to own he was too much of a country boy and a gentleman to stare at a lady and let her find it out, without pain at causing her annoyance. She saw it with the corner of her eye, and it gave her more comfort than would seem possible from so slight a thing. Poor girl! She was sensitive to rudenesses, for she had known more lately than ever woman ought to; while men are men, and sometimes gentlemen. But Henry lost no chance of seeing her, secure from observation, as often as possible. For the rest, it sometimes pained him bitterly to think how long it might be before he was admitted to the acquaintance of such women.

CHAPTER II.

Omaha, a city of a railroad, and the gateway to a world in the West. A city made up of adventurous men and women—a city that never looks backward, having nothing to look backward to, but whose eye is fixed upon the future. A city with an actual empire in front of it, and an empire that is to be behind it. A city which looks out over thousands of miles of virgin prairie, that has not yet known man, and waits and hopes that they will be possessed and occupied, and in their future it will find its own.

Here, from the outskirts, the great cloth-topped prairie schooners lurched forth for regions north and south of the railroad line. Frontier men in fringed buckskins and slouch hats skulked about on errands for supplies from Arizona or the Texas border, among streets or shops filled with emigrant supplies.

Omaha was thronged with people. The one outlet west—the Union Pacific road—had been disabled by storms a thousand miles west, and there was no earthly use in sending out trains which could at the farthest get out two days, and stop at last in a desert. This was well-known in Chicago and the East, thanks to the telegraph, but the American traveler is never content to stay and wait. The trains on all the railroads leading into Omaha were crowded, and every day discharged their living freight, in hope that some chance would take them out, and at least bound to go as far as they could.

There were five thousand emigrants at the depot awaiting repairs on the road that they might go on, besides hundreds of first class passengers who were thronging the hotels and boarding-houses.

Henry Brooks also, was one of the delayed ones. He, too, had left Chicago, hoping, like the rest, that the report that there were no trains west of Omaha, were exaggerated, or, possibly—such is unbelief of man in the integrity of his fellows—that it might be a scheme of the Chicago hotel proprietors to keep them in their toils. But he found his mistake. It was hard work to keep courage at this freak of fortune's malice, for it was authoritatively announced that he had a full week to wait, and he saw his few dollars melting away. He found a room at the Chumley House, a cheap hotel near the depot. First he saw the town as everybody does, then he saw the hundred thousand dollar school house on the bluff, then he saw the town from other standpoints, and then he went up to the school house again. The smelting works occupied him one day, and the river, on which there were occasional boats, another. He interviewed Indian hunters and leggined scouts, and looked over the quill work and war clubs in the museum till it grew monotonous, and he had observed the town from all possible points up and down the river.

He went up one day to the vast depot of the Union Pacific, to hear what chances there were of getting off, and found that he had not exhausted Omaha by any means. There were five thousand emigrants, or second-class passengers, bound for the Pacific coast, and waiting as he was, with this difference, that as they were helpless, the railroad company was taking care of them. Long barracks of rough boards had been hastily built, hundreds of cheap beds put up, and a commissary department opened, and this army of waifs were being fed and lodged, some of them better than they ever had been in the world before. "If they kape us this way," was the remark of an Emeralder, "begorra if i care how long the break stays broke."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Hint to Those Who "Spin for the Drinks."

A man walked into an up-town saloon the other day and called for a glass of beer. He fished a new silver dollar from his pocket, spun it on the counter, and offered to bet the bartender the beer that it would turn up heads. The bartender took the bet and won it, the tails were up when the coin settled. A well-dressed countryman by the bar looked interested, and the man exclaimed pettishly that he would call the next spin for a dollar.

"Done," said the countryman. The man spun the dollar, called tails, and won.

"Mere luck," said the countryman, disgustedly, "or else a trick. I'll go you another dollar on it if you let me spin it."

The man assented, and the countryman spun the dollar. The man called tails, and tails appeared. As the countryman, with an exclamation, turned to go, the man said, in a patronizing tone:

"I bet I can call it four times out of five."

"Five dollars on it," said the countryman, hotly.

The man put up the money with the bartender, and, as the countryman spun the dollar called tails five successive times. The dollar settled tails four times, and the man pocketed the bet. Then he said:

"Look here, greeny, since I've won seven of your dollars and don't expect to work this city again very soon, I'll tell you something you didn't know. When you spin a coin the side that has the heaviest markings will settle at the bottom nine times out of ten, provided the suface you spin on is perfectly level. With a new silver dollar you'll win by calling tails just nine times in ten on the long run. Other coins don't have such a difference in weight between the mouldings of the two sides, and ain't so certain, and in old silver dollars the difference is lessened by the wearing-off of the inscriptions. You stick to new silver dollars, work it gently, and you'll have your seven dollars back before night. Good day."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Test of Affection.

Mr. Billington (earnestly).—Ah, Miss Laura, would that there were something I might do, however difficult, to show the ardent affection—

Miss Coolngton—There is; but I'm afraid you'll find it too hard.

Mr. Billington—Oh, name it; I will be only too happy—

Miss Coolngton—Well, just stop talking nonsense, please.—*Puck.*

A BATH IN BERLIN.

The Awful Mystery of a German Bed.

When a man announces in a German hotel that he has made up his mind to take a bath, a wave of incredulity, baffled wrath, and alert resentment sweeps over the establishment. The chambermaid rushes after the waiter, he brings the manager, and finally the proprietor comes up and looks the guest over with an air of dim melancholy.

"Why," he asks sadly, "do you take a bath to-night?"

"Because I want it."

"Oh, well, all right," the proprietor says, with the air of a man who washes his hands of a transaction that involves a suspicion of murder at the very least. "If you will do it, it must be done. Hans, a hot bath for 44."

The waiter remarks that it is after 9 o'clock, and that it will take two hours to make preparations. The utmost confusion reigned during the next half hour. The one idea that seemed to animate everybody in the hotel, from the chief to the chambermaid on the top floor, was the necessity of stopping the rash project of No. 44. Every effort was made, but the result was failure, grim and complete. About 10 o'clock the puffing and grunting of a body of men was heard on the stairs, and presently two waiters and a watchman staggered in with a bath tub, which consisted in equal parts of green paint, cast iron and rust. They dropped it in the middle of the floor, cursed their fate with wholesouled, Teutonic enthusiasm, and fell to work with several other attaches carrying water up from the sub-basement to the third floor in small tin pails.

By this time half the guests in the hotel had their heads out of the doorway, making large vocal efforts to find out whether the uproar meant a fire or another dead emperor. When they found it was an Englishman taking a bath at that hour of the night, the excitement was intense.

The satisfaction of my English acquaintance should have repaid all the attendants for their trouble. There were seven or eight men and a chambermaid in the room when he began to prepare for his bath. The chambermaid and one or two of the men withdrew, but the others were bound to see the curious experiment through to the end. There was nothing of an obtrusive nature about their attentions. A strange and curious thing was going on, and they wanted to see it. That was all.

If this proceeding struck the Germans as being odd, as it undoubtedly did, they may seek satisfaction in the widespread, unequivocal, and enduring amazement of the world at large that a people so advanced in good sense and scientific knowledge as these should insist upon passing their nights in that most astounding of mediæval relics, the German bed. The first of these beds must have been designed by a man about three feet long, who had a passionate desire to sleep in the pose of a half-open jackknife, with his feet out in the cold, and a large and robust weight on the pit of his stomach in the shape of a full mattress. No foreigner has as yet solved the mystery of the German bed. The question which most often turns up is whether to sleep on the top of the mattress and suffer an equal area of cold, or to get partially under the mattress and to remain cold for the night in sections. A tall man and a German bed form about as incongruous and wretched a combination as the world of art, fiction, or mechanics can show.

Teaching Humanity in School.

A boy in school was having a very funny time, by sticking a pin into the legs of the boy who sat next him and laughing at his antics. The teacher caught a sight of the proceeding, and taking a pin, went to the first mentioned boy and said: "Would you like to have a pin stuck into you like that?" He laughed as though he thought it might be a capital joke, whereat the teacher used the pin rather freely, and his jumpings and squirmings, accompanied by his "Ows!" and endeavors to save himself by the use of his hands, attracted the attention of the whole school. The teacher finally asked him what was the matter, and why he did not sit quietly, and when he said that he couldn't, "it hurt" so, the teacher said: "Well, that is just the way it feels to other people. Have you had enough of it?" He was very decided in his opinion that he had, and the teacher took occasion to say a few words to the school in regard to their treatment, not only of each other, but of the lower animals. She said: "I saw a boy kill a toad last night, and I wondered if he knew that the toad is a help to us, and if he thought of the toad's suffering." Most of the boys looked thoughtful, a few laughed, and the very boy that killed the toad raised his hand and said: "What good can a toad do?" Upon the teacher's inquiry among the scholars she found that only a few knew anything of the good that a toad does in the garden. It was the means of a reform in that direction, and a talk on the uses of birds revealed the fact that very few of them knew that a bird is of any use whatever.

Continued Increase of Emigration From the Old World.

Now that the presidential campaign is near, the emigration question looms up once more. Of course emigrants who have just landed can't vote, but there are plenty of others who will soon be ready to.

From all that can be learned the old world continues to flood America with its superfluous population. To get some facts on the subject a *Telegram* reporter interviewed Castle Garden officials to-day. Superintendent Jackson said:

"We have an unusual number of German emigrants this year. As a rule they will remain in the city, though many will ultimately go to Pennsylvania. The arrivals for 1888 are largely in excess of those for 1887. In January, February and March last year we had 50,730 arrivals. For the same months this year there were 54,282 arrivals. There have already been 14,908 arrivals this month.

"The Italians have the call as to numbers so far; indeed, they were more numerous last year than any other nation. Next come the Germans, Russians, Swedes, Austrians, and lastly the English! Forty-five per cent. of the emigrants locate in this state. Last month we sent 4,000 emigrants to Pennsylvania and 2,500 to Illinois. Minnesota, Michigan and Iowa in the order named, are the states most favored by emigrants. Very few go to California."—*Telegram.*

His Will Was a Short One.

They are telling a little story on the street about a well known real estate man of considerable means who is a little careless in his business habits and has also allowed a large number of unpaid bills to accumulate in various parts of the city. The other day he took it into his head that he would have a new will drawn up, and to that end he summoned a legal friend who was acquainted with his little peculiarity. The lawyer put down the imposing clause, "In the name of God, Amen, I, —— ——, being of sound and disposing mind," etc. Then he looked up at the real estate man.

"I desire," said the latter, "first, that all my just debts shall be paid."

The lawyer wrote, laid down his pen and asked him to sign.

"But I haven't finished yet," said the astonished real estate man.

"Oh, yes, you have," replied the lawyer. "That's all that's necessary. By the time that desire is complied with your estate will be taken care of."—*Kansas City Times.*

Slips of the Tongue.

The list of words, phrases and expressions to be avoided by young ladies of Wellesley College includes the following:

"I guess so," for I suppose so, or I think so.

"Fix things," for arrange things, or prepare things.

The use of "ride" and "drive" interchangeably.

"Real good" or "real nice" for very good or really nice.

"I have stuffed some," for studied somewhat, or "I have not studied any," for not studied at all.

"Not as I know," for not that I know.

"Try an experiment," for make an experiment.

"Had rather," for would rather, and "had better," for would better.

"Right away," for immediately or now.

"Well posted," for well informed.

"Try and do," for try to do, or "try and go," for try to go.

"It looks good enough," for it looks well enough, or "does it look good enough," for does it look well enough.

"Somebody else's," for somebody's else.

Recent Literature.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Spell of Ashtaroth—The Story of New York—Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport—Taxation—Rebecca, the Witch—A Teacher of the Violin, and Other Tales—Cardinal Wolsey—Before the Curfew—Negro Myths

"The Spell of Ashtaroth," by Duffield Osborne, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This is a wonderfully dramatic story, the scene of which is laid in the time of the Hebrew invasion of Canaan, under Joshua and Caleb. These great captains are portrayed with remarkable spirit and power while the whole narrative is a succession of striking events. The motive of the story is found in the love of a young Hebrew soldier for a Chaldean princess, with whom he tries to escape to Ai. He is discovered and suffers the penalty of his disobedience. The movement of the tale is exceedingly rapid.

"The Story of New York," by Celbridge S. Brooks, is the initial volume of a series known as the "Story of States, and if it is an earnest of what is to follow, the series will be highly successful. It is a comprehensive history told in a way to be read by those who sometimes find history exceedingly dull reading. The author has skipped the slow details and caught the spirit of passing years; he uses men and events to illustrate that spirit and his book is picture after picture to bring the times before our very eyes again. Against the background of historic facts he builds is the framework of a family record and the Dutch ship-carpenter, Tennis Jansen, who in 1657 came to New York "to grow up with the country" lives on in his sons till 1888. In them the reader sees, througout the book, the growth of the average citizen. It is published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

"Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sports, by John Boyle O'Reilly, is brought out by Ticknor & Co., Boston. The object of the author is declared to be the bringing into consideration the high value, moral and intellectual as well as physical, of those exercises that develop healthy constitutions, cheerful minds, manly self-confidence, etc. A history of the athletic games in times past is given, with a description of the weapons used at the different periods. The book is well illustrated, printed upon fine paper, and as a whole, presents an attractive appearance.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "Taxation; Its Principles and Methods." A book translated from the Italian, written by Dr. Luigi Cossa. There is an introduction and notes by Horace White, together with a compilation of the State Tax System of New York and Pennsylvania. The principles of taxation are stated with great clearness, and most comprehensively by Prof. Cossa and will be found to apply to all civilized nations. Mr. White states that the recent interest shown in the discussion of economic questions of all kinds led him to believe that the present volume would be most welcome. It is a worthy of a careful reading.

"Rebecca, the Witch, and Other Tales in Metre," by David Skaats Foster, is also issued by the Putnams. The first story gives the name to the book. It is made up of five parts, describing in a graphic way, although in poetry, one of the occurrences of those early and terrible times in Salem when no age or position was exempt from a suspicion of the terrible crime of witchcraft. Other stories are "Jamsen and Philip;" "The Noah's Ark;" "Jonathan's Bloke's Clock," and many short poems, some of them full of great beauty.

A very pretty volume is "A Teacher of the Violin and Other Tales," by J. H. Shorthouse, published by Macmillan & Co., New York. The first three stories appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the last was reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*. The stories are full of music in thought and expression, and they are well worth reading. The first is particularly beautiful in the undercurrent of fancy, that gives it a touching meaning other than that appearing upon the surface. The others are equally attractive in their way, full of spirit and enthusiasm.

The same house also issue in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen," the life of Cardinal Wolsey, by Mandell Creighton. The reader of English history never tires of anything referring to this man of a giant intellect. The present biography is brief but comprehensive, and gives a very clear view of his character and the events in which he took so prominent a part.

"Before the Emperor and Other Powers," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, needs no introduction to the public to secure readers. His poems are always read with keen appreciation, and the present little volume contains many which are very beautiful. They are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The same house issues another little volume entitled "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast," by Charles C. Jones, jr. These myths, given in general negro dialect, show the strange superstitions held by these people which control their lives in so decided a manner. The collection is exceedingly curious and interesting.

Literary Notes.

Lady Brassey's "Last Journals" will be published in a few months by Longmans.

Mr. Walter Besant's new book, "Fifty Years Ago," is coming from the press of the Harpers.

A work dealing particularly with the origin and history of versification, and written by a Polish professor, will soon be published in Paris.

Harper & Bros. will soon publish a book by Edward Roberts descriptive of a journey from Omaha, through Colorado, Idaho and the Yellowstone park, which will be fully illustrated.

A new and special edition of Miss Douglas' superior novel, "Lost in a Great City," is in press by Lee & Shepard, Boston, her publishers.

Matthew Arnold drew a pension from the British Civil List. The pension lapsed at his death, but it is understood that Queen Victoria will be asked to continue the pension to Mr. Arnold's widow.

An edition of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's poems, many of them most winning and graceful, as all American lovers of poetry know, will soon be brought out by W. S. Gottsberger.

There is a report that somebody looking through the archives at Weimar, has found a hitherto unknown sketch of the second part of Faust, which is quite unlike Goethe's published version.

Oscar Wilde lives in Carlyle's house and has bought Carlyle's bookcase at an auction. He walks on the roof summer nights, smoking a pipe, just as Carlyle used to do, and the neighbors sometimes take him for Carlyle's ghost.

Andrew Jukes's new work long delayed owing to the illness of the author, will be published next week by Thomas Whittaker. It is entitled "The Names of God in Holy Scripture; A Revelation of His Nature and Relationships."

Mrs. Walford, the author of the charming stories, "Cousins" and "Troublesome Daughters," has written a new novel which Holt will shortly bring out. It is entitled "A Mere Child."

It is a sign of an awakened interest in American fiction that a serial by Capt. King ("A War-Time Wooing") will follow "A Strange Manuscript," now running in *Harper's Weekly*, and that a new story by Bret Harte is promised.

A handsome library edition of "London: Its Historical Associations, Antiquarian and Modern," by Peter Cunningham, will soon be published in London. The work has been revised, rewritten and rearranged.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have in press and will publish soon, a book of uncommon scope and interest, entitled "Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of the Temple Adath Israel, in Boston.

Moncure D. Conway writes in the May *Cosmopolitan* a lively article on "The Pedigree of the Devil," which is illustrated with a number of rare and wierd pictures, including four pages in color.

The widow of Arthur Hugh Clough has edited his "Prose Remains," adding selections from his letters and a memoir. Macmillan will bring out the work. This firm also announces a volume of "Partial Portraits" by Henry James.

Eugene Schuyler contributes an important article on "Bulgaria and the East" to the *Princeton Review* for May. Literary articles in the same number are John Stafford Fisk's paper on "Balzac," and "Pastoral Elegies," by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts.

A new novel by the author of that striking book, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is announced by Appleton. This firm also has in press "A Nymph of the West," a story by Mr. Howard Seely, and "A Counsel of Perfection," a novel by "Lucas Malet," the daughter of Charles Kingsley.

Zola, the novelist, has just completed his 48th year. His father, an Italian by birth and an engineer by profession, died when Emile was in his eighth year. Emile became clerk to the French publisher Hatchette, wrote verses which no nobody would print, and was at one time so poor that he lived during the best part of a winter on bread and oil. His first prose work, a collection of short tales, was published nearly a quarter of a century ago, but it was the novel "Therese Raquin" which first brought him into note. His extraordinary series of "naturalistic" romances began to be published in 1871.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

The Methodist Conference has immortalized itself by its action in regard to the women delegates. A perusal of the debates in regard to the matter was rich reading, showing, as they did, what a large amount of bigotry, ignorance and self-sufficiency the church has yet to contend with among its ministers. One of them sapiently gave as a reason for refusing the admission of their wives, mothers and sisters, that *we* do not yet know what "we want to do with the women members of our churches." Probably that minister is very clear upon the subject when there is any work to be done in the way of raising money. There seems to be no confusion of ideas in that regard in any church. He also mournfully remarked that their admission would crowd just that number of men out. That *is* a modest plaint, considering that three-fourths of the members of all of the churches are women, who have never yet had any representation in the Conference. The brothers ought to have lived a century ago, when women knew their places better. There is a great mistake somewhere!

It is said that Tangier is a paradise for shoppers, as nothing is ever bought there in a hurry. The smallest purchase entails any amount of running from shop to shop and innumerable visits until the place of investment is at last decided upon. The bazars of Tangier are tucked away in all sorts of odd nooks and corners. To some an entrance may be gained from the street, others from the court which occupies the center of most Moorish houses, and again others are found in some remote corner up a flight of stairs. But when they are at last discovered, patience receives its reward and foreign eyes are dazzled and delighted with the contents of these Moorish shops. Gaudy cushions and slippers made of the famous Morocco leather, embroidered scarfs, table covers, gauzy drab wraps, huge piles of rugs and quantities of brass ware, oriental costumes, scimitars, daggers and long Moorish guns inlaid with mother-of-pearl lie along in picturesque confusion, the whole set off by a floor of dainty tiles and perfumed by the smoke of burning pastiles or the scent of Attar of Roses. The shop keeper is attired in robe and turban and usually speaks three or four languages in addition to his native Arabic. He rises to greet his customer with a courteous air and the well known formalities of Oriental traffic begin. That must be shopping "as is shopping" in the eyes of the American woman who spends hours on the purchase of a yard of calico and days when settling the momentous questions of a new bonnet.

The American public is apt to plume itself upon its ability to buy books at a mere song, to have a whole library for a sum of money that once would have made but a beginning, and a small one at that. The discussion of an international copyright bill has brought out a few facts that are worth knowing and thinking about. In the first place the great bulk of the reprints sold so cheap are from English novels, but not from English classics. Now and then one of the latter is introduced, but they are exceedingly rare. Most are of an inferior class, sensational, with no thoughts to uplift a people, to broaden the understanding or to improve the taste in literature. "These," says Mr. Brander Matthews, "are the books which the women of America, allured by the premium of cheapness, are now reading almost exclusively, to the neglect of native writers. There is a resulting deterioration of the public taste," etc. Mr. Matthews is right, except that he confines the "readers" to women. Unfortunately they are devoured by the young people of both sexes with equal avidity. If, as it is claimed, this is the only class of books which an international copyright bill will shut out, speed the day when it becomes a law.

The present age is certainly one of invention and enterprise and the freaks of genius are many and varied. It would seem that with all the antidotes for form and facial blemishes there is no reason why every one cannot be a vision of beauty. There was a time, it is said, when people, whose noses had not the Grecian form, retired to rest with a clothes-pin attached to the end of that feature in the hopes of pinching it into the desired shape. But the day of the plebeian clothes-pin has gone by and modern invention has given to the world an ingenious appliance which can be set at any gauge and which, if worn upon the nose for an hour daily, will, in an incredibly short time, bring about the desired improvement. Fat noses, Roman noses and the aggravated case of *nez retrousse* all can be guided into the way they should go and be transformed into a "classic beak" by the use of this wonderful machine and a simple turn of the screw. Nor does the good work stop there; hollow cheeks may be rounded out and defective chins supplied by a corresponding mechanical contrivance. It would seem that with all these works of art, complexion beautifiers and numerous nostrums of all orts and kinds, the most hopelessly ugly woman has a future before her in which she may become a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

This is certainly an era of slang and the extent to which it has come upon us is fairly appalling. It floats in the atmosphere and is absorbed with every breath that is drawn. The children and gray heads indulge in it, while the conversation of the girl of the period and the modern young man fairly bristles with slang words, phrases and expressions. Slang is as old as human speech. The early writers made use of it particularly the Greek and Roman dramatists, but what was a fault in by gone centuries has not become a desirable accomplishment through the lapse of years. Some of the slang sayings have become so popular that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the legitimate forms of speech. Every one occasionally remarks, "that's too thin," and "thanks, awfully" is heard from all sides. Young America shouts at you to "come off the perch," while there are few who do not know what it is to be accused of possessing "colossal cheek."

There was an ancient tradition that slang was the jargon of thieves and vagrants but its fast growing popularity among all classes has disproved this assertion.

People are getting into the way of looking upon slang as a matter of course. It is heard from all sides, and though a few keep up a crusade against it and guard their speech from its encroachments the majority of the human race have some pet expression to which they cling and find a good deal of comfort in its use. Extravagant forms of speech tend toward extravagant ways of living and thinking. Better cut out the slang and use more rational and elegant forms of giving an opinion. The world will be better for it and foreigners not be so appalled at the complications of the English language.

One by one the old time traditions are being exploded and a good many of the ancient beliefs are found, like dolls, to be stuffed with sawdust. Sailors are proverbial for their many and varied superstitions and one of the best known of them is that a rat will always leave a sinking ship. An old sea captain recently said that this impression was fallacious and expressed his opinion upon the subject by saying: "If the ship were in mid ocean an ordinary rat would have sense enough not to try to swim to a shore hundreds of miles distant. That sort of thing might work in Bear creek or somewhere up the head of the Potomac, but it's foolishnees to say that anything livin' is goin' to leave what is only supposed to be sinking before the thing is actually sunk."

It is no unusual thing to see upon the walls of brick houses which have been built for a good many years flat pieces of iron five or six inches long and shaped like a letter S. A curious explanation has recently been made of their meaning. They are said to be an ancient symbol of the sun, and in rural parts of England it is believed that houses so decorated are protected from fire. The same sign was an official seal in Sicily and the Isle of Man as well as in other countries not mentioned. Its existence may even be traced back to Asia to an era before history. The fact that the habit has so long survived the superstition is curious, and stranger still it is to find an Oriental myth written upon practical Yankee walls.

A BABY IN A WELL.

Rescue of a Child from a Well 70 Feet Deep—Recovered Alive and Uninjured After Two Days and Nights.

A farmer named Detwiler, who lives three miles from Oakdale, Neb., had occasion on Saturday to draw out the wooden tubing from a deep-bored well on his place, and had drawn out 70 feet of it, leaving an unknown number of feet of tubing yet in the well. This left a hole about a foot in diameter. Last Saturday forenoon a 3-year old boy of the family was missed, and, search being made for him, his hat was found near the hole. The mother called down, and her child, from an immense depth, finally replied. Appeals for help were at once sent to Oakdale and Neligh, and, though all possible haste was made, all the appliances for sinking a shaft down alongside the bored hole could not be got onto the ground and the work of digging begun until late in the afternoon of Saturday. Stinson & Strallen, well-borers and diggers, from Oakdale, and a firm of men in the same line of business from Neligh, undertook the job and there was no lack of helping hands. But, as the supply of air down in this deep, narrow hole might be insufficient to supply the child, an iron tube was sunk down and a hand-bellows inserted, through which fresh air was constantly pumped down during the 40 hours while digging was going on.

From time to time the child's cries could be heard, and often during Saturday afternoon it called for "mamma," and for food and water. The process of digging went slowly during Saturday night on account of lack of light, and rapid diggers had at times to give place to slow workers. All this time the father and mother were enduring untold torture of mind; the former sometimes raving, and gray hairs almost momentarily increasing on the heads of the distracted parents. About 3 o'clock the child seem to lose all patience, and filled his narrow, circular tomb with his loud crying. It was a hard matter for strong men to endure the extremely distressing condition of affairs with anything like composure. All the time, day and night, crowds of men, women and children were standing around with faces white with horror, and the heart of the men digging in the shaft and those on the windlass on top were bleeding at the cries of the helpless babe below. During all of Saturday and Sunday night perhaps half the people who knew of the affair slept little or none.

On Saturday morning an unfortunate experiment was made in the way of grappling for the child with a wormer. It is supposed that the wormer caught onto the tubing below and raised it a little, when its hold released and something was heard to drop. Then there was a new distress in the minds of the waiting crowd lest the wormer had caught on to and lacerated the flesh of the child, or had inflicted bruises on it, for its voice thereafter was less often heard, and much weaker. As the diggers down in the shaft went deeper, they heard the child moaning in pain.

By Sunday noon they had dug to a depth of about 50 feet, and the child yet 22 feet, at least, below them. By nightfall the work was necessarily going on slower, for more time was being consumed in hauling up the dirt. Besides, the most delicate and dangerous part of the job was now at hand, and Will Stinson and James Strallen, of Oakdale, both experienced men in underground operations, were sent down; and they remained there from 11 o'clock Sunday morning until 9 o'clock Monday morning, when the awful scene was ended. Stetson, as a miner and well-digger, had many narrow escapes in his lifetime, and as he was now down 65 feet in a partially dry shaft, with treacherous walls of earth above and around him, his situation was very perilous, for no time could be spared to construct and sink down wooden curbing in the shaft. Soon after Stinson and Strallen went down into the shaft, at 11 o'clock Sunday night, they struck loose sand and gravel. A few of the impatient crowd above urged Stinson to dig on down through the gravel the remaining seven feet supposed to be yet intervening between him and the child, but he withstood them and began to tunnel in toward the circular hole right on top of this gravel bed, so he could have a firm clay roof to his tunnel.

He was then about eight feet to one side of the circular hole. He tunneled in a few feet and then dug another shaft, closer to the circular hole, down to where he thought the child might be lodged. His object was to strike a spot underneath the spot where the child was lodged, for it would have been fatal to have disturbed the earth wall of the circular hole above the child. Finally he tunneled toward the circular, and, tapping it, was surprised to find himself yet above the child. He was able then to reach down and tie a rope around the feet of the child and by the same device hold him secure there, but he dared not yet risk an attempt to draw him up for fear he might break down the crumbling walls of the hole and of the tunnel and thus bury himself and the child alive. So he sank another and second small shaft down a few feet yet further until he knew he was below the child. Under the circumstances the work had to be very slow. Stinson worked like a mole with trenches of sand all around him, passing dirt out by the handfuls to Strallen in the first small shaft, and Strallen doing the same to Sheriff Elwood, who was out in the main shaft.

All this time Stinson, burrowed like a mole and literally working like a mole through so treacherous an element, could hear the child moaning faintly. Whenever a loose board rattled overhead he could feel the shock and he did not know but that the walls of the shaft were coming in on him, and whenever the furious wind, which was then (on Monday morning), raging over the earth's surface, rattled down oose earth and pebbles on top of the child, it seemed to feel it. Indeed, the child seemed as sensitive to the least jar as Stinson was, for it would moan the stronger and more piteously. The three men, unnerved by the horror of their situation, worked and wept, and the sun rose yet on Monday morning with these men handing out dirt by handfuls—practically burned ashes, and with no hand but that of God to trust to, to ever bring them and the child to earth's surface again. Finally, by the most delicate manipulations, Stinson was at last able to grasp the child, and let himself and his precious burden into the main shaft.

At 9:20 Monday morning, after the child had been in the well 48 hours about, Stinson was hauled up to the top of the shaft with the child in his arms. A hasty examination of the child was made, when it was found to be not only alive, but bright of eye and conscious, though very weak. Apparently it had slid down the circular hole slowly, rump first, but was found with its rump wedged into the top of the circular tubing set in the hole, its feet a little above its head, and its hands extended some six or eight inches above its head.

When the child was brought up to the surface the scene was indescribable. Stinson staggered, unnerved and exhausted, but very many of the 200 people there sunk to the ground prostrated by emotion. There were no noisy demonstrations; the hearts of the crowded lookers-on were to full for utterance.

Although all the parties who helped so faithfully are worthy of unstinted praise, yet, under the circumstances, it is natural that Stinson especially, and his partners in the depths of what might have been their tomb, should now be the heroes of the hour. While Stinson is lying at his home exhausted, he fellow-citizens are contributing to a fund for a testimonial to be given to him.

Is It a Fact?

The curious fact that the usual heat produced by friction is absent when the articles are magnetized is just now being discussed by scientists who are seeking an explanation. Very striking examples are described in a late number of a scientific periodical. A workman fastened a couple of powerful magnets to his lathe to hold more securely a piece of metal which he wished to drill and turn.

The presence of the magnets kept the metal so cold that no water was needed to keep the drill moist and cool. This unusual circumstance may lead to important mechanical advantages. It is such circumstances as the one noted above that lead to valuable discoveries. The scientists, who are looking for a reason why the heat should be absent, may not hit upon any valuable idea, but some practical mechanic probably will.

Brown Was Half Right, Anyhow.

Jones had married the prettiest woman in town and Brown had married the homeliest and thought she was beautiful. One evening they were talking about their respective better halves, and B. remarked:

"I say, Jones, I think you and I married the two prettiest women in town."

Jones looked at him in surprise a moment, but he saw he was serious.

"Well," he replied, cautiously, and with pride, "I guess you are about half right, old fellow."

Brown didn't see the point until he told his wife.

An Offensive Breath
is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he come in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and cartarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

ORIGIN OF A NEW RACE.

Curious Results Arising From a Mutiny on a British Vessel.

The ship Bounty, December 13, 1787, sailed from Spithead, England, bound for the South sea. To many of the present generation the story of the mutiny that followed is a vague tradition; and that the lineal desendants of the mutineers are now living, entirely by themselves, on an island in the Pacific Ocean very few have any knowledge. The island is known as Pitcairn's Island. The ship was under a commission from the British Admiralty to visit the Society and other islands and collect a number of bread-fruit plants, which were then to be taken to certain of the British West Indies for the purpose of stocking those islands. The vessel started on her homeward voyage with Lieut. Bligh in command. He was of an unusually overbearing and insulting disposition. He accused Fletcher Christian, the mate, of having stolen some cocoanuts which he had bought at Otaheite, one of the islands they had visited. Christian determined to get away from the ship, and was informed by the boatswain that the crew were ready to mutiny. He surprised the captain in his berth, made a prisoner of him and took possession of the ship. The captain and eighteen of his officers and men were then set adrift in an open boat.

Christian, with the 24 others who had remained in the ship, steered for the Society islands and sixteen of them finally decided to remain at Otaheite, while Christian and the rest, taking with them twelve Otaheitan women and seven men, set sail in the ship for any place that chance might take them.

Nothing was heard of Christian and those who had gone on the Bounty for twenty years. At the end of that time an American ship, happening to touch at Pitcairn's island, found there an Englishman called Alexander Smith (this name was afterwards changed to John Adams), who said he was the sole survivor of those who had sailed on the Bounty.

Christian, thinking the island a place where there would be little chance of their being discovered, had landed there and burned the ship. Things went smoothly for two years, when one of the men, having lost his wife, insisted on taking one of the Otaheitean men's. The Otaheitans rebelled and killed three of the whites. The rest of the whites, with the aid of the women, then killed all the Otaheitean men. Only four men were now left on the island. One of these succeeded in making an intoxicating liquor and drank himself to death, another one was executed by his companions, and a third died of consumption.

Adams, now an old man, became at last impressed with the responsibility resting upon him of teaching the decendants of himself and his companions the truth of the Bible. The result was a model community. In 1830 the inhabitants moved to Norfolk Island, but in 1856 a part of them returned to Pitcairn. The colony has since been remarkable for the purity in which it has retained the principles inculcated by the patriarchal Adams.

Between the years 1860 and 1880 a number of ships called at the island. In 1883 the American ship Harry Mills visited the place, and one of the inhabitants named McCoy accompanied the ship to Liverpool.

In the same year another American ship, the Wandering Jew, stopped at the island, and on leaving Capt. Talpey, the commander, took with him another one of the inhabitants. This was Ernest Haywood Christian, the great grand-son of Fletcher Christian. Until his arrival at Hull, England, Ernest Christian had never seen a house, a horse, or any other quadruped. His delight and astonishment when he first saw a steam engine and train were unbounded. The career of McCoy, who preceded him to England, had not been wholly of an agreeable character. Upon his arrival in London some unscrupulous person, taking advantage of his utter ignorance of the ways of the world, induced him to hold a series of "receptions" at a kind of variety show. When he found into what had been entrapped McCoy was very much disgusted, and blamed the Captain of the Harry Mills not having told him the character of the place.

As soon as Christian arrived in Hull McCoy wrote to him, beseeching him "for God's sake" not to come to London, "for," he said, "it is hell." On his arrival Christian was treated with the greatest kindness, and when he left England took with him many valuable presents for the islanders.

Christian spent three years on the ship, visiting San Francisco and going completely around the world before he returned to his island home. On her second visit to Pitcairn Mrs. Tapley had with her a young English girl 17 years old. She was the youngest person who had ever visited the island, and great was the interest and admiration she excited among the girls of her own age. One in particular, Miss Emily McCoy, kept close to her all the time, asking her all manner of questions about the outside world.

"You are the first girl of my own age outside of this island that I have ever seen," she said. "Tell me all you can. What do horse cars look like? And the churches—do you have people enough to fill them?"

Among the island women who visited the ship on this occasion was Miss Rosalind Young, one of the most attractive and enterprising on the island. She was at this time about 23 years old, had never had a shoe on her foot, swam like a fish, played the organ in the little island church, assisted her father in teaching the "village school," and was the leader in everything among the women on the island. She has written an account of the island for the *Century*, and she told Mrs. Tapley that she never had an idle moment.

Another curious vein of modern civilization that has cropped out on the island is the desire for some place where one can get a rest and change from the ordinary routine of life. On an isolated island only a few miles in circumference, in mid-ocean, and containing only one village of less than a hundred inhabitants, "summer residences" would seem to be hardly practicable or desirable. Yet these people have begun to build a little way from the main settlement, a small "summer colony," where the older ones may go away for a little while every year and be more retired than they can in the village. They have named their retreat "Happy Valley."

The condition of the islanders has lately been considerably improved by the numerous visits of English and American ships. The population is increasing slowly. In 1879 it was 94. In December, 1882, it was 108, of which number two were shipwrecked sailors who had settled there. The colony consists of about twenty families, who live in single story cottages formed of bamboo, with thatched roof.

The islanders are still noted for their strict religious conduct, grace being said before and after each meal, and swearing or anything of a similar character being absolutely unknown.

When any dispute arises among them the settlement of it is laid over till the next arrival of a man-of-war, when it is referred to the captain, and his decision is final.

—Dandruff eradicated, the scalp made clean, and gray hair restored to its original youthful beauty and vigor by the use of *Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.*

How Two Hunchbacks Were Married.

A feature in Chinese life is reported in the native press. A difficulty having been found by a good-looking humpbacked girl in procuring a husband, the go-between discovered that an identical difficulty prevented a certain humpbacked young man from getting a wife. She accordingly arranged a match; but, as each party was of very eligible quality in other respects, each of the respective parents insisted upon obtaining a surreptitious view of the amorous one on either side. The go-between accordingly arranged that the girl should be interviewed as she sat at her spinning wheel with her hump deftly inserted in a hole in the mud wall, while the man was introduced as he was conducting home a water buffalo and leaning over its neck with his rain coat negligently thrown over his back. The marriage took place, and it then became too late for tergiversation as it had been endorsed by law.

The Waifs Turn Out As Well.

Everybody who knows anything about Chicago charities knows Miss Bowman, who for twenty years had charge of the infants at the Home for the Friendless, and was party to hundreds of adoptions, and who subsequently has been for years matron at the Newsboys' Home. "It is a curious fact," said Miss Bowman, "that just as large a proportion of these newsboys turn out well, though they have no one on earth to look after them, as do those infants given out for adoption from the Home for the Friendless, though there every care is taken to place them in good homes and under the best influences. Isn't it strange?" And her remark was based on statistical observation.—*Chicago Journal.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE AMERICAN COOK-STOVE.

Consul Marston's Experience in Introducing It at Malaga, Spain.

H. C. Marston, our Consul at Malaga, Spain, makes a somewhat interesting report to the State department on the introduction of an American cook-stove into that city, and the reason why our hardware trade with Spain is not a success. The kitchen arrangements in Spain for cooking are, he says, of the most primitive character and he has no doubt that Adam used the "hornillo" now used in Andalusia. This is a sort of kiln, with a series of holes nine or twelve inches in diameter, with an opening below each, and by persistent fanning charcoal is consumed for fuel. When Mr. Marston mentioned to his friends that he was thinking of ordering an American cook-stove, he was told he would be unable to hire a cook, as hard coal causes headaches and other ailments that no Spanish servant would "put up" with.

"However," says Mr. Marston, "I ordered a full set of stove furniture, and had it shipped via Gibraltar for Malaga. Unfortunately on its arrival here, having been badly packed, it was broken in many places. I found an Englishman who, being a good workman, by making some thin irno bands, succeeded in riveting the broken pieces together, and it was made serviceable for a time, the cost for repairing being almost as much as the original price of the stove. I then wrote to New York claiming that the breakage had occurred through bad packing, and asking the firm to replace the broken plates. This they refused to do, but under compromise furnished the necessary pieces at cost price for cast iron, and in due season the box arrived in Malaga, but the freight and charges on same equalled those originally charged upon the stove itself.

"I will now relate my experience in the use of this stove. At first my cook looked with perfect disdain upon the newcomer, and made every objection to its use, but it was not more than a month before it was the wonder and envy of all the cooks in Malaga. When it became necessary to clean the chimney, stove and pipe, we ordered our cook not to light the stove the following morning, but to use the 'hornillos.' To this the woman protested, saying she could not now use anything but the 'estua Americano.' Even in the heat of the past summer nothing could induce our Spanish cook to give up, even for a day, the use of this American stove.

"In the course of time the fame of the stove was the subject of conversation with all the friends and acquaintances of our 'cocinera,' and in October last two other families here ordered one of these stoves, each from the same firm that shipped mine. I sent the order myself, reminding them of the disastrous plight in which mine arrived, instructing them to spare no pains or expense in packing. Yet when they were received in Malaga they were in a much worse condition than mine was, being all broken to pieces. They had been paid for, and there was no redress. The stoves are almost worthless, and the parties who made the purchase feel that it is a 'forlone hope' to have them delivered in good condition at Malaga. Two or three other families expressed a desire to buy and use these stoves, and had been waiting to see the condition in which the last two ordered should arrive. With the result as stated above, they now decline to order.

"Instead of packing them as thse were, put together complete for transportation, they ought to be packed each part separately, viz: One box containing six top plates, one box containing six bottom plates, two boxes containing six side plates each, two boxes containing six end plates each, one box containing lids and other parts, all well packed with plenty of straw or hay to keep them breaking, and the stoves ought to be put together here. No single box with contents ought to be so heavy but three or four men could readily handle it, for when boxes are of an unusual weight, when carrying them, instead of letting them down easily, men simply 'let go' and drop them, and when they contain light castings, such as stoves, they are sure to break.

"The same trouble exists in bringing, for instance, American petroleum lamps, the wicks, chimneys and other portions being of a peculiar shape or make, can not be replaced as they wear out or break, and necessarily the articles become worthless. I know one firm here who supplied their houses, offices, ware-houses, etc., with American lamps four years ago with a barrel full of extra chimneys. The same having all been broken the lamps are thrown aside, for none can be purchased here; it is too far to send to the United States for chimneys.

"American houses may send illustrated circulars, but Spaniards want to see the article itself. An agent can readily be selected in almost any location who will receive consignments, and who, with a full supply of everything where every part can be replaced in case of necessity, could introduce any good American cooking-stove, but they must draw and have ovens that will bake well."

"I know of no better opportunity than this part of Spain, where this class of stoves could be disposed of to advantage, and the firm who first introduces any particular make of stoves will control in the future the business here, for once satisfied, the Spaniard never likes to change.

"There is here also a splendid opportunity for the introduction of all kinds of American hardware, for our manufactures beat the world, especially in the finish of the article. English-made goods necessarily contain more than double the quantity of metal, are heavy, cumbersome and uncouth in appearance, while ours have all the required strength for durability, with the additional 'finish' which English make does not possess. There is not an American hatchet for sale in Malaga, and yet nothing that will take its place."

Didn't Know Adam.

As Artemus Ward was traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down, and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley! Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put in a bastile?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said:

"What do you think about Gen. Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked up the car, but at last came back and said:

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said: "What was his other name?"—*San Francisco Post.*

A Great Battle
Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

Mrs. Cleveland's Ponies.

The President has so far relented from his original determination as to buy for his wife a pretty phaeton, with a seat behind for the groom, and a pair of small brown ponies for her exclusive use and thereby hangs a tale. A man in Richmond wrote a pathetic letter to the President not long since, which, by some inadvertence on the part of the wise "private secretary," fell into his own hands. In it the man went on to say that he had married a young and beautiful girl three months before and had bought for her, with many fond anticipations, a pair of horses, for which he had searched the South over, and she drove them for a few short weeks and then, on returning from a drive one afternoon, died suddenly in his arms from heart disease.

He could not bear to see these reminders of a happy past any more, and Mrs. Cleveland was the only woman into whose hands he was willing to have them fall. He concluded by saying that he was too poor to give them to her, but he wanted her to have these treasures of his pretty dead wife. The President, without having seen the horses at all, telegraphed to have them sent on, and in a letter following enclosed a check for them. They came, saw and conquered at once, as they are pretty, gentle little animals, and smiling peace reigns everywhere.

These Car Drivers Are Too Critical.

"Talkin 'bout them women," continued the brake twister as he sat down, "I remember a funny thing. There was two women standing at a crossing and one of 'em waved her hand and I stopped the car. The other got one foot on the front platform and then she went back to the walk, kissed the other woman and got on the car. I hope to never tell a lie or the truth if that didn't happen," and the driver flourished his whip as if he felt like thrashing some of "them women."

AN UNKNOWN SUBJECT.

Some Light Thrown Upon Our Great and Glorious Standing Army.

If there is any one thing that the average American knows next to nothing about it is the standing army of this great and glorious Republic of ours. The other day a recruiting officer stationed in Baltimore was here, and I had the pleasure of a long conversation with him, and in talking of army matters naturally drifted into the character of the men who enlist, and the causes that have led to so many deserters from the army in the past few years. Speaking of the nationalities of the men who enlist, my friend said:

"I find that, as a rule, the foreign-born recruits are better educated men than the natives. It often happens that a German or Austrian, who applies to me for enlistment, came to this country in the hope of much better employment than the military service affords. He finds when he arrives that the situation has been painted in hues rather more rosy than the circumstances warrant. He is a stranger in a strange land. He is, perhaps, unfamiliar with the language, and knows nothing of the customs of the country, and, after spending all the money he may have brought with him, he finds only the United States army open to him.

"The pay here is better than in Europe and the service very much shorter; and, although he may have left his native country to avoid military service, he seizes upon it here as a means of support. Only this week I enrolled one man who was familiar with several languages and who had served with credit as an officer in the army of Austria."

"Do these men usually re-enlist when their first term expires?"

"No, not often. At the end of the five years they have generally acquired a thorough knowledge of the English language, and have saved some little money, and are able to return to their birthplaces or to find some other employment. It is not often that an educated foreigner re-enlists after his first term of enlistment has expired."

"Do the desertions come from this class of foreign recruits?"

"No. On the contrary, they usually are faithful soldiers and retire with an honorable discharge."

"From what class do the desertions come principally?"

"Usually they come from a class of professional deserters, men who enlist for the purpose of getting out of trouble originally and tire of the military service. When an opportunity presents itself they desert, and after remaining out a few months again enlist, much to the detriment of the service."

"Have you any method for marking a deserter now?"

"No, not at the present time. Branding was at once resorted to, but this has been abandoned by order of the war department. It was ineffectual, because the brand would not be discovered unless the soldier attempted to re-enter the service, when an examination would at once disclose the mark."

"What, in your opinion, would prove the most effectual method for preventing desertion?"

"In a report of the secretary of War for the present year, one of our generals recommends that every man who enters the United States service should be tatooed at some place on his arm with the letters 'U. S.' In order that there may be no stigma about this it is suggested that the tattooing be extended to the officers as well as to the men. If this was done I think it would have a good effect, although there is a good deal of opposition to the proposal in the army. Some officers assert that they would never submit to the so-called degradation, and they insist that they would retire from the service before permitting the tattooers to do their work. But in my opinion, there are very few officers who would throw up their commissions for a thing of this kind, especially when it would be so general as to prevent the cry of degradation. It would certainly mark every man who applies for enlistment so well that we could tell in a moment whether he ever served in the army before, and would absolutely prevent the re-enlistment of the men who once desert. If the army could be relieved from the chronic deserters the number of desertions would materially diminish, and there would be fewer reports on this subject to the war department each year."

REPRESENTATIVE TAULBEE'S DISTRICT.

Peculiar People Who Send a Queer Man to Congress.

Mr. Taulbee represents one of the most peculiar districts in the country. There are 21 counties in it, and many of the people have never seen a railroad. The people are the descendants of pioneers from Virginia, Middle Kentucky, and Tennessee, who fled from civilization, following the wild game until they were brought to a stop by the Ohio river—people who deserted their lands when they became farms, trading them off for a rifle or a hunting-knife. They still fear civilization and revenue officers. The language in the wildest mountainous counties could not be understood by you or me, more than we would understand Sanskrit. There is not a member in the House who can read the letters they write their Representative.

Taulbee was telling me of his electioneering. The only means of communication for hundreds of miles is on horseback, through the narrow mountain paths, in woods and desert wastes of bramble. Preparing for election to the Fiftieth Congress, he started out on horseback in February to "call on his neighbors." From then until the day before the first Monday in November, he says, there were not 12 days during which he did not ride 50 miles. Each day he rode at least this distance and generally made speeches at night. He complained of the all-night sessions of the House this week; but this journeying, that would kill any of his colleagues, was like a holiday to him. He tells of one ride for a doctor a distance of 87 miles in one night over the mountains, during which he killed one horse and injured two others.

Here is an exact quotation from a speech by one of the politicians of great local standing in the district:

"I will thoroughly say unto you, my feller-citizens, that the jimfastical affairs uv this yer constiqution is about to be overwhelumned by the pully-blocks of nature!"

He gave me one verse of a love song sung by a barefooted mountaid maiden, whom he likened to sweet wild jasmine. It was sung to a party of three men who had claimed hospitality in a mountain cabin. A gourd, emptied of seeds and corked with a cob at the end of the long stem, had been dug from under the dirt floor when the old mountaineer was sure none of the strangers were "Government." Honey had been taken from a hollow tree. The honey and the contents of the gourd comprised the feast. The maiden danced with her brown, bare feet upon the hard dirt floor and sang:

Your buty I do remire, my gal,
Your charms I do redore;
Grant me this my resire, my gal,
And I can't ax no more.

To Nervous Men.
If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.
VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich.

The Cost of Flowers.

It costs something in New York to get up flowers for a first-class wedding. The following is given as a specimen of prices:

"Paul Neyron and Baroness Rothschild roses are particularly handsome. They bring 75 cents each. Other hybrids of good quality cost 50 cents. Some very large La France roses bring 60 cents each. Catherine Mermits are poor, and brides are showing considerable color on the outer petals. There is a glut of callas and Harris' lilies; the former are offered for 15 and 20 cents, and the latter for 25 and 30 cents. Lilac from New Jersey is very well grown and holds its price at 50 cents a spray. Poet's narcissus is scarce, and costs 50 cents a dozen. Hyacinths, tulips, and lilies-of-the-valley costs from 65 to 75 cents a dozen, according to quality. Very choice lilies-of-the-valley selected for bridal bunches, are sold for $1 a dozen. Daffodils cost from 60 to 75 cents a dozen. White carnations are scarce, but those of other colors are plentiful and 50 cents a dozen."

Not a Dude.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Senator Voorhees can not be called a dude, because he doesn't like anything that Ingall-ish, ye knaw.

THE MEDICO-ELECTRIC JAR,
Nature's Great Pain Killer,
Cures Headache Instantly,
And has restored Hearing and Eyesight.
The Only Remedy that Will Cure Catarrh.
Price, $1. Send 25 cts. for a sample Jar. You will find it the finest you ever saw. WE WANT AGENTS. Address NOW
W. E. McCHRISTIE,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Camp Fire.

OUR FLAG.

H. E. HOWE.

Salute the starry flag,
For which our fathers bled;
Long may it float among the stars,
When all its foes have fled.

On Erie's crimsoned flood,
On many a deadly field,
It shamed the haughty Briton's pride,
And forced their flag to yield.

Throughout the "Sunny South,"
On mountain, hill, and plain,
Ten thousand times our boys in blue
It's honor did maintain.

"Stormed at by shot and shell,"
In battles sulphurous hell,
How gloriously they fought and fell
No pen or tongue can tell.

When tyranny shall die,
And tottering thrones shall fall,
High o'er the wreck our flag shall fly,
The grandest flag of all.

All hail our glorious flag,
Heaven born in days of yore;
Victorious wave o'er land and sea
Till time shall be no more.

THE COLONEL'S PET SOLDIER.

Sent to Ferret Out Whisky Smugglers—He Finds the Whisky and Reports.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I come for the first time, and will throw on an armful of cobs, and while they are burning I will tell of a little joke played on our colonel.

During the winter of '63 and '64 our regiment was stationed at Beverly, W. Va., near Cheat mountain. In spite of the colonel's most stringent efforts and positive orders to the contrary, the boys would become hilarious occasionally. But what puzzled him most was where they got the wherewithal that made them so. He was sure they did not get it in the town, so finally he hit upon the idea that the boys were flanking the pickets and were getting it from the citizens in the country, but the question was how to find it. As the penalty was very severe for selling intoxicants to soldiers, persons doing so were very cautious, but the colonel proved equal to the occasion.

Belonging to Co. H was an old Mexican soldier, neat and trim, and, as the colonel thought, the very ideal of a soldier. He had appointed him color sergeant of the right, and in many other ways showed his appreciation for the aforesaid sergeant. Said the colonel: "I will confide in this sergeant. I believe, yes, I know, I can trust him. I will appoint him a special detective to hunt up this thing, that I may punish the offending citizens, who dare defy me and violate my orders."

The sergeant was duly installed and sent on his mission. Armed with a pass, he boldly launched forth to the surprise and wonderment of the boys. Many were the conjectures of the boys as to his mission. They had observed that he was ordered to report to the colonel for duty, but none had the least idea what that duty was, when he boldly marched out of camp to the eastward, on that beautiful January morning. But, alas, for poor weak humanity "when he would do good!"

The matter was soon forgotten in camp and everything wore the usual quiet, till about 3 o'clock p. m., when the writer chanced to look to the eastward and spied the aforesaid segeant with gun at a "right shoulder shift," heading for camp. At first, I thought he was being opposed in his efforts to reach camp by a terrible gale, as he seemed to be pulling hard against something. I saw he had on all sail. Now he would make a lunge to the right oblique, then stop suddenly and lurch to the left oblique, and after several unsuccessful attempts, he struck the head of our company street and, in the same zigzag manner proceeded to the colonel's tent. By this time there were two or three hundred of the boys calmly and quietly watching him. He made out finally to reach the colonel's quarters, the door of which was open. The colonel was seated at his desk busy writing when the sergeant arrived. The latter attempted to stop to salute, but his feet became entangled, and, in he sprawled full length in front of the colonel. His gun, making several revolutions, landed in the farthest corner of the colonels quarters. Such a shout as went up from the boys! It made the earth tremble. The sergeant, with the aid of the colonel, picked himself up as best he could, and was peremptorily ordered to his quarters without being given time to report progress. So ended his services as private detective, but he found what he was after.—W. S. WHEELER, Co. H, 10th W. Va. Infantry. Hutchinson, Kan.

He Answers to Roll Call.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In this interesting column I noticed an appeal to members of Co. G, 44th O. V. I. or 8th O. V. C. I am happy to say to Comrade E. M. Benson, of Co. G, 44th, now in Nelson, Neb., that I answered roll call in both the 44th and 8th, and am proud of it, also that I am happy to hear from him whom I have not heard from since the close of the war. I enlisted in the same company (G) in September, '61, along with three other comrades—namely, S. W. Bennett, W. N. Deeds and S. P. Engle. Three out of the four are yet living. Deeds died of consumption several years ago. Engle is now, and has been, for twelve or fifteen years at Indianapolis, Ind., in the C., C., C. & I. railroad service. Bennett is located at this place, preaching the gospel. D. F. Bennett, a '62 recruit, also lives here. Our next annual reunion will be at the Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Xenia, O., the first Thursday in August. We are as loyal as ever, vote nothing but a straight ticket, and am willing to trust the rebel flag business to Governor Foraker, as we believe his rulings are good. We would like to see J. G. Blaine President next term. We don't like to see so many rebel generals making our laws. Men who should been hung at the close of the war. I would be glad to hear from any comrade of the old 44th O. V. I. or 8th O. V. C., either through your columns or by letter.—W. H. GANGER, Darke county, O., formerly of Co. G, 44th and 9th O. V. C.

Voting for Principle.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been a regular reader of the BLADE about six months, and the CAMP FIRE is generally the first thing I read, and of course I enjoy it. I believe I have never met but one of my company, yet with a rail, and I would like to hear from others, bring on the rails boys and lets make a blaze that will burn until next November. A comrade says in the CAMP FIRE of December 29, that he is not a "one-sided man," and thinks we ought to vote for the best man, Republican, Democrat, Greenback, or what not." Now, I beg to differ with him. It is principle more than the man, and I shall, as I have always done in the past, vote as I shot, right at Rebels. I think this country has enough Rebel brigadiers at the front at present. Now, comrades, let us stand by our colors, and with Blaine, or Lincoln, or Sherman, or some other good Republican, we will put a veto on Grover, next fall.—S. W. EVANS, Co. E, 94th Ills. Vols.

Politicians, Read This.

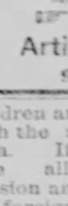
EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will the BLADE please publish the following oath, taken by the undersigned, (and I hope that every comrade who wore the blue will take the same): "I do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will never, directly or indirectly, give political support to any candidate for office who this winter in any legislative body, state or national, as a member thereof or as executive, shall fail to support any bill or measure granting pension, returning bounty or repealing limitations in any wise benefitting honorably discharged Union soldiers or their families. So help me God."—J. B. DAUGHERTY, Co. A, 78th O. V. I., Mt. Perry, O.

A Latter-Day Regiment.

ED. CAMP FIRE:—I will say in reply to Comrade F. J. Ledman, member of Co. C, 159th O. N. G., Rips Mills, O., that I was a member of Co. K, 135th Ind. Vol. Inf. Allow me to come forward and throw on an ash rail to keep the CAMP FIRE going. I enlisted at Thorntown, Boone county, Ind., on May 10, 1864, for 100 days, or during the war. I was mustered in at Indianapolis, Ind., the same month. We then left for Louisville, Ky., then from there to Lexington, Ky., and then started for Cumberland Gap, Va. We were ordered back to Bridgeport, Ala., and remained there until July, 1864, when we were sent to Stephinson, Ala., and in August went to Nashville, Tenn., then on the 4th of September, we were ordered into line of battle to meet the rebe's under the command of Forest and Hood. We marched out on the road leading to Franklin, Tenn., to meet the enemy, but the Johnnies had taken the hint and thought they were not needed there and returned back to Franklin and crossed over Duck river. We returned to camp and ate dinners of soldiers' fare. We stood guard every second night and did camp duty and fought mosquitoes, and that is about all the blood we shed. I was poisoned while at Nashville, Tenn., and have been an invalid ever since, but by the good treatment of my surgeon I am alive to-day and thanks to the good government, I received enough pension to keep my wife, children and myself in fair circumstances, with the assistance of my wife and children. If this government would give all the old soldiers a pension and 160 acres of land, and keep out foreign immigation and keep the land for our American people, then we would have a country that we could rejoice in. Our captain was William H. Rhoads, of Williamsport, Warren Co., Indiana, and our Colonel, William E. Wilson, of Lafayette, Ind. Hurrah for Robert T. Lincoln for President in 1888, and Ben Harrison of Indiana for Vice President.—DAVID REAGON, late of Co. K., 135th Ind. Vol. Inf. Rock Cowley Co., Kan.

Silk and Satin Ribbons FREE!
LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU

A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best! Every lady knows and appreciates, the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, handy for the thousand and one tasty and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would create a large bill of expense, and therefore debars a great many from indulging their tastes in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of **Silk and Satin Ribbon Remnants** of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away **free**; nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for all the ladies: beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely **free**. We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. **How to get a box containing a Complete Assortment of these elegant ribbons Free. The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion**, published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75 cts. per year; send **35** cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will also send **free** a box of the ribbons; **2** subscriptions and **2** boxes, **65** cts.; **4** subscriptions and **4** boxes, **$1**. One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than $1. Get **3** friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only $1; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact:—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price for it; it is in after years, and not now, that we make money. We make this great offer in order to at once secure 250,000 new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known; you will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better cut this out, or send at once, for probably it won't appear again. Address,
H. HALLETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, PORTLAND, MAINE.



Adjustable Lacing Socket Legs
Best Limb Manufactured on the Face of the Globe.
MADE BY MEN WHO WEAR THEM.
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909 PENN. AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

From a Forager.

ED. CAMP FIRE:—I will add a few lines to the CAMP FIRE, which I read with interest. I was once on the line of march and was present at the surrender of Cumberland Gap, September 9, '63, and rations being minus, did some foraging. Passing around pickets for patent cider press, filled demands also for canteen, etc., and returned to camp on the back track. I am and have been a Republican since honest Abe Lincoln's time and am now in favor of Sherman first and Blaine last, as two races is enough to win or give up the laurels. Hope to hear from J. J. Sheer and others of Co. E.—GEO. J. HENDRICKS, Co. E, 86th O. V. I., Ripland, Neb.

Fragments From the Field.

J. W. MAPES, private Co. K, 5th Kans. Cav., of Centropolis, Kans., says that it does his heart good to read the letters written by the old soldiers, and it always delights him to take an old comrade by the hand.

F. M. McCOY, Co. C, 11th Ia. Inf., of Versailles, Ill., says that he was in the war 42 months, and did his share towards putting down the Rebellion. He is a Republican, cast his first vote for Abe Lincoln, and is not yet through with voting for the same principles that he voted for in those days.

Champion Short Hand Writer.

Mr. A. S. White, the well known author of "White's Phonography," famous as the Champion Short Hand Writer of the World, received the first prizes in the international contests at London, Edinburgh, Paris and Berlin; he came near being permanently disabled by rheumatism. His recovery by the use of a remedy infallible in curing rheumatism and all blood diseases is told in a letter from his office, 92 Washington street, Chicago, dated June 20, 1887.

He writes:

"Your remedy has done wonderful service for me. For the past five years I have been troubled with rheumatic pains.

"My right hand had become almost useless and I was gradually losing speed as a shorthand writer. A friend of mine, Dr. Dederich, advised me of your remedy. I used a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and am now entirely recovered. I shall never cease to commend your excellent medicines, and wish you much success.

"Yours truly, A. S. WHITE."

And here is another witness:

"BENTON, Ark., August 25th, 1887.

"Last spring I was dangerously afflicted with erysipelas, and my life was despaired of by my physicians. As a last hope I tried S. S. S. and soon found relief, and in two weeks I was able to attend to my business. I used five bottles.

"S. H. WITTHORNE, Ed. Saline *Courier*."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Youth No Bar to Greatness.

Charles James Fox was in parliament at 19.

The great Cromwell left the University of Cambridge at 18.

John Bright never was at any school a day after he was 15 years of age.

Gladstone was in parliament at 22, and at 24 was lord of the treasury.

Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge when 16, and was called to the bar at 21.

Peel was in Parliament at 21, and Palmerston was lord of the admiralty at 23.

Henry Clay was in the senate of the United States at 29, contrary to the constitution.

John Hampton, after graduating at Oxford, was a student at law in the Inner Temple at 19.

Gustavus Adolphus ascended the throne at 16; before he was 34 he was one of the great rulers of Europe.

Judge Story was at Harvard at 15, in Congress at 29, and Judge of the Supreme court of the United States at 32.

Conde conducted a memorable campaign at 17, and at 22 he, and Turenne also, were of the most illustrious men of their time.

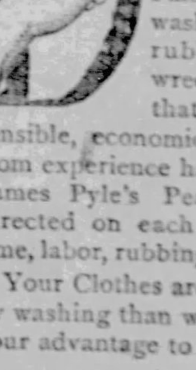
A Choice in Flats.

Fannie, with a rich noodle for a husband, to Katherine who is the wife of a poor, but brainy man: Where are you living now, Katie dear?

Katherine: In a nice little flat on a quiet street.

Fannie: In a flat on a quiet street? Perfectly dreadful, isn't it, dear?

Katherine: I can't say that it is. If I had my choice, Fannie, dear, to live in a flat or live with a flat, I am sure I'd choose the former.



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Allow your Clothing, Paint, or Woodwork, washed in the old rubbing, twisting, wrecking way. Join that large army of sensible, economical people, who from experience have learned that James Pyle's Pearline, used as directed on each package, saves time, labor, rubbing, wear and tear.

Your Clothes are worn out more by washing than wearing. It is to your advantage to try Pearline.

JAMES PYLE, New York.
Sold Everywhere.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Harper's Ferry.

J. J., Big Rock, Ill.:

Please give an account of the surrender of Harper's Ferry.

At the time that Lee's army began its march northward in September, 1862, Harper's Ferry, which commanded the entrance into the Shenandoah valley from the north, was garrisoned with 9,000 men under Col. Miles, of the Second United States Infantry. Lee expected that this small force would not attempt to hold the point against his large army, but would beat a hasty retreat. McClellan, also, as soon as knew of the northward movement of the Confederates, perceived that Col. Miles's force was of no use where it was, since it could not hold its position if attacked, and he telegraphed to Gen. Halleck suggesting that Miles be ordered to evacuate his position immediately and join the main army. This was on the 11th, and Lee had not yet reached the Potomac; but Halleck, sharing in the general Washington scare at that time, assumed that Miles was already in the trap, and said his only chance was to defend his works until McClellan could open communication with him. It seems to have been within the possibilities for McClellan to have hastened forward a part of his army, at least, so as to intercept the advance of Jackson's army into Maryland; but it would have been very difficult and was not attempted. September 4, Col. Miles sent part of his force, under Col. T. H. Ford, of the 32d Ohio, to occupy Maryland Heights, the hills at the southern end of the Elk Ridge, on the Maryland side of the river, directly opposite Harper's Ferry. Tools, however, for constructing available fortifications were wanting, and only a few slight breastworks were thrown up. September 5, the advance of Gen. Jackson's army appeared, and on the same day, Col. Miles was re-enforced with nearly 4,000 men under General White, who had evacuated the Federal position at Martinsburg on the approach of the enemy. With this force, entrenched on Maryland Heights, Miles might have held out against an opposing force far greater than his own for an indefinite time, but he seems to have been utterly wanting in the military genius needed to perceive this fact. The Confederate force made an attack on these heights on the 13th, but were repulsed. Colonel Miles had given Colonel Ford discretion to hold or abandon the heights, as he might think best. Subsequently he sent an order to him to hold his position at all hazards. Ford, however, chose not to understand the latter order, and about midday decided to abandon the heights. The Federal troops were now massed in Harper's Ferry and on Bolivar Heights, in the rear of the town. Maryland Heights were immediately occupied by the enemy under General McLaws, who within a few hours had his guns in position so as to cut off all retreat from Harper's Ferry on the east. On the same day Gen. Walker (Confederate) took possession of Loudoun Heights, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and proceeded to place his force so as to prevent the escape of the Harper's Ferry garrison down the right bank of the river. Jackson's army had intrenched itself on the 12th at Halltown, about two miles from Harper's Ferry. By these movements of the Confederate commanders the Federal force at Harper's Ferry was surrounded and at the mercy of the enemy. On the 13th, however, Col. Miles sent a messenger to Gen. McClellan, telling him that the enemy had occupied the positions on the heights, and adding that he could hold his position for two days at least. It is difficult to understand how Col. Miles could have had so little appreciation of the peril of his situation as to fancy that he could make any defense whatever. September 14 Jackson placed the division of A. P. Hill in the rear of the Federal line of defense. Ewell's division moved along the turnpike road to support Hill. Jackson's own division secured with one brigade a commanding hill to the left, near the Potomac. During the night the Federal cavalry troops, about 2,000, under Col. Davis, of the 12th Illinois regiment, escaped across the Potomac on a pontoon bridge, and made their way across the Potomac on a pontoon bridge, and made their way northward, reaching Greencastle, Pa., in safety the next morning. The infantry officers also urged Col. Mills to make the attempt to cut their way out under cover of darkness, but he refused, saying that he was ordered to hold the ferry to the last extremity. During that night, also, the Confederates had placed seven batteries in advanced positions, and had taken seven guns across the Shenandoah and placed them where they could have an enfilade fire on the Federal line. Early on the morning of the 15th every Confederate gun opened fire. In two hours the Federal guns were silenced and the white flag was run up. At almost the moment of giving the signal for surrender Colonel Miles was mortally wounded with a fragment of a bursting shell. General White conducted the capitulation, by which 11,000 men and officers, with 73 pieces of artillery, many small arms, and other stores, passed into the hands of the Confederates. In the latter part of the year the circumstances of the surrender were examined by a court of inquiry at Washington, and in accordance with its decisions Colonel Ford and several other officers were dismissed from the United States army. This court also characterized Colonel Miles's conduct as exhibiting "an incapacity amounting almost to imbecility."

The Cossacks.

L. B., Algona, Iowa:

Who are the Don Cossacks? Are they natives of Russia, or what country?

The Cossacks, divided into two well marked tribes, the eastern and the western—the latter as the Cossacks of the Dnieper—are unquestionably allied in descent to the Russians proper. Their name, which in Russian is Kazak, is derived probably from a word which in the Tartar tongue means a robber, and in the Turkish a light-armed soldier. It is thought that the ancestors of the Cossacks were deserters from the army of Russia or perhaps refugees fleeing from their devastated dis-

food. In commerce and manufacture they manifest the most meager interest.

Bohemia.

Ignorance, Grinnell, Kan.:

1. Will you please describe Bohemia?
2. Why are artists sometimes spoken of as being like the Bohemians?
3. What number of cubic inches do you divide by when measuring corn in the cob?

1. Bohemia was formerly one of the kingdoms of Europe, now forming a part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The climate is cold in the mountain regions, the higher peaks being covered with snow during a greater portion of the year, but mild in the villages, and, on the whole, healthful. The mineral wealth is varied and extensive. Mineral springs are abundant. The Czechs, a Slavonic race, form the bulk of the people. The Bois, from whom Bohemia derives its name, settled in the country in the 2d century B. C., but were expelled by Marcomanni about the beginning of the Christian era. The victors themselves soon gave place to others, and as early as the 5th century A. D. we find Bohemia people by Czechs, a Slavic race. The Czechs possess a literature older than that of any other people of the Slavonic stem; its origin may be dated with certainty as early as the 10th century. In 1875, 108 papers were published in Bohemia, eleven daily. Since 1831 a committee for the cultivation of Bohemia literature has been in existence. The Bohemian language is one of the best dialects of the West Slavonic; it is not only spoken in Bohemia, but also in Moravia and in Hungary. 2. Bohemian is a term attached to literary men and artists, of unsettled manner of living, from the resemblance to the roving life of gypsies. These came from Bohemia into France in 1427. 3. To measure corn in the crib, multiply the length of the crib in inches, by the width in inches, and that by the height of the corn in the crib in inches, and divide the product by 2,748, and the quotient will be the number of heaped bushels of ears.

Miscellaneous.

L. M. P., La Cross, Wis.

Would like to know who William Frederick Hertenstein is or was.

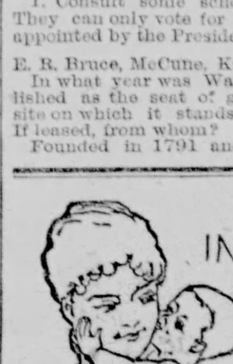
William Frederick Hertenstein, President of the Confederation of Switzerland, was born in 1825 at Kyburg, in the canton of Zurich. After having received his education in the schools of the Canton of Zurich he completed his studies at the Forest academy of Tharand. Then he entered as a forest officer the public service of the State of Zurich, and after a service of a few years he was nominated inspector of forests of the canton. In the years including 1870 to 1879 the people of the canton of Zurich elected him a member of the government of that canton. Soon afterward he was chosen to the National Assembly and later on to the Council of States. As a member of the government the Department of Military Affairs was conferred upon him, where he had the opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with that department. In 1880, when President Scherrer died, Colonel William Frederick Hertenstein, by the National Assembly, was elected his successor. He also took possession of the military department in the Swiss Council and gained as the chief of the same in a short time the highest reputation and the universal esteem of the Swiss people. He is an economical and circumspective officer, keeps an excellent order in his department and enjoys the confidence of all parties. In 1886 the meeting of Confederates nominated him vice president, and in December, 1887, he was elected president of the Confederation of Switzerland. President William Frederick Hertenstein combines with the true Swiss simplicity of his manners a great firmness of character and a thorough knowledge of human nature and broad capabilities. In the army he holds the rank of colonel of artillery, conferred upon him in 1872.

Tecumseh Sherman.

Frank Coder, Dawson, Pa.:

1. Give a biography of Tecumseh Sherman.
2. Also of Lorenzo Dow.

1. William Tecumseh Sherman was born in



Rich and Poor,

Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of **Ayer's Pills.** Leading physicians recommend these pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Costiveness, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.

"I have derived great relief from **Ayer's Pills.** Five years ago I was taken so ill with

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"**Ayer's Pills** have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried."—T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I have used **Ayer's Pills** for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe

Headache,

from which I was long a sufferer. —Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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government in 1800. It was ceded to the United States by Maryland and Virginia for a seat of government in 1790. It originally was 100 square miles, but is now only 64, the balance (Alexandria) being receded to Virginia in 1846.

Music. —

Is there a difference between melody and harmony?

Melody is an arrangement in succession of different sounds for a single voice or instrument. Harmony, the result of the union of two or more concording musical sounds.

SOME STYLISH COSTUMES.

Pretty Walking Dresses of Various New Materials—Three Skirts in One—The Latest Fad in Girdles.

NEW YORK, May 11.—(Special Letter.)—The fancy for profuse decorations in buttons, varying in size from a dinner plate to the top of a lead pencil, and used on bodices, sleeves and skirts alike, which, some seasons ago, was so conspicuous a "fad"—it degenerated into that—has brought a reaction which has consigned the button, as a trimming, to entire oblivion. They are used now only where absolutely necessary. The bodices of dresses are still buttoned, because the effect is better than with any other fastenings, the buttons holding the fronts firm and preserving the "set," but they must be of the very smallest size possible to use with convenience, about as large as the little end of a thimble. Every modiste has the buttons made to order to match the costume, usually of the same material, or in combination suits, of that which is best adapted to the purpose. The large dry goods houses take orders for the manufacture of the buttons. Where the goods of the dress is not suitable for button making, small crochet buttons of the proper color are substituted. The season's rage for tinsel is bringing gilt buttons into favor, but they must be small and only used where needed.

This will be a ribbon year. Ribbon sashes fluttering, ribbon loopings, ribbons stitched on flat, ribbons making a scrap of lace the entire gown. A pretty summer gown just completed is entirely of white lace over silk, striped with hundreds of yards of moire ribbon in yellow and mauve. Quaint old-time brocades striped in two colors will be used at many out-of-door fetes when the warm weather begins. So will white cloths of all sorts with gold buttons and heavily braided in gold. Many of the new lace-striped ginghams are so pretty and effective that they will appear on quite ceremonious occasions by the side of more costly fabrics. Summer silks will be the choice of twenty people where one wore them last year. Parasols match all gown fabrics this spring.

A WALKING DRESS.

The above very pretty walking costume is a somewhat elaborate affair. It consists of a copper-colored silk skirt, with drapery of wood colored smooth cloth fastened on each side with two or three large metallic buckles. The bodice is of cloth, laced instead of buttoned, with copper silk cords. The same general design may be followed in gray thus: A skirt of steel gray cloth, opening over a petticoat of silver-gray faille, embroidered or braided in silver or in black. The cloth bodice opens in front over a waistcoat of gray silk, and collar and cuffs should be braided to match the petticoat. A third or alternative design would be very effective if made with a plain full petticoat of golden bronze corded silk, over which is looped dark Russian green Henrietta cloth, caught up carelessly at the left side with a long silk girdle or a silver chatelaine.

THREE SKIRTS IN ONE.

Simplicity is not a characteristic of the nineteenth century, and the construction of dresses keeps fairly abreast of the complicated age. At present the fashionable costume demands a triple arrangement of skirts which is really three skirts in one. On the edge of the foundation skirt, usually of lining goods, is a narrow trimming of the dress material just disclosed beneath the second skirt, or petticoat, of the dress goods; above this is the drapery, the lineal descendant of the old "overskirt." This is either in two parts, forming a distinct back and front draping, or is merely a trimming on the petticoat, forming what is known to dressmakers as the "trimmed skirt," or is the full drapery, noted above as an old fashion revived, being a third entire skirt looped over the petticoat in any style desired.

The Princess dress is again assuming its former popularity, owing perhaps to the influence of the dress reformers, as in it the weight of the costume is sustained by the shoulders instead of the waist. A lady's terse description of the Princess is: "You get into it all at once."

A favorite design in draperies brings two different styles of draping—and often, in combination suits, the two materials of the costume—together in the middle of the front. If skilfully wrought out this design is as pleasing as it is striking, as in the embroidered satin mentioned, but in unskilled hands it is likely to result in some horrifying effects.

SOME PRETTY COSTUMES.

A number of handsome dresses have been made up at a prominent Fifth avenue dressmaker's, of which the following are the most notable: A combination of Henrietta cloth of the curious shade called gobelin blue and satin de Lyon, a trifle darker, with a steely hue, like the blue green of our Northern lakes when the drifting clouds leave them in partial shadow. The satin de Lyon is heavily embroidered with large roses amidst their own leaves and vines. The embroidery, which has a thread of silver tinsel worked in and out, is in dull shades of red and green, looking in the night not unlike autumn foliage. The petticoat is of the satin, plain; the drapery is of the Henrietta and embroidered satin, so arranged that the front is formed partly by a mass of the embroidery, partly by a group of kilt pleats in the cloth. The bodice and the sleeves are of the cloth, with the embroidery appliqued on the cuffs and fronts, two of the thick stems crossing at the waist line on each side. A scarf or sash draped over the front of the bodice and knotted at the side of the skirt has the ends finished in heavy ornaments of blue steel. The exquisite blending of materials and colors has created a perfect whole—an artistic result rare in combination suits.

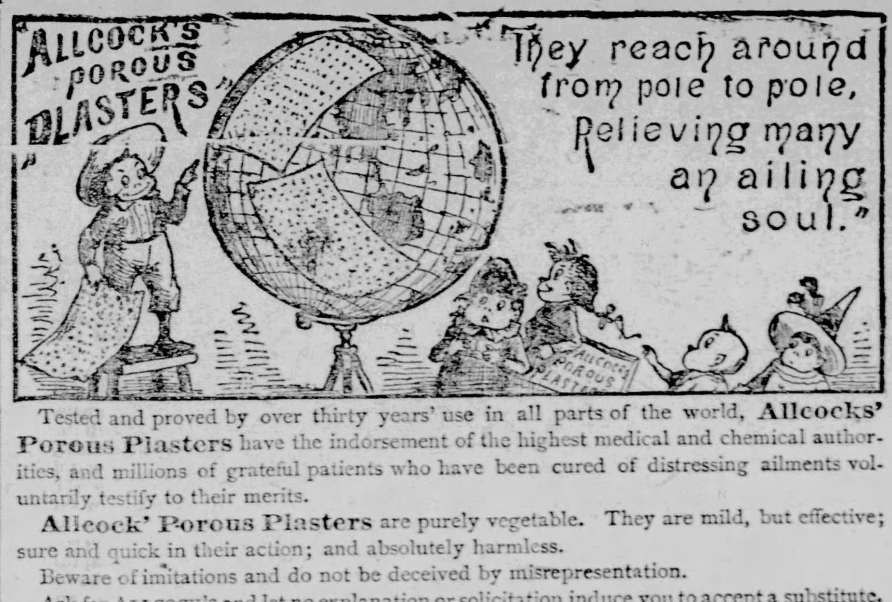
A second dress is of mahogany-colored bengaline, trimmed in Lyons velvet of the same shade. The color known as mahogany is a beautiful one. Though a little lighter than the wood of that name, its tone is the same; by many it is confounded with the "terra cotta," but it is not so red and is much softer, more subdued. The petticoat of bengaline had a broad band of velvet around the bottom. The drapery was the full, "all 'round" drapery of bygone years, which has just come in again; a cord girdle looped it up at the left side of the front. The bodice of bengaline had collar and cuffs of velvet, and was trimmed with copper gimp.

A tea gown of "baby-blue" cashmere had the usual tight-fitting back, with Mother Hubbard front and elbow sleeves. Cream-colored lace finished the neck and sleeves, and was jaboted down the front. Gilt bands trimmed the gown around the neck below the lace.

A street costume, of heavy black lustre mohair, had ten rows of stitching close together around the edge of the drapery. At one side, breadths of black and white moire and satin plaid were inserted, shirred on large cords twice, just below the belt, and again, some six inches further down, fine shirrings were run, two inches apart, thus gathering the inserted breadths into a narrow space at the waist, and allowing them to fall in a flounce below the shirring. The plaids—two-inch blocks—being heavier one way than the other had, at a little distance, the effect of stripes. The back drapery fell in the long straight folds which are to be as decidedly "the thing" this season, as they were three or four years since. Black cord girdles completed the skirt to which there were two bodices, one of the mohair for street wear, the other for showier use of black velvet trimmed in silver gimp.

One of the richest but quietest street dresses seen this season was a black Henrietta cloth combined with lustrous black moire. Over a kilted skirt of the Henrietta hung hung four broad girdles of black guimpe, braided over moire, and finished in heavy tassels. The back was formed of straight breadths of the moire, shirred three times at the top on heavy cords, and then sewed down on the bodice at the waist line, thus converting the dress into a 'Princess;' the bodice was loose from the skirt in front, over which it set as an ordinary basque.

It would be difficult to imagine from what source the so-called girdles, freely used in the spring costumes, obtained their name, unless from the saddle girth, as it hangs loosely before being buckled in place. Seldom do the girdles encircle the waist, or any part of the dress, but swung from the belt in a straight line toward the bottom of the skirt, or, if of the heavy cord so much liked, are finished with elaborate tassels or festooned and fastened again to the belt.



Tested and proved by over thirty years' use in all parts of the world, **Allcocks' Porous Plasters** have the indorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities, and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits.

Allcock' Porous Plasters are purely vegetable. They are mild, but effective; sure and quick in their action; and absolutely harmless.

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

FULLER'S RECORD.

He was a Member of the Noted Illinois "Peace" Legislature—An Old-Time Copperhead.

Melville W. Fuller, the man appointed by Cleveland as chief justice of the Supreme court, belonged to the noted Peace legislature in Illinois in 1863. On January 8, of that year, Mr. Fuller introduced the following:

"*Resolved*, That we are profoundly convinced of the truth of the declaration of Gen. Jackson in his farewell address that the constitution can not be maintained nor the Union preserved in opposition to public feeling by the mere exertion of the coercive powers of the government."

The same day he voted for a resolution denouncing the proclamation of emancipation as "contrary to the rules and usages of civilized warfare, and calculated to bring shame, disgrace and eternal infamy upon the hitherto unsullied flag of the Republic."

Later Mr. Fuller voted for the following:

"WHEREAS, The constitution cannot be maintained nor the union preserved in opposition to public feeling by the mere exercise of the coercive powers confided to the general government, and in case of differences and conflicts between the states and the federal government too powerful for adjustment by the civil departments of the government, the appeal is not to the sword by the state or by the general government, but by the people properly assembled by their representatives in convention. We believe the further prosecution of the present war can not result in the restoration of the union and the preservation of the constitution as our fathers made unless the President's emancipation proclamation be withdrawn."

February 13, Mr. Fuller, with the majority of the committee on Judiciary, reported and voted against the bill for an act to extend the right of suffrage to the volunteer soldiers of Illinois in the service of the United States, and the bill was defeated.

June 8, Mr. Fuller voted for resolutions denouncing the military authorities for banishing Clement L. Vallandigham, "as an outlaw and exile from his home into the enemy's country for the only offense of having exercised the right of free speech."

June 10, Richard Yates, the war governor, prorogued the "Peace Legislature." Mr. Fuller, from the special committee on the subject, submitted a protest denouncing the action of the governor as "arbitrary and illegal, unconstitutional and outrageous, a monstrous usurpation of power, and a nefarious attempt to stop the legislation of the state."

With this record, Mr. Fuller may be hung up for some time, and possibly rejected. As yet but few Senators know this record, but it seems well calculated to make music in the body. It seems to fit very nicely into the Voorhees record.

—Two great enemies—Hood's Sarsaparilla and impure blood. The latter is utterly defeated by the peculiar medicine.

The Best Way to Clean the Teeth.

"There is not one of my patients out of ten," said a well-known dentist, "who does not inquire anxiously as to what is the best method of cleaning and preserving the teeth. I tell them all the same thing, and that is to use nothing but water. More good teeth are ruined by so-called dentifrices than by all other causes put together, and the reason is that these preparations contain strong alkalis, so that with very little rubbing the teeth will look clean and white. But these take the enamel off, and before long the teeth are utterly destroyed. There are many dentifrices, however, which are not so bad, and many reliable druggists have preparations which are not so harmful, but they do not produce the same rapid effect as that of which I spoke first, consequently many ignorant people do not consider them so good. But after all, a moderately hard brush, plenty of cold water and nothing else will keep the teeth in excellent condition. Sweetmeats are bad for the teeth; so is smoking and the taking of very hot or very cold drinks. But the worst thing of all is the so called dentifrice."

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four-story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars. JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't, Green Spring, Ohio.

Too Much Fat—Not Enough Exercise.

Unfavorable stories concerning Mr. Cleveland's health are constantly being reported from Washington by visitors to the President returning to New York. One gentleman who saw him recently after an interval of three or four years, declares that Mr. Cleveland's appearance startled him. To his mind he had increased 75 to 100 pounds in weight. The President takes no exercise, although stories as to his doing so are industriously distributed. He lives now as he has always lived, with the exception, possibly, that he does more work. But he always was a hard worker. As Mr. Cleveland is now, he is regarded by those who see him as a man very subject to sudden attacks of illness and liable to be stricken down at any moment.—*Wash. cor. N. Y. World.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

A Barberous Suggestion.

He had left his stylographic pen at the office, and she had kindly offered him her gold one.

But his struggles with it were painful in the extreme; and, after vain endeavors to curtail the trailing accompaniments that blurred each word, he shouted: "Great Scott, Janet! If you'll give this pen a hair-cut and shampoo, I'll try to read my own writing."—*Puck.*

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
Headache, Neuralgia,
Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Prostration,
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

$22 TO $900.

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Mason & Hamlin offer, as demonstration of the unequalled excellence of their organs, the fact that at all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, in 1867, in competition with best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues free.

PIANOS.

Grand & Upright.

Mason & Hamlin do not hesitate to make the extraordinary claim for their pianos, that they are superior to all others. They recognize the high excellence achieved by other leading makers in the art of piano building, but still claim superiority. This they attribute solely to the remarkable improvement introduced by them in the year 1882, and now known as the "MASON & HAMLIN PIANO STRINGER," by the use of which is secured the greatest possible purity and refinement of tone, together with greatly increased capacity for standing in tune, and other important advantages.

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WHY BRIDES WEAR BLUE GARTERS.

Funny Superstitions—Why Hair is Sewn On to a Wedding Gown.

See a pin and pick it up,
Through all the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have through all the day.

A nursery superstition, you say, and a rhyme hardly worthy of the nursery, even. Truly, so it is. Yet, also, it is superstition that is carried beyond the nursery. Many a society girl holds to it as firmly as any child. Wherefore? That is hard to say. Girls are naturally superstitious, and a young ladies' boarding school is a regular breeding place of superstitions. Those of childhood are there added to, and when the young lady makes her debut in society she has a large assortment. This is no fairy tale; it is the truth. Who has not heard of the bride's superstition in the following lame rhyme:

Something old and something new,
Something brown and something blue.

As a flight of poesy it is not worthy o much notice, but as a superstition it receives a great deal of attention. Did you consider it idle talk when you heard it? If you did you are sadly mistaken. During the last season there were probably not three society brides, if the term be allowable, who had the courage to disregard the rhyme. That is why the brides wear a blue garter.

Then follow the other superstitions of the wedding. The ring in the bride's cake everybody knows about; also the throwing of the bride's bouquet. The latter is a very pretty custom, and is ever attended by a great deal of excitement and jollity. The superstition of the bride's garter, perhaps, is not so well known to the masculine sex.

It seems that the superstition that no marriage can be a happy one unless the bride has one hair of every member of her family sewn into the lining of her wedding gown is no longer a monopoly of the French. A young lady was married at St. Jude's, Kensington, a few days ago who had a general collection of hair—even including one from the favorite pet dog—made, and attached as much importance to it as the 50 yards of material, exclusive of lace, which her French maid brought from Paris for the wedding dress.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Longevity Aided by Salt.

In a recent work by Prof. Burggraeve, of Ghent, the prominent theory maintained is that salt is the great regulating agent of life, and on the proper use of which human longevity largely depends, it being, at any rate, a great preventive of certain maladies—if the blood is too rich, salt will render it less charged; or if it is poor, salt will reconstitute it and restore to it the necessary elements. Among the interesting facts cited by Prof. Burggraeve in elaborating his subject is that about the end of the last century a terrible epidemic, bearing some analogy to scurvy, broke out in Saxony, making such rapid progress among the poorer classes that the government ordered an inquiry into its nature and course. The result was the establishment of a singular fact—viz: that being employed by the state, they were supplied with salt gratuitously, the deduction being that the absence of salt in the diet of the other workmen was the cause of the malady. Salt was then prescribed as a curative measure, and the epidemic disappeared as if by enchantment.

The Boisterous Atlantic

Is a terror to timid voyagers, scarcely less on account of the perils of the deep than the almost certainty of sea sickness. The best curative of *mal de mer* is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which settles the stomach at once and prevents its disturbance. To all travelers and tourists, whether by sea or land, it presents a happy medium between the nauseous or ineffectual resources of the medicine chest, and the problematical benefit derivable from an unmedicated alcoholic, stimulant, no matter how pure. The jarring of a railroad car often produces stomachic disorders akin to that caused by the rolling of a ship. For this the Bitters is a prompt and certain remedy. The use of brackish water, particularly on long voyages in the tropics, inevitably breeds disorders of the stomach and bowels. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters mixed with impure water nullifies its impurities. Similarly it counteracts malarial and other prejudicial influences of climate or atmosphere, as well as the effects of exposure and fatigue. Use it for kidney complaints, rheumatism and debility.

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Did you ever notice how you miss your evening paper an a holiday? This is because reading a paper every evening has become a habit, and a very excellent habit it is. You do not miss it on Sunday because you have unconsciously associated certain things which you do not do that day with not having an evening paper. In other words, not reading an evening paper on Sunday has also become a habit. Now, no man can be well informed as to what is going on in the world who does not read a newspaper every day.

The New Paris Catechism.

Parisian dame—Are you all ready for Sunday school?

Parisian child: Yer, mama.

"Well, now be careful not to make any mistakes. If you are asked who created the earth and made the sun, moon and stars, don't say Boulanger."

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THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

CAIN'S question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been, from the creation of the world, the keynote of all the evil that has been wrought by man upon his fellow-man. Whatever of wrong or injury has been brought upon humanity has had its root in selfishness. Down through the ages the love of money, the wild struggle for gold, has been the prime cause of social wrong. Men sell their souls for gold, and drive their fellow-men to perdition that they may accumulate wealth. The love of money, the desire for gain, is the animating purpose of the Rum Power in its efforts to perpetuate itself, to render the Rum traffic a legitimate business, and to control legislation in the interests of its accursed occupation. The selfish greed for gold is so great that it overmasters the central thought of Christianity, the "new commandment" which the Savior gave to his disciples and followers—"Love one another."

Look wherever we will, we find the love of money at the root of all the evils which afflict humanity in these latter days. So that he may make money, a man hesitates at nothing. As in the case of the men who make and sell Rum, there is nothing allowed to stand in the way of unholy gain. These men deliberately enter upon the life-long work of catering to the brutalizing and demonizing appetites of their weak fellow-men. They sell Rum, even though they know that through them, their victims will be brought to dishonored graves, their wives and children reduced to penury, their souls driven to endless woe. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is their argument, in effect, though they word it differently. "If I did not sell Rum to those who want it, somebody else would—and I might as well make the profit," is the verbiage they use; but it is the same old argument that man is not to extend a helping hand to his brother man.

It is but just to say that many of these men do not understand the enormity of the infernal occupation to which they have devoted their lives. They stand ignorantly in the attitude of CAIN, who assumed, in the very presence of the Almighty, that his brother should be competent to take care of himself. They give no thought to the real state of the case—that they are deliberately, for the sake of gain, spreading a net for the feet of their brethren, with the absolute certainty that, through their individual means, men will become drunkards, be ruined in body and estate, that their children will be handicapped in the race of life, and the evil they do thus perpetuated to further generations. There are others of these representatives of the Rum Power who do not care. They would sell Rum to whoever would buy, if the gibbering phantoms of their worse than murdered victims crowded in at window and doorway with curses on their ghostly lips, and the groans of the lost in the pit of hell sounded beneath their feet.

The jingle of the blood-stained gold that the internal traffic in Rum brings to their coffers renders them deaf to any appeal of humanity or religion. The selfish greed for gain seals their souls against any appeal, wrung from the agonized hearts of parents who see a loved son swiftly urged on the downward road to ruin; from the devoted wife who sees a once loving and hard-working husband gradually transformed into a bestial sot, whose sole aim, when he does work, is to obtain the means wherewith to pander to the depraved appetite which has become his master, and who in his cups is a brutal demon; from innocent children, condemned through no fault of their own to poverty, and hunger, and shame. Mammon is a god whose devotees have extinguished humanity and abjured all feeling of the brotherhood of mankind, and among his worshipers there are none so cruel as those who make the Rum traffic the highway to his shrine. "Am I my brother's keeper?" cries each of these modern fratricides. "It isn't my fault if this man drinks. He is old enough to take care of himself."

The blood of these poor, weak ABELS cries from the grave against their murderers. How long will the people themselves go about with leaden and unheeding ears? How long will this traffic in Rum, accursed of GOD and man, be allowed to burden the earth with woe? How long will the Rum Power, banded together selfish greed, be allowed to ruin humanity at will, in order that their coffers may be filled with ill-gotten gains? When will men, recognizing the enormity of the evil, cease pruning the branches and lay the ax of public condemnation at the root of the pestilential upas tree which fills the land with mourning perpetually? How long will this blood-stained and crime-burdened earth groan under the perpetuation of the evils that come from the Rum traffic?

The time seems long indeed to those whose righteous indignation burns over the wrongs that humanity suffers from this giant evil, whose root is the unbridled lust for gold. But the night of error is passing, and already the light of dawn irradiates the sky. The people, too long patient and forbearing, are wakening to an appreciation of the enormity of the curse of Rum. They are realizing that liberty is profaned when men claim under it the right to destroy their fellow men, unquestioned and untrammeled. The time is swiftly coming when they will rise in their might against this monster curse of Rum. The mills of the gods are said to grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine; and when they reach this evil, they will

Pulverize the Rum Power.

IF it be true that the friends of Mr. DEPEW do not wish to push him for the Republican Presidential nomination if he would be weak in the West, they are wiser than the friends of certain other candidates. We have no doubt that Mr. DEPEW could carry New York, if nominated; but at the same time he would lose the Republicans two or three of the Western states—Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Kansas would all be put in jeopardy. The people of the East do not realize the fierce opposition to corporations and so-called "railway monopoly" among the farmers whose profits are cut to the bone by what they deem extortionate freight rates.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT has been appointed permanent successor to HENRY WARD BEECHER as pastor of Plymouth church.

WOOL PRICES AND THE WOOL INDUSTRY UNDER THE MILLS BILL.

A review of the wool market for the year ending May 1, in the annual circular of a wool firm in Philadelphia, is extremely interesting. It shows, in the first place, the effect of tariff agitation in reducing prices. From May 1, 1887, to December, there was but little variation in price in the Philadelphia wool market. Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia wools ranged from 33 to 35 cents. New York, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin fleece ranged uniformly from 30 to 32 cents. Texas fleece, which is of inferior quality and small in quantity, sold at from 20 to 23 cents. But as soon as CLEVELAND issued his free trade message, the first Monday in December, the prices of these three qualities dropped to 31, 29 and 16 cents, with no reaction since then, the market in January being dull and depressed, and during the tariff discussion of February, March and April very quiet and lower, with respective prices on May 1 of 30, 27 and 16 cents. The farmers were the first to feel the injurious effects of the free trade campaign then inaugurated.

It may be well to note the fact, also, that Ohio, California, Michigan and New York produce one-third of the entire annual wool-clip of the country. Texas is the only important wool-growing state in the South—and that entire section has only 9,241,449 head of sheep out of the 44,759,314 head in the United States. The free trade assertion that some of the Texas wool-growers favor the Mills bill, even with the free wool clause, can be explained through reference to the prices quoted above for Texas wool, which is of inferior quality. They are raising sheep for mutton for the Eastern markets, not for wool for it is evident that, at the low prices which this wool brings, there is no profit in Texas sheep merely for the wool clip.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives some interesting statements of woolen manufacturers as to the effect of the Mills bill, should it pass, upon their industries. JOHN SLOANE, the well-known carpet manufacturer, declares that under the Mills bill he could make a yard of Brussels carpet 7 cents cheaper, but would have to sell the goods 22½ cents cheaper in order to compete with the foreign makers. To do this he would have to cut the wages of his employes over one-third. In tapestry Brussels the saving in cost would be 4 cents and the necessary reduction in price 15 cents. Free wool would enable manufacturers to make Wilton carpets from 10 to 11 cents cheaper, but to compete with foreign makers under other provisions of the bill would have to sell them for 33⅓ cents less; and this reduction would have to come entirely out of the wages of operatives, if the manufacturer expected to get a reasonable return for his capital.

One of the leading hosiery manufacturers of Philadelphia says that if the Democrats should remove the duty on wool and follow it up by making woolen goods free, he would close up his business and go to Europe, for he could make American goods there with foreign labor for half what it costs here, and then, without any tax on his goods, could ship them over here and beat any manufacturer in the United States on his own grounds.

The fall in prices consequent upon the fear alone of free wool and the statements of what manufacturers would be compelled to do if free wool should be permitted, show how the woolen manufacturing localities would lose in material wealth, in the industries that constitute their prosperity and in the resources of the wage earners who would be thrown out of employment by lack of anything to do.

DANA AFTER HURD.

MR. HURD, our distinguished non-resident fellow-citizen, having nothing particular to do until the time arrives for him to pay a flying visit to Toledo and graciously accept the Congressional nomination which Democracy of the Tenth district, doubtless with a degree of unanimity beautiful to witness, will tender him on a gold-plated salver of British manufacture, has been putting in his spare time down East in instructing the people in the peculiar vagary of which he is one of the most noted exponents in this country. Mr. HURD has been expounding the visionary theories of British free trade, unmindful of the fact that the economic policy of a nation should be based upon the necessities and conditions existing in that country, and not upon moonshine theory. He addressed the students of the Yale Law School on his favorite topic recently, and in the course of his remarks he expressed wonder

> At the extreme patience of the American people, in submitting to a system of taxation that is taking the money out of the pockets of the people so much faster than it is needed for the purposes of the government, that in a few years the bulk of the circulating medium would be locked up in the treasury, and a serious financial crisis would be inevitable.

This has aroused the ire of that vigorous exponent of Democracy, Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, of the New York *Sun*, who addresses Mr. HURD, in the editorial columns of that journal, after the following manner:

> It is rather curious, isn't it, Mr. Hurd? How do you account for the fact that the American people continue to sit under their own vines and fig trees, careless and contented, and not caring a Cobden club leaflet about your prophecies of disaster? Why is it that, if the tariff is such a burden upon the prosperity of the country, the people haven't found it out? Are the people so much stupider than you, or are you so much more tenuously theoretical than they? They are supposed to be fairly intelligent, and to have an eye entirely peeled for the main chance. How queer that they don't find out, and will not believe you when you tell them, that they are cheated and oppressed by the tariff.
>
> Isn't it singular that, instead of groaning under and at the tariff, as you say they should, and rising up in their might to smash it, as you have for years been appealing to them to do, they seem to be pretty well satisfied, and remain irritatingly indifferent to your eloquence? No wonder you wonder at their patience. To see a nation sitting down calmly while you and your brethren in free trade are warning it of the dangers you see ahead is indeed saddening. But you keep on with a persistency worthy of a more promising cause, preaching to deaf ears and trying to persuade the American people that they don't know when they're well off. It must be very discouraging.
>
> But there is one part of the American people at whose patience you have had no cause to wonder. The people of the Ohio Congress district which you used to represent, got so impatient at your advocacy of free trade that, in spite of your many admirable qualities, they wouldn't keep you in Congress. And the rest of the American people will be just about as hard for you to convert. On the whole, you have less cause to wonder at their endurance than they at yours. Doesn't it get a little tiresome, a little trying to your great patience sometimes, to think that you are talking to those who will not hear?

THE official estimate appears to indicate a winter wheat crop of 225,000,000 bushels. In the last five years the average winter yield has been 289,000,000 bushels, and in the preceding five years 357,000,000. The indicated yield for 1888 is therefore 64,000,000 less than the average of the last five years, and 132,000,000 less than the average of the preceding five. Except that of 1885, it is the smallest winter yield in twelve years. As regards this important calamity it is to be observed that in the year 1885, in which the yield was 14,000,000 bushels less than seems to be indicated for 1888, and the year following the range of prices was lower in Chicago than in any other year of a quarter of a century preceding. There is no reason to apprehend such an added misfortune as this to the comparative failure of the crop of 1888, but the case shows how apparently incongruous may be the relations of the unusual supply and the price.

THERE have been 58 delegates selected in the state of New York to the Republican national convention. Of this number 24 are outspoken for BLAINE, 19 for DEPEW, three for HISCOCK, two possibly for SHERMAN and one may go for GRESHAM. Nine have not yet committed themselves. Ten district delegates and four delegates-at-large are yet to be consulted.

RECOVERING THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

The Republican Senate has passed the railway land grant forfeiture bill, which, if it shall pass the Democratic House, will restore to the people between eight and ten millions of acres of land, granted in aid of railway construction, but the conditions of which grants have been forfeited by the railways themselves in not complying with the terms of the grants. These lands chiefly lie in Michigan, Florida, Oregon, Washington territory, and the Southwest. The following synopsis of the leading sections of the bill will be found interesting:

> The first section declares forfeited to the United States all lands heretofore granted to any state or to any corporation to aid in the construction of a railroad opposite to and conterminous with the portion of any such railroad not now completed and in operation, for the construction or benefit of which lands have heretofore been granted; and all such lands are declared to be a part of the public domain.
>
> The second section authorizes persons in possession of any of such lands (prior to January 1, 1888,) to purchase them (within two years) from the United States in quantities not exceeding 320 acres at the rate of $2.50 per acre. The section is not to apply to lands in Iowa on which any person has made a pre-emption or homestead settlement.
>
> The third section refers to lands of the Northern Pacific Railroad company, heretofore forfeited, and gives persons in possession of them (prior to July 1, 1885) the like right and confirms to the City of Portland, Ore., rights of way and riparian rights for a water-pipe line.
>
> The fourth section reserves the right to forfeit other railroad grant lands for any failure past or future to comply with stipulated conditions.
>
> The fifth section exempts from operation of the act the grant to the state of Mississippi for the Gulf & Ship Island railway, and the grant to the state of Alabama for a railway from the Tennessee River at Gunter's Landing to the Coosa River at Gadsden.
>
> The sixth section fixes the price of the even-numbered sections of land within the limits of all forfeited land grants at $1.20 an acre.
>
> The seventh section repeals certain sections of the land-grant acts for Minnesota and Iowa so far as they require the secretary of the Interior to reserve any lands but the odd sections within the primary or six miles granted limits.
>
> The last section refers especially to the lands of the Portage Lake Canal company, in these words: "That in all cases when any of the lands forfeited by the first section of this act, or when any lands relinquished to or for any cause reserved by the United States from grants for railroad purposes heretofore made to the state of Michigan, have heretofore been disposed of by the proper officers of the United States under control of the public land laws, or under state selections in Michigan, and confirmed by the secretary of the Interior, where the consideration received therefor is still retained by the government, the right and title of all persons holding or claiming under such disposals shall be and is hereby confirmed; provided, however, that where the original cash purchasers are the present owners, this act shall be operative to confirm the title only of such said cash purchasers as the secretary of the Interior shall be satisfied have purchased without fraud and in the belief that they were thereby obtaining valid title from the United States. Nothing herein contained shall be construed to confirm any sales or entries of lands upon which there were bona fide pre-emption or homestead claims of January 18, 1888, arising or asserted under color of the laws of the United States, and all such pre-emption and homestead claims are hereby confirmed."

A NAVAL RESERVE.

Secretary WHITNEY has written an open letter to Mr. WHITTHORNE, of Tennessee, who is chairman of the House committee Naval Affairs, in which he strongly advocates the plan of the latter for the establishment of a naval reserve. He declares that the suggestion has awakened the greatest interest in all parts of the country, and more than one state has indicated a determination to co-operate with the government in this effort to secure a naval reserve, and that the department is in almost daily receipt of resolutions of representative bodies of citizens throughout the country expressing the greatest anxiety that the necessary steps to secure a reserve should be immediately taken. He says that the necessity for a naval reserve has become more imperative with the changes which have come about in the art of war.

In former times, when the implements of war were simple in construction and the ship was handled wholly or mainly by sail, the seafaring class were available for immediate incorporation into the naval forces. Now seamanship plays an unimportant part. The ship is handled below deck, and no man is fit to be engrafted into the naval force who has not been previously trained to a knowledge of the modern implements of war and naval tactics. It may, therefore, be said that there is no longer a naval reserve in the merchant marine. More than this, preparation which has not been previously made cannot be extemporized. The speed and power of modern navies are such that a fortnight is sufficient for a European power to concentrate an absolutely overpowering force, where months were formerly required, and hence the only time for preparation is now, in time of peace.

Secretary WHITNEY concludes his letter with the following strong endorsement of the plan:

> In the judgment of the department, it is both necessary and economical that the government should have in reserve a fleet of auxiliary merchant ships, previously prepared with the necessary fittings for instant conversion into cruisers, which would therefore be available upon a moment's notice for use by the government in time of war.

It is to be wished the secretary had gone further and explained to Congress how its penny-wise policy of refusing encouragement to American lines of steamships and merchant vessels was making their establishment impracticable.

THE TANGIERS TANGLE.

The trouble with Morocco is settled. It arose under a clause of the treaty of 1880 with that power, which declares that "agents and employes" of American citizens in Morocco are entitled to the protection of the American flag. One Moorish gentleman about whom this row originated, who rejoices in the name of EL ABBAS BEN MOHAMMED EL HAFFIR, was employed as the agent of an American merchant of Tangiers, and was arrested and imprisoned on a civil suit. Another Moorish employe, rejoicing in the mellifluous name of MOHAMMED BEN JELALY EL HEISI EL HABSHI EL HIHI, fled to escape imprisonment, and suffered the sacking and burning of his house, the confiscation of his cattle and the destruction of his crops at the hands of Sultan MULEY HASSAN's soldiers, while his family were publicly flogged in the streets, and then thrown into prison.

The United States consul at Tangiers thereupon promptly and properly demanded, under the treaty clause, the instant release of EL ABBAS and of the family of MOHAMMED, a formal apology for the wanton insult to the dignity of the United States, with a guarantee that the right of protection to employes of Americans should not be infringed in the future. The Sultan was refractory, and put off giving any satisfactory answer. An American man of war was sent to Tangiers, but her commander was under instructions not to use his guns upon the town. There is but one way to manage barbaric potentates, and that is by an exhibition of power. The commander should have had authority to shell the city if the proper demands of the consul were not complied with inside of twenty-four hours. The matter was finally submitted to a board of arbitration—an entirely unnecessary humiliation, so far as this government is concerned. Now comes the cable message that the affair is satisfactorily settled, though the details are not given.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

MICHIGAN'S SECOND CHOICE.

The first choice of the Michigan Republicans for the Presidency is Governor ALGER; but as he has little, if any, following elsewhere, the chances of his nomination are small. The second choice of the state hence becomes of some importance; and this has been canvassed by the Philadelphia *Times*, which received replies from 724 observers in as many different wards and townships, distributed all over the state. These replies were as follows:

Lincoln	146	Hiscock	11
Gresham	125	Hawley	7
Blaine	102	Foraker	1
Allison	95	Any good man	45
Sherman	86		
Harrison	85	Total	724
Depew	21		

The real strength of Mr. LINCOLN with the masses of the people is shown by the above figures. He is not in the field for the nomination, and has emphatically so stated, though would accept if nominated; yet he leads the second choice of Michigan. HISCOCK and DEPEW are mentioned only as likely candidates to carry New York, and not because they have local strength or following in Michigan. The FORAKER vote comes from the northern part, where SHERMAN is favored, but not believed to be available.

The *Times's* canvass also disclosed the fact that the Republicans of Michigan have taken Mr. BLAINE at his word, and do not regard him as in the field this year. The question was asked, "Would BLAINE, if nominated, gain or lose in your district?" The replies were:

Blaine would lose	543
Blaine would gain	181
Total	724

Another significant thing shown by this canvass is that the tariff question is regarded as the only real issue this year by the people, and that therefore the attempt to force any other issue to the front can only result in disaster to the Republican cause. The *Times* says:

> The point on which to make the issue this year, in order to be the strongest among Michigan Republicans, is a pronounced stand for protection. It is freely declared that since the deliverance on the wool question, the tariff lines in Michigan have noticeably stiffened. Some in Detroit and Grand Rapids, the two large cities of the state, who would have abandoned the party because of the stand it has locally taken on the high license matter, are still held in the ranks by the tariff issue. Michigan, although cut into two parts by three of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, is yet the greatest salt-producing state in the Union, and it looks with distrust upon any movement by any party that will cripple this vast industry. It can not stand free raw materials, is the verdict from every one of the over seven hundred sections of the state heard from.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE country evidently is not to lack for tariff literature this autumn. Nearly every member of the House who has spoken on the subject has ordered from five to ten thousand copies of his own speech, and the best speeches have been ordered in great numbers for distribution in all parts of the country. The order for 160,000 of Mr. MILLS's speech still stands at the head of the list and already a second edition is talked of. Judge KELLEY's effective reply has been ordered to the extent of 20,000. The most widely circulated Republican speech thus far is that of Congressman BURROWS, of Michigan, of which 60,000 copies have been ordered, all but 5,000 of them by other members.

THE Wisconsin Republicans are not weak on the tariff question, no matter what the Democrats may claim. The state convention of the party adopted a resolution which denounces "the last annual message of President CLEVELAND as an attack upon American industries in the interests of free trade." It is fair to presume that the delegates who adopted this represent the sentiment of the party in their respective localities, and that, if there were any free trade sentiment extant among Republicans the resolution would have been less strong and explicit.

IT is good news to the farmers that Indian corn is rising in price in Europe under an extraordinary demand, while the supply is very small. The stock in this country is very low, while those of other corn-raising countries are practically exhausted. The estimate at Chicago is that not over one-third of last year's crop is on hand, while there are two-thirds of the year yet to come till the new crop is on the market. Moral—plant corn.

THE Republicans of Virginia should unify themselves instead of squabbling about minor matters. There is some prospect that they will send two contesting delegations to Chicago—one led by MAHONE, for SHERMAN, the other headed by RIDDLEBERGER, for BLAINE. This should not be done. They should send one solid, enthusiastic delegation, and that uninstructed.

THE President is most energetically endeavoring to whip the Democratic members of the House of Representatives into line in support of the MILLS bill. He has evidently forgotten utterly his remark that the "functions of the President are essentially executive," and proposes to try the favorite role of all tyrants—the personal control of the legislative branch of the government.

THE iron trade is not so active as it was last year, the output so far for 1888 being about 15 per cent. less than for the corresponding season a twelvemonth ago. As iron is considered the index of business activity, this shows that a dulness is settling upon us—undoubtedly the result of the attack in Congress on the tariff.

THE Sultan of Morocco has tendered an apology to the United States consul at Tangiers, and ordered the release of the prisoners whose detention caused the difference between himself and the representatives of the United States. BAYARD will certainly be beside himself with joy over this result.

THE debate on the tariff bill will close in the House of Representatives next Saturday with a speech in its favor by Speaker CARLISLE. Then we shall see how far the President has succeeded in whipping the Democrats into line.

IF Judge TULEY's recent decision that children who were born in slavery are illegitimate is not overruled by the Supreme court, there will a vast amount of litigation arise over the titles to inherited property in the South.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* quietly notes that GRESHAM is the only candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination "who has yet received the unqualified endorsement of a single Northern state except his own."

THE spring drouth in the Ohio Valley is unusually prolonged, and the crops in the ground are beginning to suffer. The same is true, though in a less extent, in other parts of the country, except the Northwest.

THE Democratic free traders in the House have figured out that they can pass the Mills bill by one majority if they can get three Republicans to vote with them.

IF the wishes of our Democratic friends are to be considered at Chicago, the convention will nominate BLAINE with a whoop.

UP to the close of last week the total amount expended by the treasury in the purchase of bonds was nearly $22,500,000.

A REPUBLICAN TARIFF MEASURE.

A tariff bill has been prepared by the Republican minority of the Ways and Means committee of the House, which is however, only tentative in its nature, and intended to be developed and amended by the friends of the protective principle in the House when it shall come before that body. The bill, as sketched by Mr. MCKINLEY, proposes the abolition of all the tax on tobacco except on cigars and cigarettes, of a considerable portion of the duty on sugar, of the internal tax on alcohol used in the arts, and the substitution of the wool schedule agreed upon by the wool convention for the wool schedule of the existing tariff.

The reason the bill has not been presented will be plain to any one who recalls the fact that the majority of the Ways and Means committee is composed of free trade Democrats, who prepared the Mills bill. If it got into their hands, it would never be heard of again. But the bill could not be introduced as an independent measure without having it referred to that committee. The only other course to pursue is to move the bill as a substitute for the Mills bill, when the latter shall have reached the parliamentary stage when such a motion can be made. That stage will not have been reached until after the Democrats shall have perfected their bill in the committee of the Whole and it shall have been reported to the House for passage. Then it will be the right of the Republican minority of the committee to move its bill as a substitute for the Mills bill, and that is exactly what will be done. It will receive the support of practically all of the Republicans and very possibly some Democrats. Judge KELLEY opposes the reduction of the sugar duty, but it is not believed he will carry this to the extent of opposing the bill as an entirety.

FAR SAN DIEGO.

We find in the San Diego, Cal., Daily *Bee*, of April 29, a map of the western portion of the United States, showing the relations of the port of San Diego to the vast interior area between the Sierras on the west and the Rocky Mountains on the east, which is of the nature of a surprise to any one who has not studied the geographic conditions of that section with reference to the lines of traffic. San Diego, on the bay of the same name, is in the extreme southwestern corner of the United States, but the force of circumstances seem to point to its becoming the entrepot for the commerce of the vast inland region mentioned above—an empire in itself.

The Pacific coast line is a great curve from northwest to southeast, and San Diego, at its lower extremity, is far to the east of San Francisco. Its meridian touches Austin, Nevada, and Boise City, Idaho—leaving San Francisco hundreds of miles to the west, with the great mountain wall of the Sierras between it and the inland region lying east of them and west of the Rockies. There are only two practical railway passes through the Sierras—Tehachipi at the south, and that utilized by the Central Pacific, far to the north. San Diego and San Francisco are the only points on the Pacific coast where water routes and the overland rail lines touch the lowest traffic, and there is a slight advantage in rates in favor of San Diego.

It seems to be manifest destiny that the latter shall become the great commercial emporium for the vast area between the two mountain ranges. For instance, the city of Independence, Nev., is at about an equal distance on the map from San Francisco and San Diego, yet the rail route from San Francisco thereto is some 600 miles long because of the barrier of the Sierras, while San Diego will be only half that distance by rail. Southern Oregon, Southern Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Lower California and the western half of Mexico from our boundary to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec can be reached more quickly and at lower freight rates than from any other seaport in the United States. The BLADE extends the hand of congratulation to San Diego, the metropolis of the Far Southwest.

THE POSTAL CLERKS.

The postal clerks in first-class offices are receiving encouragement in their efforts to obtain a classification by law, with proper fixed salaries to each class of clerks. Postmaster General DICKINSON has sent reports favoring the proposed amendments to the Postoffice committees of both houses, with estimates of the cost of classification. He approves of the recommendations of Postmaster General VILAS upon the general subject of classification, and refers to his last report and that of the commission which visited the offices by his orders.

The compensation of the clerks, he says, should be regulated according to duties, responsibility and experience and the time required for the proper performance of their work. There are now about forty-seven hundred clerks in the first class offices, and estimating the effect of classification at an average advance in salary of $100 for each one, the additional allowance required would be $470,000. This is an increase of eight and forty-six hundredth per cent. over the present salary allowance. This report by Postmaster DICKINSON puts the clerks on a favorable footing before the committee, and gives them strong grounds to hope that they may get favorable legislation from this Congress.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE most absurd form of Anglomania is that which substitutes words in vogue in England in place of terms used in America, in various occupations. The latest instance is the use in New York of the word "shunting" instead of "switching." The New York *Herald* boldly prints it in a railroad head line. Now go on, O ye generation of noodles! Let us have "metals" instead of "rails," "points" for "switches," "pointsman" for "switchman," "goods van" for "freight car," "engine driver" for "engineer," "stoker" for "fireman," and all the rest of it!

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, in a pleasant talk about the homely New England saying that "it takes but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves," expounds his text after this fashion: A man pinches himself to secure for his boy an education or some form of start in life; the son is successful in making a fortune; the grandson has not the discipline of poverty, but meets the perils of wealth, they overcome him, the property vanishes, and the great-grandson is born poor after all. As a result, wealth in this country is rarely more than a generation or two old.

MR. CLEVELAND's method of coercing Representatives into supporting the Mills bill is illustrated by his veto of the bill for a public building at Allentown, Pennsylvania. The Representative from that district is a Democrat, but opposes the Mills free trade scheme. Hence the veto.

THE recent purchases of bonds by the secretary of the Treasury have saved the government more than three and a half millions of dollars, basing the estimate upon the interest that would have been paid if the bonds had been allowed to run to maturity.

THE chances are very bright for Republican success in Indiana and New Jersey this year—and that means triumph in the Presidential campaign.

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of

FOR THE the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free

CAMPAIGN! trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner

SEND FOR so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so

CAMPAIGN that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have

TERMS. no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE Democratic supporters of the Mills bill will hardly be able to convince the people that it is not a free trade measure. A perusal of the bill shows the falsity of their claim, for it provides for:

Free trade in wool.
Free trade in wood, lumber and timber of all kinds.
Free trade in salt.
Free trade in copper ores.
Free trade in hemp, manila, and all vegetable fibres.
Free trade in tin plates.
Free trade in fish—to secure Canadian consent to the fisheries treaty.
Free trade in iron and steel cotton ties or hoops—to please the Southerners.
Free trade in vegetables.
Free trade in over one hundred other articles of more or less importance.

THE recent decision of the Supreme court of the state of Missouri in the St. Louis Sunday law case stands thus: The Downing law, passed by the legislature, forbids the sale of liquor anywhere in the state on Sunday. The claim was set up that St. Louis was exempted, under a law passed in 1857, which empowered cities to allow their people to vote on the question of allowing the sale of wine and beer on Sunday. The Supreme court holds that the latter law is unconstitutional, and that, moreover, the Downing law acted as a repeal of it. This makes the sale unlawful in St. Louis and other cities on Sunday.

SAM. JONES, in a speech down in Georgia the other day, arguing in favor of third-party Prohibition, warned the Democrats of that state that if they did not divide the Democratic party pretty soon, "the devil will get the whole lump." Mr JONES will be in danger of a little shotgun and bull-whip discipline if he continues in this strain.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

A Leaf from History.

An old machinist of Pittsburg, in response to a request from a representative of the *American People*, a periodical published in that city, for some recollections of low tariff times, said:

> I remember when the Polk and Dallas tariff of 1846 shut down the mills in Pittsburg and all the blast furnaces in Pennsylvania. That was when Dallas cast the deciding vote in the United States Senate that for a time killed the industries of this country. I used to be on the old Pennsylvania canal some in those days, and I mind two furnaces built on the Conemaugh—one at Lockport, Westmoreland county, and another near Johnstown. This Polk and Dallas tariff knocked out all the furnaces. The one at Lockport had been built by a man named McGill, who was well known along the canal. He was swept out of business, and took things so hard that he died soon after. That's what tariff reform did for Pennsylvania. Have you ever seen the ruins of any of those old blast furnaces up through Clarion county? Well, the tariff of 1846 closed them down, and they were never lighted up again.
>
> From '46 clear through to '50 I was in Pittsburg, and saw what the iron business was. I was mighty lucky myself, for I had a job at my trade, but I know that hundreds of good mechanics tramped the streets looking for work. I was working in a shop at First and Ferry streets then, and I will never forget the droves of weary and discouraged machinists that came in there to ask for work. A man who had a job them days stuck to it mighty close. Laborers were glad to get work at almost any rate of wages. Talk about cheap goods! We had 'em then. We could buy English calico at a levy a yard, but not an inch of Massachusetts prints could be got in a Pittsburg store. We can get better calico now for eight cents a yard, but in them days our statesmen thought they were giving us cheap goods.
>
> Of course farm produce was lower than it is now; but what was the use of talking about cheap living to a man without a job? With beef at three cents a pound, working people eat less meat than they do now. The old chaps can remember what kind of wages we got then. Good workmen at my trade could be hired for a dollar a day, and even at that a man often had to take the biggest part of his wages out in store orders. The generation of active men in Pittsburg today know mighty little about the practical effect of tariff reduction, but we older men have had the experience. You just mind, if the tariff is meddled with too much, Pittsburg workingmen will be astonished at the effect it will produce here. The few young chaps who occasionally want to talk free trade in labor meetings will be given a lesson they will never forget.

Our Growing Iron Industry.

In 1873 the production of pig iron in Great Britain was 6,566,451 gross tons; that of the United States 2,560,962 gross tons—a difference of 4,015,789 tons. The production of the former country in 1886 was 6,870,665 tons; of the United States 5,683,329 tons—a difference of 1,287,336 tons. In the first-named year, the production of the United States was 39 per cent. of that of Great Britain; in the last-named year it was nearly 83 per cent. At her rate of increase, it will not be long till the United States leaves Great Britain behind in the production of pig iron, as she has already done in the production of steel—and the increase will be maintained if the suicidal policy of President CLEVELAND and his advisers is defeated.

English and American Wages Compared.

The following wage figures are reliable, says the New York *Press*. The statements in regard to the wages paid in England are compiled from the latest returns made by the Board of Trade in London and other official documents for 1886. They give in every case the highest British wages, according to free trade authorities. The figures for the American side of the table come from fifty different sources, and have been compiled under the supervision of ALFRED R. WHITNEY. They have been obtained by correspondence and through the city staff of the *Press*. They are as nearly accurate as possible:

	England.	United States.
Bookbinders	$6.00	$15.00 to 18.00
Brushmakers	6.00	15.00 to 20.00
Boilermakers	7.75	16.50
Brickmakers	3.54	11.86
Bricklayers	8.00	21.00
Blacksmiths	6.00	13.30
Butchers	6.00	12.00
Blast furnace keepers	10.00	18.00
Blast furnace fillers	7.50	14.00
Boltmakers	6.50	16.50
Bolt cutters	3.00	10.00
Coal miners	5.88	13.00
Cotton mill hands	4.60	6.72
Carpenters	7.50	15.00
Coopers	6.00	13.25
Carriage makers	6.75	13.00 to 25.00
Cutlery	6.00	12.00 to 20.00
Chemicals	4.00 to 6.00	13.00 to 16.00
Clock makers	7.00	[illegible]
Cabinet makers	8.00	[illegible]
Farm hands	3.00	7.50 to 9.00
Glassblowers	6.00 to 9.00	25.00 to 30.00
Glass (partly skilled)	6.00 to 7.50	10.00 to 15.00
Glass (unskilled)	2.00 to 4.00	7.00 to 10.00
Glove makers (girls)	2.50	6.00 to 9.00
Glove makers (men)	4.50	10.00 to 30.00
Hatters	6.00	12.00 to 24.00
Iron ore miners	5.00	12.00
Iron molders	7.50	15.00
Iron per ton (finished)	2.00 to 3.00	5.31 to 8.71
Heaters and rollers	10.00 to 12.00	20.00 to 30.00
Instrument makers	7.00	18.00 to 20.00
Laborers	4.10	8.00
Longshoremen	8.00	15.00
Linen thread (men)	5.00	7.50
Linen thread (women)	2.35	5.22
Machinists	8.50	18.00
Masons	8.00	21.00
Printers (100 ems)	.20	.40
Printers, week hands	6.65	13.40
Patternmakers	7.50	18.00
Painters	7.50	15.00
Plumbers	8.00	18.00
Plasterers	8.00	21.00
Potters	5.67	18.30
Polishers	7.00	18.00
Papermakers	5.20	12.00 to 24.00
Puddlers, per week	8.00 to 10.00	18.00 to 20.00
Quarrymen	6.00	12.00 to 15.00
Ropemakers	5.25	9.00 to 12.00
Railway engineers	10.00	21.00
Railway firemen	5.00	12.00
Shipbuilding—Boilermakers	7.00	14.00
Machinists	7.00	14.10
Coppersmiths	6.65	16.50
Platers	8.00	18.05
Drillers	5.00	12.40
Riveters	8.00	17.40
Riggers	5.50	11.00
Patternmakers	8.00	24.00
Saltmakers	6.00	9.00 to 10.50
Silk (men)	5.00	10.00
Silk (women)	2.50	6.00
Seamstresses	1.50 to 2.25	6.00 to 9.00
Servants (mo'ly)	5.00	15.00
Shoemakers	6.00	12.00
Stationary engineers	7.50	15.00 to 18.00
Soapmakers	5.00	10.50
Tanners	5.00	8.00 to 10.00
Teamsters	5.25	12.00 to 15.00
Upholsterers	8.00	18.00
Watchmakers	8.00	15.00
Wire drawers	11.00	22.00

The Home Market's Growth.

Notwithstanding the enormous extension of agricultural production in the United States since the war, due to the very great area of new land that has been brought under cultivation, we consume at home over nine-tenths of the entire product, leaving less than one-tenth for export. The reason that the home market has grown so rapidly as to consume this enormous proportion of agricultural products is because the protective tariff has permitted our industries to expand and given employment to hundreds of thousands of busy workers who, with their families, must be fed from the farms of the nation. We have at hand the figures of increase in the number of men employed in certain lines of work within twenty years—from 1860 to 1880—and since the latter year they have been still further increased:

	1860.	1880.
Metal workers	53,000	350,000
Wood workers	120,000	350,000
Woolen workers	60,000	160,000
Pottery workers	16,000	35,000
Chemical workers	12,000	30,000
	261,000	925,000

In those twenty years the number of men embraced in these five classes of workers increased from 261,000 to 925,000—an increase of 664,000, or over 254 per cent. In the same period the population increased less than 51 per cent. The large increase in their number, in comparison with the increase in population, should be gratifying to the farmers of the United States, as it means a proportionate increase of consumers and a proportionate decrease of producers of farm products. If the products made by the workers named above were made in Europe, the American farmers would be obliged to exchange 925,000 American consumers, earning $2.50 per day each, for 925,000 Europeans, earning less than $1.25 per day. Further, the farm supplies for the 925,000 Americans do not have to be shipped out of this country, whereas the supplies for the same number of Europeans would have to be shipped 4,000 miles, and the shipment would have to be borne by the farmers, as the free traders tell us that the prices of farm products, for the world, are fixed in Liverpool.

In brief, the questions for the American farmers to answer are:

1. Is an increased number of consumers and a decreased number of competitors, or the reverse, the best for our interests?
2. Which are the best customers, 925,000 Americans, earning good wages, and close to our doors, or 925,000 Europeans, earning half the wages, and 4,000 miles away?

Of course the intelligent farmer knows the chief cause of the great increase in the number of consumers of farm products in this country—the protective tariff laws that have been on the statute books since 1860.

THE outlook for wheat this year seems to be a bad one, if the President of the National Millers' association is to be believed. He thinks the crop will be small in this country, but that the price all over the world will rule comparatively low, because the outlook is good for heavy crops in Russia, India, Australia and Chili.

"PRIVATE" JOE FIFER, the Republican nominee for Governor of Illinois, is one of the most popular men in that state, and will lead his party to a triumphant victory. His face bears a close resemblance to Governor FORAKER's, and he is also bright, able and aggressive, like Ohio's gallant young Republican leader.

THE Democratic war-cries of four years ago—"Open the books!" and "Turn the rascals out!"—are no longer heard. The books were opened, and lo! the Republican party was proven honest by its bitterest enemies from its records; while the "rascals" are in office, and don't want to be turned out.

RANDALL and SCOTT are having a parrot-and-monkey time down in Pennsylvania. RANDALL wants to be a delegate-at-large to the St. Louis convention, and SCOTT, with CLEVELAND at his back, is doing his best to shut him out. How the Democratic brethren love one another!

THE national government in the French republic costs about $10 for each person in the country; in the United States, less than $3 per head. One wouldn't think so, however, to read the groans of the free trade papers about taxation.

KANSAS Republicans don't seem to take much stock in the Democratic charges that INGALLS was opposed to the prosecution of the war. The state convention enthusiastically endorsed him as a Presidential candidate.

VOORHEES apologized in the Senate for the language he used toward INGALLS in debate, thus acknowledging that he did not feel able to withstand the pressure of public opinion.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Rosina Vokes has taken a flat in New York and gone to housekeeping.

Rumored that Mrs. Cleveland will attend the St. Louis National convention.

Wm. Sherwood, of Baltimore, will go to prison for a year because he stole a Bible.

Gen. John M. Schofield has been elected commander of the New York State Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

The New York *Herald* boasts that May 6 was the fifty-third anniversary of its existence as an independent journal.

Philadelphia is talking of a statue of Roscoe Conkling for Fairmount Park. One citizen offers to contribute $1,000.

The only will left by ex-Senator Conkling, so far as can be discovered, was executed in 1867. It leaves all his property to his wife.

"You should know my wife," Mr. Matthew Arnold once remarked to an acquaintance; "she has all my sweetness and none of my conceit."

A new diamond has been discovered in Wadjra Karur, in the presidency of Madras. It weighs over 67 carats and is valued at $75,000.

The New York Press club has passed a resolution forbidding the playing of any games whatever for a money stake in the rooms of the club.

Mr. R. E. Lee, son of the rebel general, has the gold spurs which were presented to his father during the war by a number of Maryland copperheads.

Chris Buckley, the blind man who leads the San Francisco Democracy, is seriously ill. He will be obliged to retire from active business and give up politics.

William H. Barnum will not again accept the chairmanship of the Democratic national committee, even if it is offered, owing to his business engagements.

A cynical Englishman, who has been spending some time in New York city, says that half the citizens are honest and reputable people, and the other half are politicians.

Henry Endicott, a relative of President Cleveland's cabinet secretary, invested $485,000 in St. Paul real estate the other day, drawing a single check on a Boston bank to pay for it.

Gen. Boulanger has been paid $40,000 for the manuscript of his book on the German invasion. [illegible] the pen appears to be not only mightier, but more valuable than the sword.

The Duchess of Baden placed an ivory crucifix in the dead hand of her father, the late Emperor of Germany. Now it is asserted that while the body was lying in state the crucifix was stolen.

Vermont's maple sugar crop this spring is in quantity and quality above the average, owing to recently introduced improvements in its manufacture. The yield is estimated at 15,000,000 pounds.

Congressman Patrick Collins, of Boston, seems to have been settled upon to preside over the Democratic convention. This is a compliment to the Massachusetts Democracy and a loud bid for the Irish vote.

Dr. Charles S. Simmons, the medical adviser of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has just rendered a bill against the estate for $143,000 for devoting eight years of almost exclusive service to his distinguished patient.

Congressman McKinley, of Ohio, bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte, while the profile of Representative Baker, of New York, is almost an exact reproduction of George Washington's side face.

Mr. Charles H. Spurgeon, the celebrated London preacher, who is visiting Bournemouth, England, for the benefit of his health, has written a letter in which he says he is ill, worn out, and hardly able to keep on his feet.

Prince Bismarck has been much concerned about his private affairs lately, as the inundations near Varzin swept away three of his largest sawmills, in which several hundreds of workmen were regularly employed.

In addition to the regular army of the United States, which consists of 25,000 enlisted men and some 2,000 officers, the country has an organized militia force of 89,497 men, of whom 7,236 are commissioned officers.

Lord Salisbury, Premier of England, who was formerly a working journalist, is always as courteous as his position will allow to newspaper men, [illegible]

Joseph Davis, of Wayne county, West Virginia, has a daughter aged 6 years who weighs 290 pounds. This is believed to be the largest child of its age in the world. The father weighs but 130 and the mother 120 pounds.

According to a Philadelphia paper, the conversion of more drinking shops to milk and luncheon shops still goes on. [illegible]

Ex-Senator Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, has made all his fortune since the war. At the close of hostilities he had hardly a dollar in the world, but rented an abandoned Arkansas plantation and in less than ten years had made $1,000,000.

Miss Helen Gould, the eldest daughter of Jay Gould, is known for her charitable deeds. She is a regular visitor to the New York Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled Children, and takes the little sufferers to the seashore at her own expense.

The Philadelphia lawyer who has the most lucrative practice is John G. Johnson. [illegible]

The gains for Booth and Barrett for the season will not be less than $600,000, [illegible]

William H. English, of Indiana, is said to regard himself as an available Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency. [illegible]

When the memorial tablet to the Rev. George C. Haddock was unveiled in the Sioux City Methodist church the other day, the pastor said that in August, 1886, when Mr. Haddock was murdered, 100 licensed saloons were running in the city. Now there was not a single saloon open.

William A. Andrews, of Cambridgeport, Mass., will start from Boston for England June 18 in the smallest boat that ever attempted to cross the Atlantic. [illegible]

The late Dr Agnew expressed great contempt for the credulity implied by the frequent newspaper discoveries of centenarians. [illegible]

Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, ex-Secretary of the Navy, has probably been longer in active public life than any man living. [illegible]

The Duke of Wellington (Henry Wellesley) is also Prince of Waterloo in Belgium, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo and a Grandee of the First Class in Spain, and Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count de Vimiero in Portugal, [illegible]

The Rev. T. W. Springer, of Vicksburg, says the reports of intimidation and fraud at the elections in Mississippi published in the Northern papers are in no way exaggerated. [illegible]

A Western mining superintendent says that in 1852 he put up the first tail flume in California at French Corral, [illegible]

The people of La Moille, Ill., have a curious sort of problem [illegible]

The Empress Victoria, says *Germania*, [illegible]

Queen Victoria has of late fallen into the habit of taking little "catnaps" [illegible]

John Jay is the only Chief Justice that the Empire State ever produced. [illegible]

It is said that Fenimore Cooper became a novelist through his wife's challenge. [illegible]

Gov. Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana, is 54 years old. [illegible]

SKETCH OF TARIFF HISTORY.

The most complete history of the struggle for proper protection to American industries that has ever been published in the United States is the "History of Protective Laws," written by Hon. R. W. THOMPSON, formerly secretary of the Navy in President HAYES's cabinet, which has just been issued. It is a bulky volume, containing the fruits of many years of research after the facts therein embodied, and written from a non-partisan standpoint. It is the most valuable work ever brought out in America on this subject. We summarize for the BLADE's readers the leading points of the book, embodying the tariff legislation since the adoption of the federal constitution.

England's Policy Toward the Colonies Before the Revolution.

The active opposition by England to the establishment of manufactures in the colonies, which was begun in 1732, continued until the colonies gained their independence. Heavy penalties were provided for making any of the articles whose manufacture was prohibited by Parliament, and this interdict covered every commodity which could compete with British-made goods. The navigation laws forbade the exportation from, or importation into, the colonies of any articles except in British ships. This regulation was adopted to prevent the colonists from building up a commercial marine. The fixed purpose of England was to keep the colonies in industrial servitude and to establish and maintain a monopoly in the mother country.

Under such adverse circumstances it was natural that the manufactures of the country, even at the close of the Revolutionary war, should have been both crude and insignificant. As a consequence the country as a whole, had to buy abroad much more than it could sell, and was kept poor, for the raw materials sold were not equal in value to the manufactured goods imported. In the seven years from 1784 to 1790, inclusive, the thirteen colonies, then united under the Articles of Confederation, exported to England £6,644,753 worth, and imported £17,443,284. That is, in those seven years, we bought from England £10,798,531, or $52,372,875 worth of goods more than we sold to England.

Such a condition of things, of course, could not be continued without seriously impairing the prosperity of the nation. The necessity, therefore, of encouraging the establishment of manufactures was apparent. It was the desire of the people that the country should make, so far as natural resources permitted, nearly all the essential commodities which it consumed. Industrial independence, indeed, was one of the leading influences which impelled the colonists to seek political independence, as it certainly was the dominant consideration with the people in abolishing the confederation and founding a "more perfect union" under the Constitution.

The First Tariff—1789.

Under the confederation the country had what was virtually free trade. As a consequence the domestic market was flooded with foreign manufactures, and the people were thus deprived of the ability to pay for these goods and of the incentive to attempt to make them for themselves. Industries of all kinds were depressed from this cause. The people in this emergency perceived that the only adequate remedy for this state of things was in the enactment of such laws as would, to some extent, equalize the conditions of the American and foreigner, so far as regards sales in the American market.

The first important law passed by Congress, in its first session after the adoption of the Constitution, had the following words for its preamble:

WHEREAS, It is necessary for the support of the government, the discharge of the debts of the United States and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on goods, wares and merchandise imported.

The primary purpose of the bill was for the collection of sufficient revenue to support the government and to pay its debts, while the protection of manufactures was a secondary consideration. Each purpose, however, was separate from the other and involved a distinct and independent power under the constitution. Many of the members of the First Congress had been members also of the convention which framed the constitution. The fact that nobody in that Congress even so much as intimated that the constitution was being infringed by the passage of an act expressly discriminating in favor of domestic industries, and that that act was signed by President WASHINGTON, who had presided over the deliberations of the Constitutional convention, furnishes undoubted evidence of the constitutionality of the protective tariffs. The tariff bill mentioned was signed by the President on July 4, 1789.

Hamilton's Report on Our Industries.

Shortly after this law was passed, a resolution was adopted instruction the secretary of the Treasury, who at that time was ALEXANDER HAMILTON, to prepare and report a plan for the "encouragement and promotion of such manufactures as will tend to render the United States independent of all other nations for essentials, particularly military supplies." This resolution, which was adopted in response to the recommendations of President WASHINGTON,, evinces the settled purpose of Congress to make the protective system complete and permanent. HAMILTON's report was profound, logical and exhaustive, and it still remains a classic on this subject. He had not only to announce and formulate a policy, but had to confute the arguments of the free traders, who had, even at that early day, come into existence.

The methods by which he contended that manufacturing would benefit society as a whole may be summarized thus: It would (create and promote (1) division of labor; 2) provide an extension of the use of machinery; (3) furnish additional employment for classes of the community who could not otherwise engage in the manufacturing business; (4) promote emigration from other countries and the consequent increase of population; (5) furnish greater scope for diversity of talents and dispositions in the diversification of industries; (6) afford an ampler and more varied field for industrial enterprise than could otherwise be secured, and (7) while creating in some instances new supplies and new demands would in all cases make both supply and demand steady and certain.

As a result of the recommendation of WASHINGTON and HAMILTON, and the desires of an overwhelming majority of Congress, and also, undoubtedly, of the people, rates were increased on dutiable goods and the number of the articles subject to duty expanded by the changes which were made in the tariff every year or two until the war of 1812 took place. During that contest a special act doubled rates. As a consequence, while exports were only about a third as great as imports in seven years during the free trade period ending with 1790, their average was twice as great as imports in the seven years beginning with 1795 in the protective period.

The Tariff of 1816.

Commerce increased, and with more rapid and cheaper transportation the duties were inadequate to give proper protection to American manufacturers. In 1816 a strongly protective tariff bill was passed; and it is worthy of note that JOHN C. CALHOUN strongly favored it, while DANIEL WEBSTER opposed it. They afterward changed their views, CALHOUN becoming a free trader and nullifier, and WEBSTER a champion of protection. In the vote on the tariff of 1816 sectionalism appeared for the first time. The earlier tariffs had comparatively little opposition. The vote in the House on the act of 1816 stood 88 in favor to 54 against, and in the Senate 25 in favor to 7 against. The South led in the opposition, 31 of its members in the House voting no to 14 yes. A majority of each of the sections of the North favored the act, New England being less pronounced in that direction than the Middle states and the West.

The Tariffs of 1824 and 1833.

The tariff of 1816 had a few unimportant changes made in subsequent years, and was in force until 1824, when the Clay tariff was passed. This imposed new duties on many articles and raised those on most of the woolen goods. New England and the South opposed this act, and the Middle states and the West favored it. An increase of rates on many articles was made in 1828, the South and New England, as four years earlier, being in opposition. An act passed in 1832 reduced rates on some articles and raised them on others. New England's vote was a tie on this measure.

The act of 1833, which was called the Clay compromise tariff, reduced duties on most articles. It was adopted to placate the South, especially South Carolina, whose opposition to the protective duties previously imposed had led to the nullification movement. In that movement CALHOUN, who had about ten years before abandoned his protectionist associates, was one of the master spirits. New England took sides with the Middle States and the West in opposition to this act. The compromise tariff provided for a sliding scale of reduction on duties in excess of 20 per cent. rates to be lowered to the extent of a tenth each year until 1842, no rate to remain above 20 per cent on the latter date.

The 1842 Tariff.

The compromise tariff of 1833 was replaced in 1842 by the Whig tariff, which imposed protective duties on most articles of domestic manufacture. New England and the Middle states strongly favored this measure, the South strongly opposed it, while the vote of the West upon it in the House was a tie. Under the operation of the low Clay tariff, which preceded it, occurred the most disastrous financial convulsion which the country ever experienced, either before or since that time. This was in 1837, during the Presidency of MARTIN VAN BUREN. Business materially improved during the tariff of 1842, and the country enjoyed a prosperity such as it had not known before.

The Revenue Tariff of 1846.

The protective act of 1842, however, was repealed by the low rate tariff of 1846. This was called the Walker tariff, from the name of the secretary of the Treasury who framed it. Free traders claim that this was the most equitable and scientifically constructed enactment of that class in the country's history. In the House the Eastern states opposed it. The Senate was tied upon it. Vice President DALLAS, who had been elected on a distinct pledge that he would maintain the tariff of 1842, gave the casting vote in the Senate which replaced the tariff of 1842 by the revenue tariff of 1846. The average rate of duty on dutiable goods had been 33.47 per cent. under the act of 1842, and under that of 1846 it was brought down to 26.22 per cent.

The Additional Reductions of 1857.

On many articles the tariff of 1846 remained in force until repealed by the Morrill tariff of 1861. Reductions on most of the commodities of the tariff schedules were made, however, in 1857. New England united with the South in favor of this act, all the rest of the country opposing it. The average rate on dutiable goods under the tariff of 1857 was but 20.12 per cent., which was lower than any rate collected within the preceding 45 years. Some industries languished during the latter years of the tariff of 1846, but under the lower rates of 1857 occurred the severest industrial and financial panic which has afflicted the country, except that which took place in 1837.

The Morrill Tariff and Subsequent Acts.

The Morrill protective tariff bill of 1861 changed all the rates previously existing and was by far the most elaborate enactment of its class ever devised in any country up to that time. Many changes were made during the war, rates in nearly al cases being raised. Reductions began to be made in 1872, tea and coffee, which had been dutiable since 1861, being put on the free list that year. Duties, too, were lowered on woolen and cotton goods, wool, iron, glass and other articles. The tendency of duties since that time had been steadily downward. The latest change in the tariff was made by the act signed on March 3, 1883, which reduced most of the existing rates and abolished the internal tax on many articles.

The free trade policy of England has obliged that country to maintain on oppressive system of direct taxation to obtain the means for the support of the government. Mr. THOMPSON is convinced that a like policy would follow the adoption of free trade in the United States. Taxes in some form will have to be levied. The government consumes much, but it produces nothing. Taxation, therefore, for its support is absolutely necessary, and all are compelled to bear its burdens. The taxation which is the most readily and cheaply collected, and which is least oppressive to the people, he contends, is that which is collected at the custom house.

IT is an historical fact that Lord BACON was most energetic and laborious in feathering his own nest, and not at all particular as to his methods, so that he could obtain the solid cash. POPE described him as "the wisest, wittiest, meanest of mankind"—the third epithet referring to his money-getting aptitude. Hence there is much pertinency in the remark of JAMES PAYN, the English novelist, on DONNELLY's theory that BACON wrote SHAKESPEARE's plays:

If there is one thing that at so great a distance of time can be pronounced upon with certainty, it is this: that if Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays he would never have permitted Shakespeare to get the money for them; and Shakespeare *did* get the money.

This is, in reality, the strongest argument yet advanced against the inherent probability of DONNELLY's theory.

THE statement was made in the English House of Commons a few days ago that the farmers of England are losing about $250,000,000 a year. England has free trade, and her farm values have decreased 40 per cent. since it was adopted. Farm values in the United States have increased 33⅓ per cent. since the present protective system was put in operation. The American farmers should meditate upon the above facts. They tell the truth as to the effects of free trade and protection upon the agricultural community.

THE Connecticut Democrats demand, in their platform, the removal of the internal revenue tax on tobacco, while CLEVELAND, in his message, demands its retention. Yet the Connecticut Democrats will probably support CLEVELAND if he is nominated. Funny people, these Bourbons.

THE Chicago *Journal* makes an excellent point in the following paragraph:

What odds does it make who Arkansas wants as a Republican candidate for President? But it makes all the odds in the world as to who can carry Indiana and New Jersey. If a Republican candidate can carry those two states, New York will not be a "pivotal state."

KOHOKTON.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

[The following beautiful bit of poesy will be read at this time with especial interest, not only on account of its artistic merit, but also because it was written by Mr. Locke in 1851, when he was 18 years of age:—ED. BLADE.]

For the Steuben Farmers' Advocate.

There is a pure and gentle stream,
That glides the forest trees amid;
And thro' whose boughs the sunny gleam,
Strikes in the shades 'mong which 'tis hid;
And leaves upon its bosom pure and bright,
Its shadowy images of dark and light.

At the hill's base—yea at its feet,
It glides the shining pebbles o'er;
There opes its wat'ry arms to meet,
The streams that from the mountains pour;
Then leaves the hills and courses thro' the plain,
And cheers the smiling fields of waving grain.

Upon thy banks, long, long ago,
When Nature reigned supreme, alone,
Was heard the twanging oaken bow,
The javelin full surely thrown.
But that was e're the white man's foot had press'd,
Thy fertile banks, in smiling verdure dress'd.

'Twas here the Indians' wigwams stood,
His light canoe sped o'er thy breast,
The branches of thy forest wood,
Rocked his dark offspring to its rest;
Hushed by the rustling leaves—the soft winds sigh,
It slept contented with its lullaby.

And Indian maidens dressed their hair
Upon thy banks, and smiled to see
The pencilled brow reflected there,
And mirrowed in thy purity,
Or Indian children in their boisterous play,
With joyous shouts passed thus the livelong day.

But all has changed—their curling smoke
No more ascends to meet the cloud,
No more's the stillness of the forest broke,
By their halloo resounding loud;
The race has gone—the white man's seal is set,
On soil which *now* with noble blood is wet.

Yes, all has changed—now spires uprear,
Their gilded points, and towns have sprung
Where all was wild, where once the deer
Fled from the whoop that loudly rung;
And the ploughshare turns to our wond'ring sight,
Their rude mementoes long since hid from light.

Lo! fair Kohokton, on thy plains,
(Regarding neither space nor time,)
See the huge engines and their trains,
With trophies brought from ev'ry clime,
Thund'ring along, their whistles loud and shrill
Throw back their echoes from the plain to hill.

In every nook the farmer's cot is reared,
And honeysuckle, trailing vine,
Grow where the forest's disappeared,
And grassy hills with lowing kine
Now meet the eye—for peace hath marked thy shore,
And plenty sits enthroned at every door.

Sweet stream, long may thy tiny waves
Flow on toward the mighty sea,
Unstained—and may the banks they lave,
Be clothed—as now—in purity;
May virtue make thy shores her dwelling-place,
And Happiness attend with smiling face.

Bath, August, 1851.

JOKING ROBERT LINCOLN.

Embarrassment Arising from His Office Being Located Near a Democratic Club.

Chicago Times.

Mr. Robert Lincoln's law office is in the same building with the rooms of the Iroquois club. The entrance to the elevator is traversed by Democrat and Republican alike. It is sometimes amusing to see Mr. Lincoln enter the building. Yesterday he was going in when a gentleman hailed him with the following salutation: "Ah, there, Lincoln! That's a mighty thin dodge. You can't get in the saddle that way. First-rate fellows in there any other time of year but this."

Mr. Lincoln gnawed the end of his cane and then smiled. Said his office was up stairs. Later in the day Mr. Lincoln had occasion to leave his office, and as he didn't want to come down on the fire escape he had to take the elevator. As he was coming out of the building he met another funny Republican brother, who said: "See here, Lincoln, this looks mighty suspicious. You have been in there dining with them Democratic Injuns. Now own up and I won't give you away." Mr. Lincoln gnawed the end of his cane once more and explained that his office was upstairs. The Republican replied: "Well, if I were you I'd put in a side door on Adams street. It doesn't look well to see a Republican Presidential possibility coming out of a doorway that has been worn sleek by a crowd of Democrats."

EAT TO LIVE.

Three Simple Rules Which Are Ignored With Serious Results.

As a universal rule in health, and with very rare exceptions in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons rarely err in the quality of food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest regulators in this respect. The great sources of mischief from eating are three—quality, frequency, rapidity, and from these come the horrible dyspepsias which make of human life a burden, a torture, a living death.

By eating fast the stomach, like a bottle, being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for even it is well chewed the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating.

It requires about five hours for a common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within less than a five hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one third of its time. The brain perisheth without repose. Never force food on the stomach. All are tired when night comes. Every muscle of the body is weary and looks to the bed, but just as we lie down to rest every other part of the body, if we by a hearty meal give the stomach five hours' work, which in its weak state requires a much longer time to perform than at an earlier hour of the day, it is like imposing upon a servant a full day's labor just at the close of a hard day's work. Hence the unwisdom of eating heartily late in the day or evening, and no wonder it has cost many a man his life. Always breakfast before work or exercise.

No laborers or active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the midday meal. Persons of sedentary habits or who are at all ailing should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold stale bread and butter, or a ship biscuit with a single cup of drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep, and prepare for a heartier breakfast, with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.—*Housewife.*

For the Blade.

ARAMINTA.

Have you seen Araminta, while walking down the street?
I'll tell you how you'll know her, should you chance to meet:
A great big hat, with a wonderful red feather,
Will be seen on her head, in all sorts of weather;
In her hand you will see three yards of yellow string—
There's a dog at the end, a little fluffy thing;
Sometimes he trots beside, sometimes he trots behind,
Then he leads Araminta, tho' she's anything but blind;
She carries her head with a very lofty air:
I'm thinking Araminta is meaning to "get there."

—LOUISE HOUGHTON.

Law Triumphed—Justice Was Defeated.

In some quarters Melville W. Fuller, who has just been nominated for Chief Justice of the Supreme court of the United States, is regarded as a shrewd lawyer rather than as a profound one, and many instances of his adroitness are cited. It is said that one of his earliest exhibitions of cleverness which brought him fame was the defence of several Polanders charged with murder. Fuller succeeded in getting them separate trials, and then defending them one after another. It was so managed that the offender thought to be least guilty was tried first. The trial was a long one, but Fuller ultimately triumphed and secured an acquittal. The other cases were at once called, when, to the amazement of every one, Fuller introduced in their behalf a full confession of the crime by the one who had just been acquitted. With circumstantial detail the criminal told of the murder, making it plain beyond question that he was the guilty party. He could not be tried again as the law provides that a man can not be put twice in jeopardy for the same crime. At the same time the confession cleared all the other defendants.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Lord Stanley, of Preston, is gazetted as governor-general of Canada.

THE SUGAR TRUST.

Charges of a Grave Character Made by New York's Attorney General.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The investigation of the sugar trust was begun to-day by Attorney General Tabor in the Common Pleas chambers. The action of the attorney general was taken on a petition signed by Hugh J. Grant, Richard Croker and Thomas F. Gilroy. The petitioners declare that Harry O. Havemeyer and others have formed an association known as the Sugar Refineries company, assuming the power without the authority of legislative enactment and without being chartered and incorporated. The petitioners declare that the object of this association is to create a monopoly for the purpose of controlling prices and adjudges it guilty of usurping, unlawfully holding and exercising a franchise or privilege, and, in consequence, a public nuisance.

The complaint goes on to ask that the Attorney-General may oust the individuals named and restrain this company from acting as a body corporate. For the defense a general denial was entered, except as to the use of a corporate name and seal.

On behalf of the petitioners it was claimed that the admitted use of a corporate name and seal by an unincorporated company was a violation of law which would justify the Attorney-General in proceeding against the defendants. The agreement between the refiners was presented, but the Attorney-General held that it did not contain any illegal provisions; it was further argued that a combination to enhance prices was illegal and that this irregular organization had violated the law by doing corporate acts.

This was denied on behalf of defendants and plaintiffs' attorney replied that the issuing of certificates, election of trustees, adoption of a corporate name and use of a common seal were all corporate acts, and had all been committed by the company referred to.

It was further urged by complainants that the criminal law had been violated by defendants in entering into the combination, and the civil law by creating a monopoly. On behalf of defendants it was declared by counsel that complainants were well known politicians who had introduced a bill in the state Legislature making it a criminal offense to combine for the purpose of fixing the prices of commodities, that this bill said nothing about combinations to fix the price of labor, and that this movement appeared to be for the purpose of arraying labor against capital. It was wholly for political effect. It was unfair and unjust to subject the sugar refiners to these annoyances to serve some one's political end.

The Attorney-Generol will make known his decision as to whether or not he will proceed against the trust, in about two weeks.

THE LASH AND PILLORY,

Old-Time Methods of Punishment Yet Employed in Delaware.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 15.—The quarterly whipping of convicts took place at New Castle yesterday morning in a miserable drizzling rain. Five men were lashed, and two stood in the pillory for one hour. The number of spectators was about 100, half of them being boys under 12 years. The number of victims under the sheriff's cat, which has thongs 27 inches long, was unusually small, and this was a noteworthy fact.

Owen Dougherty, aged 18, white, was the first man whipped. He received five blows for stealing, with two brothers, a quantity of rubber hose. His back was the color of a boiled lobster when he was taken back to his cell. His brother Patrick, aged 24, followed, and received the same punishment. He laughed as the Sheriff reddened his back, and left the post with a grin.

James Murry, aged 18, a saucy-looking darkey, laughed aloud as the Sheriff gave him five lashes for stealing 50 two cent cigars. James Darius, a gray-bearded darkey, aged 60, received five cuts for stealing a set of harness worth $2.

He never flinched as the thongs hit his back, and ran nimbly back into the jail. The fifth victim was John Pierce, a slim white man of 30, who took 30 lashes for burglary. His back was covered with red corrugations, from the waist to the shoulders. He did not move from his position at the post, but his legs quivered violently. The sheriff whipped gently.

Pierce and Henry L. Haines, white, convicted of swindling grocers, were placed in the pillory for one hour. The atmosphere was close, and the men, who were covered with blankets, were soaking wet from perspiration and the heavy drizzle. When taken back to their cells they were so stiff that they could hardly walk.

NO SUNDAY SALOON.

Chicago is to Take a Moral Turn—What's Going to Happen?

CHICAGO, May 15.—A big petition for the closing of saloons on Sunday was presented to the council last night. The petition was signed by more than 2,000 citizens, including all the ministers and most of the principals of the schools, and many prominent business men. It is stated that if the council refuses to pass an ordinance to close the saloons, the petitioners propose to move en masse on the office of the state's attorney and demand that he have all the saloonkeepers violating the state law indicted. Under the law the state's attorney could not refuse to comply with this demand, it is stated. In that event, consternation would be spread in the ranks of the saloonkeepers, and their emissaries in the council would be compelled to consent to at least some compromise measure.

Feigned Death and Was Buried.

Col. Musser relates an interesting incident of army experience which occurred while he was in command of the post of Washington, Ark., in the summer of 1864. The story as related is told by a Federal officer, a prisoner in camp, to Capt. James T. Otey of the 8th Missouri infantry. The captain was playing the part of the hospitable host toward his guest and prisoner through the medium of a couple of tin cups and a jug filled with homemade whisky, clear as crystal, and uncontaminated by an excise tax. Lieut. Boren was a Federal officer in an Ohio regiment, and had fallen into the hands of Dick Taylor about the time of Banks's Red river expedition.

Becoming weary of captivity and disgusted with Confederate rations, he planned with several of his fellow prisoners a scheme by which one of their members might make their escape. Whisky poker was played to determine which one should be given the first chance. Lieut. Boren won. In accordance with the scheme agreed to, he feigned death, was buried by his comrades in a shallow grave, and succeeded in making his ressurrection after the departure of the Confederates and companions. The deserted grave was discovered during the day by some loiterers about the camping place and the ruse "dropped onto," and reported to the command at Marshfield, La., who immediately set a pack of bloodhounds to track the fugitive. After the trail was struck all of these but one were called off. This one continued the pursuit, and at the end of the third day overtook and treed the lieutenant in the dense woods near Washington, Ark. The hound guarded the tree for three days and three nights until the soldiers, who took their time in the pursuit, arrived and again took charge of the well-nigh starved fugitive.

The Patronizing Young Doctor.

There is a story going about so good that it ought to be made public, and so improbable that it must be true. A very eminent London surgeon—one of the lights of the profession—the other day observed a gentleman fall in the street. He went to his aid and found he had broken his leg. It was only a simple fracture, but the man was badly hurt. The surgeon used his umbrella as a splint, and with his own and borrowed handkerchiefs bandaged the limb tightly, put the patient in a cab, and drove to the nearest hospital. There they were received by a young surgeon or his locum tenens. "You've bandaged this very well," said the hospital surgeon. "You flatter me," said the great gun. "Not at all," said the other. "I suppose you've been attending an ambulance class. They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but the little you've learnt you've put to good account. I can't give you your umbrella now, but if you leave your address it shall be sent home." "I had best give you my card," said the eminent surgeon. And he did so.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Correct View.

Chicago Journal.

Reports come up more voluminously from the South as to the choice of its delegates in the Republican National Convention. Let Southern Republicans, who cannot give a single electoral vote to the Republican candidate for President, repress their enthusiasm somewhat while the States that can elect a Republican candidate pick out the man.

—The welfare of the people is law. We do not send out Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy without a purpose. It is the welfare of the people which comes with good digestion. Use it; you will find what we say is law and gospel. Price $1 per bottle.

A WEE BOY IN DISTRESS.

A Touching Case Which Occurred in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

The other day a poor little waif of a boy, 10 or 11 years of age greatly emaciated and exhausted by long-standing disease, was brought up in the hoist to the operating theatre of the Royal Infirmary, in Glasgow, to undergo an operation which it was thought might possibly have the effect of prolonging the boy's life. His condition, however, was so low and unsatisfactory that there was some fear not only that the operation might not be successful in its results, but that during or immediately following the operation the boy's strength might give in and his spirit pass away. After reaching the theater which is seated like the gallery of a church, and while the operating table was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and, looking up toward some students who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful, tremulous voice, he said: "Will one of you gentlemen put up just a wee prayer for a wee boy—I am in great trouble and distress—just a wee prayer to Jesus for me in my sore trouble." The surgeon, patting him on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him, but as he heard no prayer, and saw probably only a pitying smile on the faces of some of the students, he turned his head away and in childish tones and words, which were sufficiently audible to those around him, he asked Jesus, his friend, "the friend of wee boys who loved Him," to be with him—to have mercy on him in his distress. And, while the young doctor was putting the boy under chloroform so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was still heard in words of prayer. The surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and delicacy of touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat which rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy is ready;" and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer some one else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand, and delicacy of touch all came as they were needed and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success.

On the following morning, the surgeon going round his ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which the little boy lay, saw from the placid, comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved, and that all was well with him. Going up to the head of the bed and taking the little wasted hand, which seemed no larger than that of a bazar doll, the surgeon whispered into his ear, "The good Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A bright, happy, contented look lit up the boy's face, as with a feeble, yet distinct pressure of the little hand, he looked up in the doctor's face and said, "I ken't He would." And then he added, "You, doctor, were gude to me, too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform, and required something tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I hae nothing to gie you," and then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor." The surgeon, before leaving the ward, in bidding the boy good by for the day, asked him where he came from and where he had learnt to know so much about Jesus and to love him so dearly. He answered: "I came frae Barrhead." "And you were in a Sabbath school there?" "Oh, yes; in the Bourock school." Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery and is now at home.—*Christian Leader.*

What a Liquor License Should Be.

Now, it is of high importance to the clear understanding and well working of a liquor license law that it should contain no provision whatever for a license fee, whether large or small. The law ought to show on the face of it not only that it is not solely or mainly for the purpose of revenue, but that revenue is no part of the object of it. This is important, not only to silence cavils, but to prevent honest misconceptions in the public mind, which has been so belabored and bewildered these forty years. Cleared of this incumbrance the law would stand forth unimpeachable as a salutary police measure for the protection of society from the abuse of the liquor traffic. The license law thus amended would not only commend itself to good citizens when the question was on its adoption, it would have a far better security for good administration. The licensing board would not, as now, be divided in mind, between the question of public order and morals and the question of revenue. Its regard for the interests of the treasury would never have a chance, as now, to conflict with its duty to the interests of society. In every application for license it could render its decision solely with reference to the question: Is the candidate a man of such discretion and fidelity that he is worthy to be trusted, for the public advantage, with a necessary but very dangerous business, from the abuse of which, in unfit hands, enormous mischiefs continually result to society and the state?—*Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon in Forum.*

How Hot is the Sun, Any Way?

Prof. Young uses a striking illustration. He says: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of 93,000,000 miles, and if then the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, nor in a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum, and it would be water; seven more, and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except, of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space, and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained, to the solar system. If we estimated in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent, on the average, to about fifty tons raised a mile high yearly, or to one horse-power continuously acting, to every thirty square feet of the earth's surface. It is by this enormous supply of energy that the world is kept alive and active. It keeps us warm, and drives our steam engines and water-wheels; it circulates our atmosphere, and brings us rain and snow in due season; it grows and nourishes our plants and animals, and, in a word, is the source of almost every earthly blessing.

A Superstition.

The present year is the fifth year of modern times in which the aggregate of the figures is 25, and there will be but five more years in which a combination is possible, prior to the year 2598. Probably but few have ever heard of the old prophesy, which runs as follows:—

In every future year of our Lord,
When the sum of the figures is twenty-five,
Some warlike kingdom will draw the sword,
But peaceful nations in peace shall thrive.

Students of modern history will readily recall how faithfully this prophesy has been fulfilled in the four previous years to which it applied.

In 1699 Russia, Denmark and Poland formed the coalition against Sweden which inaugurated the great war which ended in the disastrous defeat of Charles the XII. at Pultowa. The year 1789 will ever be memorable on account of the breaking out of the French revolution.

The year 1798 witnessed the campaign of Bonaparte in Egypt, and the formation of the second European coalition against France. In 1879 war broke out between England and Afghanistan, followed by the invasion of the latter country by British troops. In what manner the prediction is to be verified in 1888 remains yet to be seen, but the present condition of Europe seems to promise an abundant fulfillment of the prophecy.

Everything is the "Directoire" Now.

The Directoire bonnets are very wide of brim in front, either flaring like the antique calashe bonnet or slightly drooping over the waves of hair. The Directoire gown is totally undraped and innocent of loop or pouf at the back. The corsage is cut on the lines of a Directoire coat, with no raised trimmings, but flat and plain in effect. The sleeves are coat-shape, and fit the arm smoothly and close, with falling frills of lace at the wrist. There are tapering revers on the bodice, which a wide, soft scarf, crumpled, or laid in flat pleats about the waist, and terminating in long straight lines falling to the foot of the skirt, the ends gathered and ornamented with silver spikes or other heavy metal pendants. The above is one of seven styles of the Directoire period, which are now affected by a certain number of fashionable women. The costume, however, as a type, does not find favor with the majority of best-rdessed women in society.

The late Vice-President, Henry Wilson, according to the Boston *Herald*, was much hampered in his official aspirations in later years by the fact that he had been a Know-Nothing. The fact was strenuously denied by his friends, but the truth appears to be that after being refused admission in his own town of Natick he went to Boston, took the oaths, and received the degrees. The gentleman who administered the oaths, a well-known citizen, is still living in Boston.

"WHEN BLAINE COMES MARCHING HOME."

The Ohio Man Gets There with the First Campaign Song for 1888.

LIMA, O., May 10.—EDITOR BLADE:—Inspired with the insane idea of starting the campaign poetry, I enclose you a songlet that may serve to stir up the boys and bring out something rayshurshay. I don't think it a bad idea to have some Blaine songs out for the picnic at Fullertown. Please don't throw it into the lake. If it must go, turn on the natural gas. Yours,

When Blaine comes marching home again,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
When Blaine comes marching home again,
Hurrah!
We'll shout aloud for that grandest of men,
We'll all shout for Jim Blaine,
When Blaine comes marching home.

When Jim comes over the great big pond,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
When Jim comes over the great big pond,
We'll see that Grover up and abscond,
We'll shout for him of whom we're fond,
When Jim comes marching home.

When Blaine comes home all hale and stout,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
When Blaine comes home all hale and stout,
Hurrah!
We'll help him turn the rascals out,
O, we'll let up a terrible shout,
When Blaine comes marching home.

When Blaine comes up past Sandy Hook,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
When Blaine comes up past Sandy Hook,
Hurrah!
We'll count the money and straighten the books,
And we'll fire the army of wretched crooks,
When Blaine comes marching home.

When Blaine starts out and homeward sails,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
When Blaine starts out and homeward sails,
Hurrah!
We'll bounce the chumps who bungle the mails,
And tie tin pans to the yellow dogs' tails,
When Blaine comes marching home.

DARKNESS HAS UNKNOWN TERRORS

An Incident with a Moral at a Minneapolis Hospital.

"For heaven's sake turn up the light! Do it quick, or I shall go mad!"

A woman's voice almost screeched forth this command. She lay tossing upon an iron cot in a room in one of the Minneapolis hospitals. She was young in years, but the deep lines on her still handsome face and her general appearance were only too suggestive of a life of wild dissipation. She was a woman of the town. A fever had been the means of her removal from a house of sin to the pleasant quarters in the hospital. She had awakened from a two weeks' unconscious sleep when she opened her eyes to find herself in a semi-darkened room yesterday afternoon. She appeared to be greatly frightened. The pleasant-faced young woman officiating as nurse rushed to the window and pulled up the curtain at her wild cry. The hospital physician, who was in the room at the time and who stood at the sick woman's bedside, spoke kindly to her and said: "There is nothing to be frightened at; but I'll see that your room is never darkened again while you are here."

"Thanks," said the trembling girl, and in a moment she was far off again in dreamland.

"That little episode may seem a trifle queer to you," said the doctor to a visitor who was accompanying him on his rounds, "but it won't when I explain a little. I've had many years experience in the professional way with these women. There is nothing under heaven that they fear, well or ill, so much as darkness—not even death. They simply have a horror of darkness. And they are all the same way. A year's experience in the life they follow brings about this result. The cause? That would be hard to explain. Perhaps they have visions that are unpleasant, even horrible. Perhaps they think. I've noticed one peculiarity about this class of women, they are happiest when they are not given time to think. Natural, too. All alike. Indeed, yes. Find me one that will remain in a dark room, either in company or alone, for a moment without screaming, and I will show you something I never saw in all my professional career, and something I doubt that any one ever saw."

The Political Situation in Missouri.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With the right kind of a Gubernatorial candidate and the right kind of a canvass the Republican party could carry Missouri this year. The right kind of a candidate ought not to be a hard thing to get. If the Republican local leadership him out and induce him to run, the Republican masses will take care of the canvass.

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Publishers' Column.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is 10 by 12 inches when open, and 7 by 10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We will sell this Bible for $1.50. Or we will send a copy of the Weekly BLADE one year for $2.00, or the Bible for $2.40.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of this atlas free.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sold over several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted, or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Every one is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgement on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some hostile, others not. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding aloft her child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It was determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions of copies are used all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These cartoons are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in prosperity, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been scattered by the way, in fences and dead walls, wherever they can be placed.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	5 cents.
Twenty-five copies	20 cents.
One Hundred copies	50 cents.

We will give them away, or not to anybody who will pay the cost of printing, paper and postage. Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good. Address, inclosing cash, BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are carefully packed so as to insure them against damage. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and guarantee that they will give satisfaction. The prices are as follows:

Any one portrait	25
Two portraits	40
The four generals	65
The whole set of ten	1 40

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Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Quarterly Drawings regularly every three months (March, June, September and December.)

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard

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Commissioners.

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In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, June 12, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

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1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is		100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is		50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is		25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are		20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are		25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are		25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are		50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are		60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are		100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Prizes of $500 approximating to $300,000 Prize are	50,000
100 Prizes of $300 approximating to $100,000 Prize are	30,000
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RARE and Racy Photos; females, from life. Samples sealed, 25c; 18 for $1. Box 54, Oswego, N. Y.

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Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the famed artist, Thomas Nast. It contains the very best of the "Nasby" letters which were written during the war, and is prefaced by an autobiography of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written specially for the book. Its former retail price was $3, but we will send it by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Or, we will send one copy, postpaid, and a copy of the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $2.00.

"HANNAH JANE."

This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, has been produced in an edition de luxe, square 8vo., on fine, heavy, tinted paper, profusely illustrated with full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.50; or, we will send a postpaid copy and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75.

The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

"SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE."

This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour through the country just after the war, and comprises some of the best of the "Nasby" letters ever written. We will send the book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents; or the book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY."

This book embraces another series of the "Nasby" letters, written during the early period of the war, and contains some of the strongest letters Mr. Locke ever wrote. We will send the book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE one year for $1.25.

"ABOU BEN ADHEM."

This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, but contains a series of articles by Mr. Locke in another style of humor. A better book than Josh Billings' ... never was written by Mr. Locke. We will send one of these books, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"A PAPER CITY."

This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomers of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, send in a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we will send to any address postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

GOOD FORM IN ENGLAND.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

I have been reading a book lately entitled "Good Form in England." It purposes to show what is and what is not held to be socially proper in that country, and since she is our material ancestor, the interest to ourselves is not small. Certainly two things are very plainly shown,—the reason why we are now looked upon as a little barbaric in our customs, and the influence which the atmosphere of republican freedom has had upon our thoughts as well as upon our manners. We have small reverence for things which they hold sacred, such as royalty and its accompaniments, and it would be exceedingly hard to instil anything of that kind into the American cranium. And yet it is true that, socially considered, a title is a passport into circles here where good behavior merely would have no chance. However, that by no means represents the sentiment of the great mass of the people, those who make the bone and sinew of the country. Among them is a sturdy self-respect and independence which contradicts a superiority of a purely adventitous kind.

It is different in England. Not because there is less native strength of character, but that the earliest idea presented to the English child, through all the centuries, has been of a king or queen to whom allegiance was due because of the possession of a sacred right to govern. Every mother to-day teaches her boy or girl that, next to a Heavenly Father, Queen Victoria must be reverenced, and the probability is that if either were to be omitted from the lessons it would not be the Queen. Her name is a household word, and no matter what their own criticism of her actions in individual cases might be, they resent anything adverse to her from the stranger within their gates.

The fact, too, that there is no one so exalted by intellectual achievement but that he must do her honor, adds to the impression upon the young mind. This author thus describes the usual reception accorded to her:

"The Queen is always received at military reviews by a salute of 21 guns, and the playing of the national anthem, 'God Save the Queen.' The national anthem is also played by the orchestra at the opera or theater upon the Queen's arrival (no matter how late, or if the action of the play has to be stopped) and the audience rise to their feet. Hats are always removed in the presence of the Queen, and if she passes in her carriage through a street, it is proper and "good form" for men to remove their hats and stand uncovered while she passes by. Indeed, it is customary for men to take off their hats whenever the national anthem is played where they are. At all events it is good form to do so."

The same rule regarding the hats holds good with respect to princes and princesses. Therefore, as we see, it is anything but strange that the people reverence loyalty. Nor does it seem to me probable that so long as these demonstrations are kept up and the young are trained to think them a necessity, England will ever adopt a purely elective form of government like our own.

One curious thing in which our relatives across the water differ from us is the regard in which the profession of medicine and surgery are held. Here they are considered among the highest, there they are second rate. Rarely indeed does one of the "gentry" in England become a doctor, no matter how strong his predilection might be in that direction. They may be clergymen,—and no especial amount of piety is exacted either,—lawyers, or enter the army or navy. It is difficult to see why this line has been drawn, but it is a closely defined one.

Social laws are absolute, and that is where the shock comes in at what they call "Americanisms." In some things their customs are vastly superior to ours; in others they are so exact as to be absurd. Take, for instance a gentleman's necktie. At home for evening when there is no one but the family present, or an intimate friend, he may wear one made of black silk or satin. At all other times his tie must be of white *cambric*, but never of silk or satin, unless he wishes to be considered ignorant of "good form." Especially would he be condemned should he dare to wear a mauve colored one. In the same way a lady who would wear a hat instead of a bonnet to church, would be regarded as ignorant of what belongs to good society.

There are some differences in the way weddings are solemnized that are interesting. First every marriage must take place between eight in the morning and three in the afternoon, unless a special license be obtained to do otherwise. These are known as canonical hours. In good society in England, no one is married at night or in a house. Either would be "bad form." Being in the morning there is no display in dress as in this country. A best man attends the bridegroom, but an usher is absolutely unknown. The bride's father gives what is called the wedding breakfast, which is a formal affair. Two speeches are in "good form," one from an intimate friend who proposes the health of the bride and one from the bridegroom in reply.

Invitations to the wedding are rarely sent for the ceremony at the church, nor are cards in any shape or fashion good form. No marriage in high life takes place without marriage settlements being made and signed before the ceremony, by which any money the contracting parties may have, or that may be given them is placed in the hands of trustees, for the benefit of both. Receptions held after the return from the honeymoon or tour, for which cards are sent, are not "good form" in England.

So far as the simplicity of these affairs are concerned they are decidedly in advance of us here in the United States, where show is the rule if there is money to be obtained to carry it out. It is the rule and not the exception to make a wedding the occasion of a great display, often involving an expense far beyond the means of the parents of the bride by whom it is mostly incurred.

The most interesting thing to me, however, in the differences between these two nations, which are yet so much alike, is found in the language. In common parlance English and Americans use the same tongue, and yet there have grown to be variations, numerous and considerable.

The author of the present work notes one curious little thing that I have never chanced to see mentioned before. So great is the fear of appearing priggish in conversation—in which it is the rule to use the simplest possible language—that it is "actually looked upon as "bad form" to be *too* grammatical in the structure of spoken sentences in ordinary conversation," and "it is me," "was it him or her?" are heard frequently. On the other hand should any one say "we was," "he done it," it would be almost social ruin. This really seems an absurdity, as good grammar can never be out of place anywhere.

They always say "directly" for "right away," "top hat" for "stove pipe hat," "the play" for "theater," "fluke" for "scratch," "shop" for "store," "sweets" for "candy," "chemist" for "drug-store," "leg" for "limb," "luggage" for "baggage," "box" or "portmanteau" for "trunk," "quick" for "spry," and so the list might go on almost indefinitely. If one could only trace the history of these variations it would be interesting. One thing is certain—nations, like individuals, have their idiosyncrasies for which there is neither rhyme nor reason.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

UMBRELLA HOLDER.—The following will answer inquiry in regard to this useful article: "They may be made of heavy brown linen, or any of the fancy cloths used for embroidery, if they have sufficient weight. The back should be one yard long, three and a half inches wide at the bottom and five at the top. This may be lined with the same or any lighter material. Put a piece of heavy card-board or pasteboard, same size, between the two—if this is not done, the pockets will sag when filled with umbrellas and canes. The outside piece for pockets should be 26 inches long, 4 inches wide at the lower end, and $10\frac{1}{2}$ at the upper. Have stamped any pretty design or appropriate mottoes, and work them in outline stitch with scarlet Madonna cotton, or silk, or wool, if desired; but the cotton stands the wear of the laundry and long usage better than the more fancy colors. A design of folded umbrella or a cane will do for one pocket, with another for a sudden shower, with people hurrying and skurrying between the drops for the other. 'Sunshine cometh after rain,' 'Fast bind, fast find,' and 'Laid by for a rainy day,' are appropriate sentiments with which to adorn the pocket. Having finished the design, baste the two pieces together, lengthwise, exactly in the middle; over this stitch a strip of scarlet braid; now fasten the outer edges together and bind neatly with same braid; stitch loop of the braid across the top, to hang up by. If one has not plenty of room, the inside or outside of a wardrobe or closet door may be used for hanging."

Now is the time that the pamphlet, "Fancy Work and House Decoration," will be useful to housekeepers. It can be had awhile longer by sending 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

FROSTING GLASS PANELS TO PAINT ON.—In answer to an inquiry how to frost panels I give my way. The simplest is to give the glass an even coat of megilp and dust with diamond powder. The painting is done on the reverse side. The prettiest way, however, is to paint one side a delicate tint, such as pink, blue, lavender or grey. For the first use rose madder, white and megilp; the second, new blue, white and megilp; the third, purple madder, white and megilp, and the last named, white, ivory black, new blue and megilp. Apply to the glass with rapid, even, up and down strokes, and blend. On the smooth side transfer the design, and then go over the entire background with megilp and dust with diamond powder. I have noticed that Mrs. Thompson frequently uses geranium lake. As an experienced painter, let me here say that it is an unreliable color. It gives the most beautiful shades of pink, but they are not lasting, and with rose and pink madders one can get almost as lovely shades, which are permanant. Schonfeldt's silver white is the best of all whites, as is also his zinnober greens. In all other colors Winsor and Newton excel.

Mauve lake is another unreliable color, and instead of using it for pansies as some do, it is better to use combinations of cobalt, madder lake, with white and yellow ocher, qualifying it according to the tone desired with raw umber, very black, burnt sienna, etc. Pale drying in is an old-fashioned medium, and little used at present, as it is apt to turn dark.

The best artists now use pure poppy oil, and if a dryer is needed add one drop of nicotine de Corutray to five of oil. A friend once used pale drying oil in a light gray back-ground to a portrait, and two years after it had changed to almost black. If wished will give my palette of colors for painting nasturtims, crimson, yellow and jacqueminot, roses, poppies, dogwood, westeria, etc.; also for portraits, animals, fruit and landscapes, or answer through the BLADE any questions upon painting in oil, water, or mineral colors.—MONTANA MAY.

PRETTY ORNAMENT.—I had a foundation made of pine wood in the shape of a cross with base, which I covered with bleached cotton flannel, then immersed in a bath, composed of 1 lb. alum and 1 gal. water, which I boiled to disolve the alum, then cooled. I kept it in 24 hours, and now have a beautiful crystal ornament for my mantel.—MRS. MAY GALE.

ANOTHER.—Will tell the household sisters of my latest parlor ornament, an old leaky tin dipper, scrubbed bright and clean, a coat of varnish, then bronze gilding rubbed well over it with a brush before the varnish is dry, a bunch of water lillies and leaves painted on it, a bow of crimson ribbon tied around the handle and the dipper hung on the wall.—L. D. TUSCULUM, TENN.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; fi, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

ENGLISH LACE.—Cast on 16 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—t t o—k 5—t t o—n—k 1—n—t t o—k 4; 2d row—knit plain (17 stitches); 3d row—k 2—o—k 1—n—t t o 3 times—sl 1—n—pass sl st over—k 1—o—sl 1—n—pass sl st over—o—k 5; 4th row—knit plain to the 3 loops—make 3 stitches of the loops by knitting 1, seaming 1, knitting 1, rest plain (18 stitches); 5th row—k 1—n—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3; 6th row—knit plain (17 stitches); 7th row—k 1—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 2; 8th row—knit plain (16 stitches); 9th row—k 1—n—o—sl 1—n—pass the sl st over—o—k 1—n—o 3 times—sl 1—n—pass sl st over—k 1—o—n—k 1; 10th row—knit same as 4th (15 stitches); 11th row—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—12th row—knit 16 stitches.—A. M. D.

BABY'S SACK.—Materials; 3 ozs. knitting silk, and a medium sized crochet hook. Begin at the neck with a chain of 108 stitches. Turn, make 3 ch., then a shell of 3 long trebles in every fourth chain until you have 11 sh. The sixth shell has 6 long trebles, then 6 sh. of 3 ltr., 1 sh. of 6 ltr., 6 sh. of 3 ltr., 1 sh. of 6 ltr., 11 sh. of 3 ltr. This completes the row. Work backwards and forwards, always putting the shells between those of the preceding row, and puting 6 ltr. in the preceding six, thus widening three times in each row, on each shoulder and in the back. Make 10 rows, then work from the edge to the first shoulder, turn and work back. Make 10 rows in this way without widening. This will make one front, to the lower part of the armhole. Work the other front in the same way, and also the back, except that the widening must be continued down the middle of the back. After the 10 rows have been worked on each of the three parts, join, and work back and forth all the way across again, widening only in the middle of the back (where it must always be widened in each row). Make 16 rows below the armhole. This completes the body of the sack. For the sleeves, crochet round and round in the armhole, putting the shells between the rows. The widening of the shoulder should be continued all the way down the sleeve, but to keep the sleeve straight, narrow in every round alternately on the right and left of the widening. For instance, in the first round, narrow on the right of the widening; in the second round on the left; in the third on the right again. The narrowing is done by simply missing one shell. Seventeen rounds complete the sleeve.

Put a row of trebles separated by three chain around the neck, to make a place for the cord, and finish with a scallop shell all around sack and sleeves. A pretty scallop is 1 sc., in the space between two shells, 2 ch., 6 ltr. in the same space, 1 sc. between the second and third ltr. of the following shell, repeat. A cord of silk or a narrow ribbon should be run in the neck to tie in front.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ABOUT FLOWERS.—"Vera," I would like to help you with your plants, but as you do not tell what kinds fail, or how you treat them, I may not succeed.

Here are a few reasons why plants fail: For large pots, plants rotting from overwatering when in pots that are too large. Poor soil in the pots makes poor plants. If you cannot get good soil use odorless fertilizer, which makes the plants grow and bloom finely. Worms in the pots will also kill the plants. Look for them. Either the tiny white worm or the angle worm will kill them, as they live on the plant's roots.

Plants requiring sun, will not do well in a north window. Geraniums should always be at an east, south or west window. Don't shade the window, but put the plants close to the glass, so they can get all the light possible. If you have only a north window, keep only such plants as will thrive without sun. Ferns, Rexbegonias and Primroses will do well in a north window, but don't expect them to grow in the dark. Give all the light possible to the plants.

Don't let the plants get so dry they are almost dead before watering, but when the top soil looks dry, give a good soaking. This does not apply to aquatics like Calla lillies, which should never get so dry. The little red spider often kills plants. Look on the underside of the leaves for it. It is not much lurger thad a pin point. To kill it dip the plants every day in cold watter, weting the underside of the leaf. Never let the plants get dusty and dirty. The leaves are the lungs of the plants, so keep them clean by sprinkling with cool water. Often I sprinkle mine every morning.—FRANCES B.

MARRY NOT IN HASTE.—The letters of the happy ones and of the unhappy ones are read with equal interest by me. If we are glad to rejoice with the happy ones we should not withhold our sympathy from the unhappy ones. Sweet, joyous, satisfying truths may no more be a beacon light to guide and keep us in the true way, than the dull discordant warning truths which admonish us that there are paths to shun as well as trace. If there be a record written of the neglect and thoughtlessness of either wife or husband that will cause their cheek to tingle with shame, the effect can be only for good; if they become angry it only shows their guilt the more. I have heard women praised for submitting in silence and meekness to the abuse and neglect of their husbands; but I saw nothing to praise in the renouncing of their happiness and well being to the unrighteous demands of those who had solemnly vowed to love and protect them. I would rather honor women for asserting their womanhood, for knowing they have rights and teaching their children and their husbands (if they need to) to respect those rights.

One of the great causes, or the one great cause of the unhappiness in families is marrying in haste, marrying young, marrying in a blind infatuation which was mistaken for love. Infatuation belongs to the same species as "puppy love," which is very severe on the young. But if the disease can be arrested in the first stages and kept under control, the victim is not likely to suffer from a second attack.

Keep the youth as children, as learners, until they have reached sufficient age to have judgment. Teach the youth that they are not capable of making choice of a companion until their own nature is so developed as to know that there is a conformity of opinions, manners and sentiment in the one they choose for a companion.

It is said "Love is blind," but I say true love is never blind, and cannot be blindfolded. There is a blind infatuation sometimes and often times that lasts until husband and wife are thoroughly acquainted, then the rest of their lives are spent in trying to convince one another that they were not blind, but blinded. The fault lies in the training of the young. The parents were not taught to think of these things, and they in turn do not teach their children.

I have seen many a mother pleased when her young daughter had a beau, early instilling into the girl's mind a desire to attract attention, when the child had better been playing blackman or dressing her dolls and playing go visit in a playhouse in the back yard.

The mother teaches her daughter how to choose a becoming dress, hat or ribbon, spending hours in selecting what is most suitable in a costume, who would be shocked at the idea of speaking to her daughter concerning the evil consequences of a marriage based upon anything but the choice of a mature judgment, the purest motives and the tenderest affection. You say society is to blame; but the foundation of society is the husband and wife, the father and mother.

I have often heard the question asked by a mother concerning a new acquaintance or stranger—is he rich? Everything was as nothing in comparison. Having this, it was the same as if he possessed all things.

Any girl who merely marries for her board and clothes; who marries that she might have money to spend; who goes to the altar promising to love and obey him whom she neither honors nor respects, is not much better, only as the laws make it respectable, than she who sells her virtue for the golden dross. How dare I say it? It is the truth.

Fathers teach their sons the laws of business, never teaching them the laws of virtue and health, which, disobeyed, will bring evils and ills to themselves and their posterity. Men chose carefully their partners in business, look sharp to health, character and disposition of horse or other animal they are buying, yet choses a companion for life regardless of her qualification.—PEN CARTES.

CORRESPONDENCE CLIPPINGS.

I write to let Mrs Myron Beard, of Morice, Mich., know of the result of trying her remedy for contraction of the cords. The prescription was angle worm oil well rubbed in. I did just as you said, Mrs. B., and found it as you represented. Our Jess steps much better now. The limb was badly shrunken. I don't see as it seems to fill out any more but seemingly holds its own. If she were not obliged to take long walks to and from school, and were careful about getting around at her plays, she would be far better off, but there is no quietness in her gait. I shall continue the treatment, and with her youthfulness, hope she will outgrow the lameness. I return to you, Mrs. M., my heartfelt thanks and best wishes for you and yours. Now a word to Mrs. Mary Gale, of Redwood Falls, Minn.: You want some wintergreen roots you say. There is some near by here I can very easily procure for you, but the winters there are so severe will they thrive there do you think? I am well acquainted with lovely Redwood Falls. I left there seven years ago. If you wish to write me concerning the roots Mrs. I. W. Crump or Mrs. McMillan can tell you concerning the writer.—IDUMEA.

Do say one word of remonstrance against the habitual practice of some girls, who though lovely in character are certainly lacking in judgment and make it a point when visiting or calling on their lady friends, to stay until so late that the grown up brothers are obliged to escort them home. Especially is this noticeable when the said brothers are in the habit of paying them some attention. Please speak another word against the disgusting, sitting up practice. It seems strange that a gentleman cannot call on her lady friend without staying half of the night. I think if the young lady would give him a strong hint about ten o'clock that she would like to retire, he would not attempt it again.—A YOUNG FRIEND.

There is certainly a lack of both judgment and delicacy in the young lady who throws herself at a young man in the way mentioned. It is possible that some understanding exists between the two which "Young Friend" is not aware of, otherwise, such a practice would most assuredly place her in a false light in the eyes of the young man. Social laws are imperative in regard to the woman being the one sought instead of seeking, and the girl who puts herself in the latter class, no matter how thoughtlessly, will be sure to regret doing so.

The editor has already expressed herself so strongly upon the sitting-up practice that more seems hardly necessary. It is one to be most emphatically disapproved, and is not now indulged in in the best society.—ED.

Now that the season for house cleaning is drawing near I offer my mite of experience for the benefit of my sister workers, trusting it may do them much good and do away with the greatest enemy the housekeeper has to contend with. I refer to the bed bug. I haven't been bothered with a bed bug for eight years, neither do I entertain a single fear of being troubled with them in years to come just as long as I can get plenty of carbolic acid. Try it, worried housekeeper, quit scalding your bedsteads till they turn white. Go to your druggist, get him to put you up a quarter's worth and don't be afraid to use it. Get a bunch of feathers, take your bedsteads apart and give them a thorough application. Put it on the corners of the ticks, in the cracks in the wall, floor, windows and doors, in fact put it everywhere that a bug might be hiding and I give you my word for it you will be happy at the result. You may miss a few the first or even the second time but don't give up till you have conquerred and you will conquer if you persevere. Carbolic acid will drive lice from chicken houses. Try this, housekeeper, and write of your success.—MRS. ROBERT BOYD.

To A. B. W.: Seeing your request for information concerning Southern Colorado and having resided in Los Animas Co. for nine months, will very briefly reply. I lived near a new town, Springfield, and never enjoyed better health. The climate is delightful, and although the sun shines with exceeding power, there is nearly always a cool breeze. There are no merchants in Springfield, and I think one could do well there. Last winter they had rather severe weather, there being a great deal of snow. I am now in New Mexico, and think the climate is milder than in Colorado, besides being free from blizzards. The mountain scenery on every hand adds to the beauty of the country, the Snowy Range being in sight, although from 80 to 100 miles distant. The Palo Blanco and Sierra Grande are only about five miles away. There is an abundance of running water in the streams. Old residents say sickness is unknown here. We are forming a colony near the old Apache, and as there are no stores at all, I think a grocer will do better than a merchant, for a while at least. For further information address M. L. Moore, Springer, Colfax County, N. M.

INQUIRIES.

Would Mrs. G. V. Brown, of Sorento, Fla., please favor us with another letter through the BLADE?

I can furnish Mrs. Mary Gale with a root of the flower called "Queen of the Meadow."

I agree with "Sister Nona" in regard to having an exchange column in the BLADE, and think it could be used without being abused.—A. F. B., Buckland, Prince William county, Va.

The experiment of an exchange column, as already stated, has been thoroughly tried in the BLADE with the result mentioned. Our honest and honorable correspondents cannot answer for those who are not so. We should be very glad to oblige the former could we do so in justice to our paying advertisers.—ED.

Will some one tell me of some woman that wishes a housekeeper or a companion? Would be very thankful for any such information. Direct to this address.—L. D., Tusculum, Tenn.

Can some one tell me how to take white stains, made by heat, out of furniture?—M. E. L., box 43, Davenport, Neb.

Please tell me how to cure meat into breakfast bacon so that it will be sweet and soft.—H. DANIELS.

Can any one suggest some pretty way to utilize a quantity of small sea shells—many of them not of nice color but of pretty shape.—MRS. MARY GALE.

We, in our school, are making a collection of geological, mineralogical and natural curiosity specimens, and ask all who will, to send us a specimen from your locality of woods, fossils, pyrites, polyps, or anything in this line. Should like a specimen of the amethyst or blue stone from the Lake Superior region. Should like specimens from every state and territory in the Union. Number your specimen and send your address, and we will return the postage. Address Box 256, Columbia City, Whitley county, Ind.

I desire, through the HOUSEHOLD, to know if anyone can tell me if there is any place in California, Kansas or Colorado, where a hay fever subject could go and be relieved of the hay fever.—CROSBY.

In looking over my flower seed I find I have plenty of poppy and prince's feather of all colors, morning glory and some pretty blue flowers that came up with my lettuce last year. I do not know the name. All that wish may have as long as they last by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope. I would be glad if some of the sisters would send some patterns of rick rack and novelty trimming. I know plenty in knitting and crocheting. I have some good cook recipes I can send if wished for.—MRS. LIZZIE S. RANDALL, Box 86.

Will some one send directions for playing backgammon?—N. S. W.

Will you please inform me through the HOUSEHOLD how I can obtain the address of the physician at the medical Hot Springs in Arkansas, and oblige an invalid?—JACOB DOWELL.

Write to the postmaster enclosing stamp and ask him to send you the name of a leading physician there.—ED.

Will Leah L. send her address to M. S. E., lock box 43, Davenport, Nebraska?

Will some one tell where the plant called "Squaw vine" can be obtained?—ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

How long after the death of a mother should a young lady wear crape?—IGNORANCE.

Four months or one season is long enough to wear crape. The mourning is worn one year for parents. Of course if any one likes it can be retained longer. "Ignorance" would find a chapter devoted to that subject in "Social Etiquette," which she can obtain by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O.—ED.

Tell "Careful Reader" to use black walnut for the liniment. Tell "Practical" to put a dozen or so of copper cents in a half teacupful of pure cider vinegar, wet her head a few times with it and it will stop itching and be clear of dandruff. I think she will find it good for hands also.—E. B.

To Miss Jennie Pearl Annel: The Chinese in this city all cultivate their lilly so that it will bloom about their New Year. I have seen the Chinese lilly raised but in one way, and that is as follows: Fill any kind of dish or vessel that will hold water with pebble stones over half an inch in diameter and nest the lilly bulb in these stones the same as you would in the earth and fill up the crevices in the pebble stones with water, and the lilly will always grow and bloom. The Chinese use dark-colored or soft pebbles which furnish the substance that the lilly needs, and the water acts on the pebbles as a conductor of these lillies natural fertilizer.—O. P. HENRY, Astoria, Oregon.

One of the sisters asks how she can prevent her pie crust from puffing up and filling her pie tins so that there is no room for fruit or custard filling. If she will line the tin nicely with pie paste and prick it full of holes, then set it in the oven to bake a light brown, she will find it to work like a charm.

The Audobon Society has for its object the protection of our birds. One may become a member of this society by signing the pledges, i. e.: 1. Not to shoot the birds. 2. Not to rob or destroy their nests. 3. Not to use their feathers as personal or household adornment. A certificate of membership, containing an engraving of John J. Audobon is sent to each member. If "Constant Reader" will send to Secretary of the Audobon Society, No. 40, Park Row, New York City, she can obtain the pledge.—BETSEY MARTIN.

Say to the ten thousand that will want to know how to keep their furs and skins from moths, to put them in good sound paper flour sacks, tie them up tightly at the mouth, put them in a dry place, forget them until next winter and report.—E. J. GOULD, Lawrence, Kas.

Please tell "A Constant Reader" that she can curl her tips and plumes by having a good bed of coals, on which she must put some corncobs, and *a handful of salt*, and then shake her tips and plumes *hard* in the smoke, and they will be light and fluffy as when new. Be careful not to scorch.—IRENE.

RECIPES.

STRAWBERRY PIE.—Pick over and cap the berries, arrange in layers in a shell of pastry, and sprinkle with a good coating of sugar. Fill the shell very full, as strawberries shrink verry much in cooking. Cover with crust and bake. Other berry pies can be made in the same way, using sugar according to the sweetness of the berry.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.—Use any good rule given for short cake. Bake in a long tin in two sheets, one lying upon the other, which allows it to split easily. Bake, split apart, spread the under part with butter, then put on a layer of strawberries which have been sugared. Finish with the upper crust, and it is ready to serve. Sliced oranges are sometimes used in place of strawberries.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.—Scatter $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. sugar over 1 qt. of ripe sweet berries and let them stand 3 hrs. Press and smash them and strain them through a thin muslin bag. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar, and when dissolved beat in 1 qt. of cream little by little. Freeze rapidly; if the freezer is not a patent one, open it frequently to beat and stir the cream.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.—Fourteen ozs. of picked strawberries; 1 qt. of water; 1 lemon; 1 teaspoonful of orange-flower water; 18 ozs. of sugar. Crush the strawberries in a mortar; then add to them 1 qt. of water. Pour this into a basin with a lemon sliced and a teaspoonful of orange-water; let it remain for 2 or 3 hrs. Put 18 ozs. of powdered white sugar into another basin; cover it with a cloth, through which pour the strawberry juice; after as much has run through as can, gather up the cloth and squeeze out as much more as possible. When the sugar is all dissolved, strain it again; set the bowl or jug containing it on ice, until ready to serve.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Allow $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of suger to a pound of fruit. Let the sugar simmer 20 mins., adding, perhaps a tablespoonful of water to start it; then add the strawberries; let them come to a boil; cover and move back to steam 5 min. Put them in glass jars while still scalding hot, and seal them hermetically.

FOR PAINTING A FLOOR.—1 qt. of water; 4 ozs. of glue; 3 lb. of spruce yellow. Pour the water cold on the glue, let it stand 12 hours or more, heat it gradually till the glue is dissolved, add more water if too thick, apply while hot, let it dry 3 hours, then oil thoroughly. It will be dry enough to walk upon in 24 hours.—M. C. POUND.

GRAHAM BREAD.—In answer to "California's" request that some sister send her a recipe for Graham bread, I willingly contribute the following: 1 pt. sour milk; 1 teaspoonful of soda; $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar; 2 tablespoonfuls of lard; flour enough to make very stiff. You can use your own taste in regard to the sugar, as it will be good and wholesome without it, and in fact many prefer it without.—MRS. VEVA, Tampico, Whiteside Co., Ill.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

NORFOLK, OR.	Matie Cobb	Ralph Munger
Henry C Sherrett	Lutie Senepe	Otis Reans
Nora Leach	Raen Baltzley	H Armentrout
QUINCY, ILL.	Clyde Baltzley	Rey Armentrout
Harry Woods	Edna Baltzley	Willie Stutsman
Edward P Woods	Edith Hillabrant	Homer Fribley
Albert A Woods	Nora Hunter	Asa Shepherd
Alice I Woods	Maggie McKee	Harry Fleck
WEST NEWTON, PA.	Mabel Dodge	Charley Fleck
Millie B Secrist	Rena Dodge	Gus Comer
Lizzie B McAllister	Loie Fribley	Dale Stapleton
DEGOLIA, PA.	May Hutchinson	Rolland Lambert
C Faye Brant	Lulu Hutchinson	George Milligan
Roy Helenbrook	Ada Handlin	Ira Tobias
Ella Helenbrook	Gertie Reans	Roy Johnson
Ray Helenbrook	Ada Munger	Frank Macon
Ivy Helenbrook	Effie Stutsman	Earnest Kincade
Willie Morris	Stella Stutsman	Gus Kincade
Minnie Morris	Laura Dill	Tom Traughber
Lewis Young	Alma Dill	Bennie Tra'ghber
Rossie Young	Maud Barton	Gertie Johnson
Rose Young	Alta Hight	Cora Shepherd
Grace Young	Daisy Pratt	Edith Arm'ntrout
Jay Hubbard	Frank Pratt	Blanche Watkins
Claudia Orbutt	Mag'ie Catherw'd	Eva Traughber
Sammy Fleming	Lizzie Shaw	Philip Holmes
George Taylor	Mamie Shaw	Wm Wolf
Cliffie Sloan	Maggie Delashm't	Frank Reber
Charl'y Frederick	May Delashmutt	Karl Hight
Sadie Burton	Edna Delashmutt	Bertie Unroe
Hattie Burton	Sadie Delashmutt	Lily Unroe
ASSUMPTION, ILL.	Birdie Delashm'tt	Emmet Tropbeck
Grace Howard	Fannie Michael	Jessie Dill
Rose Howard	Lou Long	Angie Posten
Allie Howard	Lovey Miller	Bertie Stapleton
Daisy Cobb	Myrtle H'tchins'n	Jesse M Beeman

Names this week, 103. Total 23,516.

The above embraces all names received up to May 10.

THE SPRINGTIME.

The croaker has croaked his croak, and he
Has kicked a kick as hard as can be,
And said, he said, as he looked at me,
"Not a word about spring will I hear."

'Twill make him as mad as mad I fear,
But I'll whisper, whisper soft in your ear,
It's my candid opinion he's queer, he's queer
As a croaker can possibly be.

And I'll tell you a secret, a secret, my dears,
He'll have to put wool, put wool in his ears,
And wrap up his nose and all of his toes
And flee to a land hibernal.

For if he stays here, stays here, he will find
That the sun, the sun and the warm south wind
With birds, bees and flowers are closely combined,
To tell the glad story of the springtime.

The moon-man laughs and laughs with glee,
And the stars all wink and wink at me,
As much as to say you'll see, you'll see
That something will be sure to happen.

A fat robin redbreast over the way—
Is singing a jubilant roundelay;
And I think I hear, I hear him say
That something is going to happen.

So the croaker may croak, may croak at me,
And may kick, may kick as hard as can be,
But he'll have to hear, you'll see, you'll see,
That springtime is coming, is coming.

WILLIE HAY AND THE CALF.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Willie Hay was the only son of old Timothy Hay, the farmer, and he had such an easy time for a farmer's son that he was dissatisfied with everything. It was the opinion of all Cloverville that Willie Hay was a spoiled boy, and the action of his father in sending him to school during the portions of the year when he could be of use upon the farm was freely admitted to be a piece of extravigance that should be met with swift and terrible punishment.

But Willie Hay did not appreciate his rare good luck in being able to go to school while his acquaintances worked. His six hours of school each day were harder for him to bear than were his companions' twelve or fourteen hours in the fields. He envied them what seemed to him their happier lot, because they didn't have to study or think at all. To him a rainy day was a day of real sunshine, for then he could stay at home and do nothing. Often he feigned sickness, and didn't even say he felt well enough to go out after it was too late to go to school, but willingly took any kind of noxious medicine offered, and gladly remained in bed all day.

One day he was walking along the road on his way to school, counting the days that must pass before his summer vacation would arrive, when he saw one of his father's spotted calves frisking about in the meadow and having a splendid time. He coaxed the calf to come to him by pretending to have something in his hand, which he persuaded the calf to imagine was of a toothsome character. When the animal came near enough Willie caught hold of his tail and started him on a run. It seemed to him a most joyful sport to be towed around the field at the rate the calf was going, and he urged it on until he had the poor beast fairly jumping and prancing through the air.

"The calf has more fun than I do," he said, "and I might as well make things square by letting him feel as mean as I do when I'm sitting in the school room. I wish I could be the calf, and the calf me, for three months."

No sooner had he said this than he found himself running along as hard as he could go on four legs, while the calf was behind holding his tail with one hand and applying a stick with the other, laughing heartily at Willie's frantic efforts to escape.

"It was all very fine when I was a calf, and you were a little boy, but now I am a little boy and you are a spotted calf, I am going to have lots of fun. You are going to be a calf for three months, and if you are bought by the butcher inside of that time, and cut up into cutlets and roasting pieces, why, of course I shall continue to live on as Willie Hay. I am not going to tell any one that I am in reality a calf, and so no one will ever know it; and it will be impossible for you to prove that you are not a calf, because you can't talk."

Then the calf gave Willie a rap on the side of the head that made his ears flap wildly about, and grasping his tail with a firmer grip, followed in his wake as he went galloping about the pasture.

Finally the calf drove Willie up to the fence, and then let him go. Willie retired to a safe distance, and watched the calf as he walked schoolward with his books under his arm. As the calf was passing out of sight a swarm of black flies alighted on Willie, and bit him so severely that he was obliged to seek refuge in a pond near by.

"Oh," thought Willie, as he saw his reflection in the water, "this is terrible! Here I have got to eat grass and cornstalks for three months, and if they want to kill me I can't tell them who I am. And then, before the three months of my calfhood are up, that boy may run away with a circus, or leave the town, or die a natural death, and then I'll be a permanent beef. Pity the sorrows of a temporary calf."

Just then a strange dog came in, and chased Willie about until he almost dropped from exhaustion, and then his father came along with a butcher to see if they could make a bargain. Willie could only reflect on the seriousness of his position, but he could not make it known. He could feel himself turning into veal cutlets and calfskin boots by inches. Great was his delight, however, when the butcher concluded not to buy him; and when he saw the red wagon fade over the distant hill he felt much easier.

Willie was then given some corn-stalks for dinner, and while he was eating them he reflected on what a good time the calf was having in comparison; for at that very moment the calf was sitting under a shady tree in the school yard eating gingerbread out of Willie's tin box. It was to him a great treat to be thus lifted out of calfdom, and changed into a human being. He made up his mind not to say a word about his being a calf to any one, and when the teacher called him a calf once during the day for something he had done, he half suspected that that person knew all, and he was about to confess, but fortunately for himself did not. He was greatly pleased with school life, especially that part of it that is devoted to recess and base ball.

The calf had to take several thrashings that were due Willie, but he did not mind them much, as he knew he could even up matters with Willie by tying a hard knot in his tail on his return home. And there was another thing that filled the heart of the calf with joy, and that was that his three months' existence as a small boy would cover Willie's vacation, and he could have all the base ball and fishing he could stand in that time, while Willie was prancing about eating rich daisies and goldenrod.

That afternoon when the calf walked into the house he saw Willie glaring at him through the bars of the fence.

"I am going to advise father to salt you down," said the calf.

This completely upset Willie's peace of mind. The idea of a calf advising a boy's father to salt him down, and thus become an unconscious cannibal, was more than he could bear. But what could he do? It was impossible for him to utter a word in his own behalf, and he believed the calf would do all in his power to get him out of the way and usurp his position, for he already knew him to be a mean, designing calf. Then, when Willie saw the calf coming out of the house with a large thick slice of bread generously spread with jam, his rage knew no bounds.

Willie directed a vicious kick at the calf, evidently intending to reduce him to calf's-foot jelly, but the calf dodged quickly out of danger. That afternoon the calf saw his parents walking about the pasture, but he treated them with great indifference, not deigning to notice them. Of course they didn't recognize him as their son any more than Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hay recognized Willie as theirs. And that night Willie had to sleep with the calf's parents out in the barn, while the red calf slept up stairs in a nice cozy bed.

Although Willie appeared in the semblance of the calf, yet did he possess his human intelligence. The only thing that made him helpless was that he could not talk or make his troubles known. One day the calf was taking a little stroll with old Timothy Hay, who never for an instant thought he was not talking to his son.

"I tell you what it is, father," said the calf, pointing to Willie, "that calf ought to be killed; I am afraid of him."

"Has he attempted to hurt you?" asked Mr. Hay.

"No; but there is something queer about him. I saw him reading a sign about a strayed or stolen cow the other day on Webster's barn; and only this morning I saw him standing in his stall reading an agricultural paper. I am afraid we'll have bad luck if we keep him."

Timothy Hay could scarcely credit the strange story of the calf, but the latter, in a whisper that Willie could not hear, asked Mr. Hay to step behind a fence. No sooner had he done so than he observed Willie through a knot-hole reading a circus poster that had that morning been posted on the barn. And he knew that Willie was actually reading it, because he gave unmistakeable evidence of understanding it by the peculiar smile that lighted his face.

"I'm not superstitious," said Timothy Hay, "but I believe that calf is bewitched, and I may have bad luck with the crops if I let him live."

"It would be better to kill the calf than lose everything, and have to buy our vegetables in the village," suggested the crafty calf.

"Indeed it would," reflected Timothy Hay, "and I think I'll do it."

"Oh, all is lost! all is lost!" thought Willie. The calf was jubilant. He could see himself growing up in Willie's shoes, and some day owning the farm.

That evening Timothy Hay told his wife about the spotted calf being able to read. At first she thought that if the calf could read aloud he might be made useful in the long evenings of winter. But when she was told that the calf (that is, Willie) was bewitched, she immediately advised that she be killed and eaten.

The killing of Willie was put off, however, until the busy season should be over. The calf enjoyed Willie's vacation very much, and Willie came to enjoy eating grass as much as if it were pie. His execution had been put off so long that he concluded it would be entirely forgotten, and that on the expiration of the three months he would be himself once more. Finally the summer drifted by, and both Willie and the calf were very nervous, Willie believing that he would be killed and eaten, and the calf fearing that he would shortly be in his old position.

One day when the butcher, who came to kill the pigs, had finished that job, Timothy Hay thought of the bewitched calf, and said he would like to have him killed.

In a moment or two later Willie was hanging by a rope tied to his hind leg, and the calf was standing by smiling. The butcher turned to get his knife, and when he stepped up to perform his duty his surprise was unbounded to see a little boy hanging by an ankle, and a calf standing by on the barn floor. The butcher then believed the calf was bewitched, and without waiting to hoist him up, he killed him on the spot, while the little boy was released from the rope and restored to his family. He explained how he and the calf had been changed for three months, and how the time fortunately expired at the right moment to make everything pleasant for him.

"If the three months had not been up for ten minutes more," said Willie, "I should have been killed, and that calf would have inherited all this farm."

Of course Timothy Hay was more than delighted, and it is said that never after did Willie find fault with his lot, but took everything as it came and was happy.—*Harpers's Young People.*

STARTING A BALKY HORSE.

I was attracted yesterday by a considerable gathering of people in a down-town street, occasioned by a balky horse, which even the policeman himself could not persuade to "move on." All kinds of plans were tried. First, about a dozen men shoved the wagon behind, but even then, by firmly planting his forefeet, the determined beast managed to resist progression, although I thought the breeching would burst. An old piece of cloth was then carefully tied over his eyes, and, after a short pause, he was gently requested to proceed; but he stood still and the crowd jeered. Next, a rather consequential person came forward and standing on tiptoe, so that he could reach the horse's ear, whispered into it something which he evidently thought would have an instantaneous and miraculous effect; but the animal was deaf to this siren, and the consequential person slunk off, pursued by the sarcasms of a bootblack. The driver was now in a rage which vented itself in blows and imprecations.

But just as he was passing from this condition into one of stony despair, a quiet young fellow waved him aside, unharnessed the horse, took him out of the shafts and after leading him across the street and back, reharnessed him and handed the reins to the driver, who now drove off without the least trouble. The expedient was simple but effective, and it suggests what is, I believe, the true philosophy of the balky horse. The effort should be not to overcome his fixed idea of standing still, but to supplant that notion by diverting his attention to something else.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

GOOD SOCIETY.

From Peck's Sun.

A boy who owns a dog has good company. They are true friends and neither would think of going back on the other. Their friendship is true and faithful. If you meet one you are pretty sure to see the other near, and if one gets into a quarrel, the other is sure to take a hand. Did you ever notice a boy and a dog that have been together any length of time? Of course you have. Why, they understand each other as well, and better, in fact, than two boys would. The dog knows exactly what his little master means when he speaks, and will stick up his ears, turn his head on one side, then on the other and look the boy square in the face with all but human expression in his countenance when he is being talked to. It is "love me, love my dog" with every boy. To insult one is to insult the other, and an insult to each is resented by both. You could no more buy that dog of his young master than you could hire him to kill his best friend. The wag of that dog's tail is of more value to the boy than anything else, except his mother's love. A dog is a most excellent companion to a boy. The dumb brute will be true even to death, and his faithfulness does, to a certain extent, create a true and faithful disposition in the boy. A boy is generally in good company when he and his dog go out into the woods and fields, and the parents have a reasonable feeling of security for the boy in such company.

HOW INDIANS GET THEIR NAMES.

Lieut. Schwatka, in a Montreal paper, gives a number of illustrations of the way in which Indians get their names. They are not named when babies, except as the children of their fathers; but when later some childish adventure or some accident befalls them, it proves, if not the turning point, at least the naming point of their lives. A little fellow is kicked by a pony, and, unless some further adventure distingnishes him, he will be known in future as "Kicking Horse," or "Kicked by the Horse;" a little girl pitches into a brook or a pond, and hereafter will be known as "Fell in the water;" two children caught in a shower may be called "Rain-in-the-Face" and "Little Thunder," if they do not happen to be already named. "Touch-the-Clouds" was very tall, he must have found it hard, however, to wait for his name until he had made up his six feet. But the great Sioux chief, "Spotted Tail," kept his childish name; he received this from his delight in a raccoon's skin and his calling the tail "spotted tail," although it was really striped. "Crazy Horse" was a tamer of intractable horses. The list could be made endless.—*The Red Man.*

Inventions of the 19th Century.

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine,
Cars running by night and by day,
Homes lighted by gas and heated by steam,
And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released,
Then the telephone comes to excel it;
And to put on the finish, the last but not least,
Is the famed little Purgative Pellets.

Last but not least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

Mrs. John Sherwood, who is a mistress of deportment, repudiates the etiquette which demands that a lady should bow to a gentleman before he can presume to bow. She says it is an English custom which has no rights that society in America is bound to respect.

The Sunday School

Peter's Denial.

LESSON 9, SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10:12.

LESSON TEXT.

Matt. 26:67-75.

67. Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands.

68. Saying, prophesy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that smote thee.

69. Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying: thou also wast with Jesus, of Galilee.

70. But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest.

71. And when he was gone out into the porch another maid saw him, and said unto them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth.

72. And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the man.

73. And after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou art one of them; for thy speech bewrayeth thee.

74. Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew.

75. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Then did they spit in his face, and buffet him; and some smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophecy unto us, thou Christ: who is he that struck thee? (vs. 67, 68.) There is a very bad side to human nature, as well as a very good side. We speak of "humanity" as over against "brutality," as if men generally were good, and brutes generally were bad. But the fact is, that the worst side of men is a great deal worse than the worst side of brutes. The lowest depth of evil is not to be found in the brute; it is found only in man. Brutes would never find delight in turning against the best of their own species, and tormenting and torturing him in the hour of his helpless suffering. Men are capable of this, even without any outside provocation. And nothing brings out the worst spirit in man like the best spirit in his fellowman. It is not the heartless criminal, but it is the reformer, who arrouses the world's bitterness of feeling against him. The cold-blooded murderer on trial for his crime will have flowers sent to him by tender-hearted women; while the man who is seeking to lessen the curse of rumselling in the community is liable to be maltreated and murdered by the enraged populace. The chiefest objection to Jesus of Nazareth by those who reviled him was that he was so unlike themselves. That objection holds good to-day, and would hold good through a dozen probations on the part of those whose choice is deliberately against the spirit and the rule of such as He.

Now, Peter was sitting without in the court; and a maid came to him, saying, Thou also was with Jesus, the Galilæan. But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest (vs 69 and 70). We owe a great deal more to companionship than we realize. When we are surrounded by those who are true to the right, it is comparatively easy to be true ourselves. When only enemies of the truth are about us, it requires high courage to battle them all by confessing that our views are views that they count despicable. The young man who is foremost in Christian activities in a community where Christian activities are at a premium, finds it a very different matter to declare himself a Christian in a border community where all his fellows are scoffers at religion. It is true that we ought to be strong enough to stand firm amid all temptations which can beset us; but it is true that we have no right to claim that we should never fail our Lord in an emergency. Let us then thank God that He gives us so constantly the help of holy companionships; and let us see to it that those whom we love are surrounded by helpers in the Christian life so far as we can secure this gain to them.

And again he denied with an oath. . . . Then he began to curse and to swear. (vs. 72-74). One sin leads to another. If a man tells a lie for any cause whatsoever, he commonly has to back it up with other lies; and then he may think it necessary to swear to his statements, or to curse those who do not believe him. In fact, the man who deliberately tells a lie, who explicitly declares that which is untrue, by his very act of lying turns his back upon God—the God of truth; and his only hope of success rests on the Devil—the father of lies. Cursing is, indeed, a natural concomitant of lying. To lie, under any circumstances, or for any purpose, is to desert God's cause and to enter the Devil's service. Praying is appropriate to God's service. Cursing is appropriate to the Devil's service. Lying is incompatible with the service of God; it belongs to the service of the Devil.

And Peter remembered the word which Jesus had said. And he went out, and wept bitterly (v. 75). It makes all the difference in the world whether we remember the words of God before or after an act of sin. To remember those words in time for their heeding, may be a cause of grateful joy to us. To remember them when it is too late to be guided by their lesson, is a cause of only bitterness of regret. A young man who was in prison for crime told a visitor that he realized the truth of one Bible text which he never before knew the meaning of; and that was the text, "The way of transgressors is hard." It would be well if all of us remembered that text at the moment of any temptation to a transgression. If we don't remember it then, we shall be sure to remember it afterwards. At the time of sinning, the sin doesn't seem so very bad, nor its consequences so sure and so sad. But when looked back upon, and deliberately thought over, any sin is a curse of regret and weeping. If we sow sin, we must reap sorrow. This is a truth well worth remembering.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

Out of Tune.

Did you ever hear a near neighbor playing on an instrument out of tune? If so, did you ever remark, "Why don't Mrs. Music get her piano tuned?" A very natural inquiry. But you are in bad health, and allow a more valuable instrument, the body which is your companion not only in hours of leisure in the parlor, but in all sleeping as well as waking hours, to remain out of tune, and continue to jar on the feelings of all who come into sight of you or within the sound of your voice. Why don't you get it tuned? It is surely of as deep interest to you as your neighbor's rattling piano; and when you can do the tuning yourself, in a pleasant manner, it is well worth while to be in tune, and that without delay. One patient writes:

"Before I had used it a week I began to notice a marked change. That faint, tired feeling which I had for so long, began to disappear, and I began to gain life and animation. I also began to notice an improvement in my digestion, and I can now eat without the pain and distress which have been so troublesome for nearly a year."

A very interesting work containing other testimonials of like character, with names, entitled "Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," will be mailed to you free on application to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fashion in Beards.

The modern habit of wearing a full beard and mustache has come into common use since the days of the Crimean war.

Alexander caused his Macedonian soldiers to be clipped, lest their enemies should make use of their beards as handles in the fight.

Persian kings wore long beards interwoven with golden threads, while slaves in the same country were shaven as a sign of servitude.

When the Normans sought to compel the English to shave, as they did themselves, many chose rather to abandon their country than to lose their whiskers.

In the Bayeux tapestry King Edward the Confessor is represented either with a beard like a bunch of radishes or a forked beard and long mustache hanging down, while quite another sort of appendage adorns his chin in a painting at Westminster abbey.

Cæsar has left it upon record that ancient Britons wore no beards, though they allowed hair to grow upon the upper lip, and Strabo bears testimony of an opposite sort, writing of Scilly islanders in his time, whose custom it was to grow beards, goat fashion, in a point below the chin.

Some fifty years ago a certain Frenchman's upper lip was graced by a flowing mustache of such extraordinary length that it was his custom before a meal to tie it, with the utmost gravity, behind his head, that there might be no impediment to the full enjoyment of his food.

Rear End Collission.

JERSEY CITY, May 12.—A serious accident occurred this morning at the west end of the Erie tunnel.

A Greenwood lake train from Newark stopped at the tunnel for a signal to go ahead, when an Erie in-bound express came dashing into it.

All of the passengers were badly shaken up and ten of them were seriously injured, and it is thought that Theodore Ball, of Newark, and John Stevenson, of Franklin, N. J., will die.

Take Notice, Purchasers!

The market is glutted with worthless preparations for the teeth. Beware of them. Many corrode and abrade the enamel of the teeth and injure them irreparably. Use sterling SOZODONT and keep the dental row safe and beautiful.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

PRICE 50c. COMPLEXION DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA-CREAM SEND FOR CIRCULARS. Without injury positively removes Freckles, Liver-moles, Pimples and blemishes of the skin. Is not a wash or powder to cover defects, but a remedy to cure. Securely mailed, for 50c. G. C. BITTNER & Co., Toledo, O.

A VERY SMART PARROT.

An Oakville Lady Has a Pet with a Wonderful Vocabulary.

Miss Helen De Forest, of Oakville, Conn., is the owner of a fine African gray parrot. It is quite young, but gives promise of being a great talker, and is already quite proficient in the art of spelling. She shows a particular fondness for dogs, and will spell dog and pronounce it, then bark and say "pretty good," laughing heartily, as if she had said something quite cute. She will whistle for a dog, say "Wake up, wake up, Polly gray," "Hurrah, Peek-a-boo, whip-poor-will, poor little darling." She will groan as if in great distress and say, "Polly is so sick; Polly wants the doctor;" "caught cold;" "Polly you look sick, you do." She will make a sound exactly like the shoveling of coal and like the beating of an egg. She imitates the whistle of an engine and will also whistle a tune correctly. She will call the people passing and ask, "Where are you going—to Waterbury?" She often asks some members of the family, "What are you doing?" She will also say, "Please give Polly some peanuts; please do; Polly loves peanuts." Will ask callers if they are cold and say, "It is pretty cold out," and "Shoo, fly, shoo; don't bother Polly so," and "Fire, fire! Where? Put it out." She will imitate the cries of a child, cackling of a hen, and the fighting of cats perfectly. When her mistress leaves the house she will call her by name, say "Good-bye; Polly wants a kiss." In fact her vocabulary is almost as extensive as a stump speaker's.

—From the *Centropolis*, Kansas City, Mo., December 1st, 1887:

There is nothing so valuable to us as health, but we do not realize this until we are deprived of it. How many of our readers awake in the morning with dull pains in the back and head, and find it a hard task to perform daily duties? These are symptoms of Malaria, and we know from personal trial they may be completely eradicated by Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. It is a simple and effective remedy, and we advise our readers to try it.

MONEY SLINGING.

A Novel Method of Making an Allowance Last.

There is a certain young student at the Boston institute of technology whose method of regulating his personal expenditures is so strikingly original as to be worthy of description. Like many another youth of salad age he finds it impossible to refrain from squandering his money. It simply burns a hole in his pocket. So to get over the difficulty he has hit upon the following plan. Upon receiving the check for a fortnight's allowance, intended to cover his living expenses, he first liquidates any indebtedness that may be outstanding to his lodging-house keeper and washerwoman and converts the whole of the balance into 50 cent silver pieces.

Then going to his room and closing the door, he takes the coins by handfuls and scatters them broadcast about the floor. A few of those which remain in plain sight he put into his pockets. When they are spent he picks up a few more, and so on, as necessity requires. After a week or so has passed he is compelled to hunt about pretty sharply for the cash, and the last days of the fortnight find him grubbing under the washstand and bureau, poking beneath the bed, and squinting down the register, in the hope of discovering a stray half dollar that had eluded previous search. But, though occasionally impoverished, he is seldom reduced to absolute pennilessness.

Fortune's Favorites

are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home, wherever you are located, and earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. Capital not required; you are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. All is new.

Instances of Extreme Smallness.

A man in New York lost his little daughter and applied to police headquarters to have the authorities search for her. They did so, and expenses incurred for telegraphing in order to find the child were 37 cents. The father promptly refused to pay that much.

Years ago, in the days of "four-pence ha'pennys" and "ninepences," a merchant in Windham, Mass., noted for his penuriousness, was called upon for a quarter of a cent's worth of snuff. He carefully weighed it out, received from the customer a six-and-a-quarter-cent piece and returned six cents as change.

Recently a Hartford (Conn.) lady remitted to a large New York house to pay a bill, and by mistake sent one cent less than the face of the bill. The New York house wrote (cost two cents) asking for the missing cent, and on receiving it sent on a new receipt (cost two cents more) and of course it cost the debtor two cents to forward the one, making in all six cents expended in paying one cent.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

Not an Enthusiast, Exactly.

Young Oliver is a dry youth of eight or nine, whose face is as blank as a wall when he delivers an opinion, but who is an exceedingly precocious chap for all that. The other day he went to visit a rich relative out in one of the suburbs, and was taken to see the ponies, and the carriages, and the elegant grounds, and was finally given a private view of some cherished white rabbits which had been imported from somewhere, and which he was expected to admire very much. He viewed everything, however, with his customary impassiveness.

On his return home, Oliver was questioned regarding his visit, and asked, among other things:

"Did you see those wonderful rabbits?"

"Um-um."

"Well, what did they look like?"

"One of 'em didn't look like nothing, and the other looked just like him."—*Boston Transcript.*

Not So Deaf as All That.

"Carrie! Carrie! Carrie, come and see this pretty little ring with a stone in it, Uncle George has brought you. Carrie, why didn't you come the first time I called you?"

"Mamma, I 'spects I'm kinder hard of hearing."

"But you heard quickly enough when I spoke of the stone ring?"

"Yes, mamma; I said kinder hard of hearing, I but isn't stone deaf, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Best cure for Coughs and Colds is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON INFIDELITY.

What the Destruction of Christianity Would Bring to the Moral World—An Awful Plot to Dethrone the King of Heaven.

BROOKLYN, May 13.—This morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle to an overflowing congregation. The hymn beginning: "Stand up, my soul; shake off thy fears, And gird the Gospel armor on," was sung with magnificent effect. Dr. Talmage's subject was "Obscuration," and his text, "The sun shall be turned into darkness"—Acts ii, 20. He said:

Solar eclipse is here prophesied to take place about the time of the destruction of ancient Jerusalem. Josephus, the historian, says that the prophecy was literally fulfilled, and that about that time there were strange appearances in the heavens. The sun was not destroyed, but for a little while hidden.

Christianity is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to distinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens. They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on this luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes. An extinguished sun. A dead sun. A buried sun. Let all worlds wail at the stupendous obsequies.

Of course this withdrawal of the solar heat and light throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate and the temperate becomes the Arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From Arctic and Antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center and find the equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces, and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower and the furnaces begin to go out and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, Californian geysers cease to smoke, and the ice of hail storms remains unmelted in their craters. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin; all nations dying, first at the North and then at the South. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice floe. The grinding against other ice floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glancier and look down upon the ruin they have wrought.

What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness. Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who rejoice to hear Christianity caricatured, and to hear Christ assailed with quibble and quirk and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade.

I propose this morning to take infidelity and atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy, and show you what they propose, and what, if they are successful, they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown, and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road, and what is the terminus of this crusade, and what this world will be when atheism and infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood. I will prove it by facts and arguments which no honest man will dispute. In all communities and cities and states and nations where the Christian religion has been dominant, woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggest gracious surroundings.

You know there are no better schools and seminaries in Brooklyn or in any city of this country than the schools and seminaries for young ladies. You know that while women may suffer injustice in England and the United States, she has more of her rights in Christendom than she has anywhere else.

Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance—in China, in Barbary, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindostan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music or look out of the window in the absence of her husband, and gives as a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to eat before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white bundles on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following infanticide. Female children destroyed simply because they are female. Woman harnessed to a plow as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded, and in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the cross to-day in heathen lands preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please and sit where they please; the other group women hidden and carefully secluded in a side apartment, where they may hear the voice of the preacher but may not be seen. No refinement. No liberty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Embruted soul. Now compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition that I speak of would women go if Christian influences were withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of dynamics. If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there, and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from where it started. Christianity has lifted women up from the very depth of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected, not going any lower because there is no lower depth.

And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the only salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion, and the only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scale is Christianity—I have read that there are women who reject Christianity. I make no remark in regard to those persons. I make no remark in regard to them. In the silence of your own soul make your observations.

If infidelity triumph and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate, is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate; and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure, and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary.

Oh, I have heard this brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the judgment day and scoff at the idea of any future consequence of their sin; but when they came to die they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down because they could not endure the horror.

I would not want to see a rail train with five hundred Christian people on board go down through a drawbridge into a watery grave. I would not want to see five hundred Christian people go into such disaster, but I tell you plainly that I could more easily see that than I could for any protracted time stand and see an infidel die, though his pillow were of eider down and under a canopy of vermilion. I have never been able to brace up my nerves for such a spectacle. There is something at such a time so indescribable in the countenance.

I just looked in upon it for a minute or two, but the clutch of his fist was so diabolic, and the strength of voice was so unnatural, I could not endure it. "There is no hell, there is no hell, there is no hell!" tha man had said for 60 years; but that night when I looked in the dying room of my infidel neighbor, there was something on his countenance which seemed to say: "There is, there is, there is!"

The mightiest restraints to-day against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts—the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offender's soul there is the realization of the fact that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and he will not clear the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before Brooklyn and New York and Boston and Charleston and Chicago became Sodoms. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world of to-day are Bible restraints.

Suppose now these generals of atheism and infidelity got the victory, and suppose they marshaled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward march! ye hosts of infidels and atheists, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No punishment! No restraints! Down with the Bible! Do as you please!" The sun turned into darkness.

Forward march! ye great army of infidels and atheists! And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with these houses of worship! They have been standing there so long and deluding the people with consolation in their bereavements and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated; they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into club houses. Away with those churches!

Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath schools—the Sabbath schools filled with bright-eyed, bright-cheeked little ones, who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon, and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marbles or swearing on the common. Away with them! Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums—the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled limbs and the weakened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food, and orphans fight their own way, and the half reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battle axes hew down the cross and spit up the manger of Bethlehem.

On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and now they come to the graveyards and cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the resurrection. Tear awao at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the chisel. On, ye great army of infidels and atheists into the graveyards and the cemeteries; and where you see "Asleep in Jesus," cut it away, and where you find a marble story of heaven, blast it, and where you find over a little child's grave, "Suffer little children to come unto me," substitute the words "delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble, strike off the wings, and when you come to a family vault, chisel on the door: "Dead once, dead forever."

But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will attempt to scale heaven. There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill and Pelion upon Ossa, and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of jasper and the gates of pearl. They charge up the steep Now they aim for the throne of him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from their high place the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. "Down with them!" they say. "Down with him from the throne!" they say. "Down forever! Down out of sight! He is not God. He has no right to sit there. Down with him! Down with Christ!"

A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Parricide, regicide, deicide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have, if they can, if they can, if they can. Civilization hurled back into semi-barbarism, and semi-barbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way, and turned towards the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back 2,000 years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools and from your colleges, and from your reformed condition, to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the 500 missionaries from India and overthrow their 2,000 schools, where they are trying to educate the heathen, and scatter the 140,000 little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization.

Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, or Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burmah, of David Brainard amid the American aborigines, and send home the three thousand missionaries of the cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these three thousand men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the nations. Go home, London missionary society. Go home, American board of foreign missions. Go home, ye Moravians, and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and filth and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

Oh, my friends, there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which infidelity and atheism have planned. We were shocked a few years ago because of the attempt to blow up the parliament houses in London, but if infidelity and atheism succeed in their attempt they will dynamite a world. Let them have their full way, and this world will be a habitation of three rooms—a habitation with just three rooms: the one a madhouse, another a lazaretto, the other a pandemonium. These infidel bands of music have only just begun their concert—yea, they have only been stringing their instruments. I to-day put before you their whole programme from beginning unto close. In the theater the tragedy comes first and the farce afterwards; but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first and the tragedy afterwards. And in the former atheists and infidels laugh and mock, but in the latter God himself will laugh and mock. He says so. "I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh."

From such a chasm of individual, national, world-wide ruin, stand back. Oh, young man, stand back from that chasm! You see the practical drift of my sermon. I want you to know where that road leads. Stand back from that chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come, just as certainly as there is a God it will come) when the infidels and the atheists who openly and out and out and above board preach and practice infidelity and atheism will be considered as criminals against society, as they are now criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his bestiality, will be left to die in the ditch, and be denied decent burial, and will come with spades and cover up the carcass, where it falls, that it poison not the air, and the only text in all the Bible appropriate for the funeral sermon will be Jeremiah xxii, 19: "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."

A thousand voices come up to me this morning, saying: "Do you really think infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity received its death blow? and will the Bible become obsolete?" Yes, when the smoke of the city chimneys arrests and destroys the noonday sun. Josephus says about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was turned into darkness; but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary, as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's finger, and to-day it is warming the nations, and to-day it is gilding the sea, and to-day it is filling the earth with light. The same old sun, not all worn out, though its light steps one hundred and ninety million miles a second, though its pulsations are four hundred and fifty trillion undulations in a second. Same sun with beautiful white light made up of the violet and the indigo and the blue and the green and the red and the yellow and the orange—the seven beautiful colors now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

At the beginning God said: "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light. Men may shut the window blinds so they cannot see it, or they smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed under their own vaporing; but the Lord God is a sun! The white light of the Gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven, violet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the Southern jungles and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the yellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the Southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going to take all Europe for God. The United States are going to take all America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, oh great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shall become a plain." The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Hallelujah, amen!

HONORS FOR THE IRISH.

A Monument to be Erected at Gettysburg to Commemorate the Brave Deeds of the Sons of the Emerald Isle.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Preparations are to be at once actively begun for the inauguration, on July 2, of the Memorial Cross at Gettysburg, intended to commemorate the services of the three New York regiments which formed part of the "Irish Brigade." These were the Sixty-third, the Sixty-ninth and the Eighty-eighth Volunteers. They, with two batteries of artillery, which were detached in 1862, originally constituted the brigade, under the command of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. To these three regiments were afterward added the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts and the 116th Pennsylvania volunteers.

The monument is to be erected on the memorable position occupied by the brigade at Gettysburg during the second and third day of the fighting on July 2 and 3, 1863. The execution of the memorial has been entrusted to the National Fine Arts company, at 318 East Twenty-fifth street. Of this firm Justice Maurine J. Power is the head, and he is determined that no military monument—of which the foundry has turned out a considerable number—shall receive more considerate care in finish than he will give this one.

It will be executed under his personal supervision, and as far as he can it will worthily perpetuate the fame and heroism of the soldiers of the Irish Brigade. The memorial will consist of a base 3 feet high, 9 feet 2 inches wide and 7 feet deep. Very appropriately this base is to be of Gettysburg green granite, and on it will rest the "die" bearing in its sides the inscribed bronze tablets. This "die" will be of polished granite 19 inches high, 8 feet wide and 5 feet 10 inches deep. On this will lie a bronze plinth of the same width and depth and about 5 inches high.

Up from this rises a Celtic cross of bronze, having its front artistically embellished with historic and emblematic devices and, in monograms, the numerical designations of the three regiments. The cross will be a polished shaft 14 feet high. In the center of the arms forming the cross will be shamrock and above this a harp wrought in the bronze.

At the foot of the cross will be an Irish wolf hound lying down, with his head on his fore paws. The latter figure, emblematic of courage and fidelity, will also be executed in bronze.

The bronze panel or tablet on front of the "die" will be spaced so as to make three sections. The center space will bear the following:

> 63d, 69th and 88th
> New York Volunteers.
> "Irish Brigade."

The one to the right will bear this inscription:

> 2d Brigade.
> 1st Division,
> 2d Corps.
> July 2, 1863, 6 p. m.

The space to the left will read:

> Casualties.

63d—Killed, 5;	Wounded, 10;	Missing, 8.
69th— " 5;	" 14;	" 6.
88th— " 7;	" 17;	" 4.

The following inscription is born upon the panel at the opposite side of the die:

The brigade entered the battle under the command of Colonel Patrick Pelly, 530 strong, of which this contingent, composing three battalions of two companies each, numbered 240 men. The original strength of these battalions was 3 000 men. The brigade participated, with great credit to itself and the race it represented, in every battle of the Army of the Potomac in which the Second Corps was engaged, from Fair Oaks, June 1, 1862, to Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

There is a general feeling among the veterans who were among those on the field with the brigade that the money, $4,500, allowed by Congress was not enough for a monument intended to perpetuate such memories.

Speaking on the subject, General Michael Kerwin, who was with the Eighty-eighth Volunteers, said:

"It ought to have been a much more elaborate one than can be provided with the money allowed. Congress ought to have donated more money for such a worthy object, as it is intended to last for all ages. Let us hope that in some time to come the Irish people in America will themselves provide a far grander tribute to the memory of Ireland's brave sons who gave their fortunes and their lives in defense of the Union."

The Irish Brigade veterans have recently sent out circulars to prominent Irishmen of the city, calling attention to the forthcoming celebration. It is intended to invite Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Corrigan to celebrate a solemn requiem in an improvised chapel on the occasion. Archbishop Ryan will deliver the eulogy. The two former chaplains of the brigade, Fathers Corby and Ouillette, will also, it is expected, take part in the ceremonies.

The expenses of the celebration, which is to include an invitation to every veteran of the brigade, will amount to $5,000 or $6,000. This the committee hope to raise by contributions from the friends of the brigade among the Irish-American people in this city.

On the circular are such names as Col. Robert Nugent, brevet brigadier general of the 69th volunteers; Gen. Dennis F. Burke, Lieut. Col. James Quinlan, Capt. John R. Nugent, Capt. Dennis Sullivan, and Capt. John I. Toal.

THE $100,000 PRIZE CLAIMED.

A Duluth Man Puts in a Bid for Harnessing the Niagara River.

BUFFALO, May 12.—Mhe *News* has received the following interesting document:

I am told that Buffalo offers a premium of $100,000 to the man who will devise a scheme for utilizing the water power of Niagara to the advantage of your city. I have solved the problem. I spent a few days in your city and at the Falls recently, and a careful inspection of your big dam convinced me that the only way to overcome and harness this giant is to "undercome it." Build a tunnel, say 25 feet in diameter, from a point above Suspension bridge straight up to a point midway between Tonawanda and Buffalo. Start the tunnel about water level below the falls and construct it on a grade of three to five per cent., making it about 200 feet below water level at the point nearest Buffalo. There sink a large shaft (into the tunnel), wall it with boiler iron, and fill it with turbine water wheels of the largest size and best make. Tap the river at the nearest point and run the water through a large canal into the shaft and down the tunnel. You have a pressure of nearly 200 feet on your turbine wheels. You have a power that would run all the flour mills in the United States, and still there would be enough water allowed to go over the falls to keep all the hotels and hack running at Niagara Falls and Clifton.

Please send me that $100,000 by bank draft on Chicago. A. L. LANGELLIER, Duluth, Minn.

PRESIDENT SEYBT.

A Talk on the Growing Wheat and Flour Exports of the Country.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 9.—At the annual meeting of the Indiana Millers' association, yesterday, C. H. Seybt, of Illinois, president of the National Millers' association, said he had just returned from Europe and was sure that there would be an enormous decline in the exportation of flour from the United States this year.

The spring wheat crop in the Northwest was too late and frost would probably damage what may be growing now. In the West, he said the crop would hardly be worth harvesting. Prices would not be any higher because India, Russia, Australia and Chili have heavy crops.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Russian Sunflower Seeds.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The fountain of letters for Russian sunflower seeds has finally dried up. It ran down to a rivulet, some of the last containing but a request for seeds, and one, the last received, was simply a request for seeds on a postal card. To such I made no reply. I have received 561 requests for seeds, and answered all in full, 24 seeds, until after the notice in the BLADE was given that the supply was exhausted, and for a short time I gave twelve seeds and finally was compelled to come down to six, and by so doing I gave from my reserved seeds for home planting over 250 seeds short. Those that have received no response to their inquiries must come to the conclusion that their letters did not reach me, or they did not comply with my request. I have all the letters numbered and marked the state and territory from which they came and if ever I get a chance will look them over and see which state or territory has the most enterprise in egg producing.

Thanks to those that have shown me kindness in their letters.

Some express wonderment that I should be so liberal. As I said in a former article, I gave the seeds purely in the interest of agriculture.

To explain, during the winter of 1886-87, I saw very flattering advertisements in Eastern papers of the manufacture and sale of egg food. A few cents worth would double the supply of eggs in two or three weeks. I looked upon it as a humbug and a fraud, but wishing to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good;" I sent for egg food. I was getting a fair supply of eggs, but after feeding egg food two weeks my supply dropped off one-half. The seeds I fed soon brought them back. In the Russian sunflower seeds we have all the elements for producing eggs. They take the place of grain, lime, shells, and meat scraps. However, an entire diet of the seeds will not answer, for they are too fattening. Corn and oats, with wheat screenings, should be fed. One feed of sunflower seeds a day is sufficient, unless in a case of fattening. They produce fat quicker and give the meat a better flavor than any other feed. I hope I have beat the egg food manufacturing humbug. If not, a portion of my nest crop will go in the same way as those already sent out, to agriculturists. Hoping my many friends will prosper in their new enterprise, I bid them adieu.—EDWIN REYNOLDS.

A Good Egg Record.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—We kept 109 hens from September 25, 1887, to March 21, 1888. We sold 400 dozen eggs for $79 35, ate 55 dozen, worth $8.25, set 13 dozen, worth $2, feed cost us $10.70, the rest they picked up around the mill; first cost of hens was $33. Cannot tell how much we will make till the end of the year.—ROB. BOLLALONG, Porterville, Cal.

Raspberries.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—My way of raising and cultivating raspberries: I set my plants three feet apart in the row and five feet between the rows. Have the ground in good, mellow condition, and as rich as you can make it with old barn yard manure and cobs. Cultivate thoroughly as you would corn, keeping the ground level. You will have nearly half a crop the second year. The second year, when the canes get about two and a half feet high, nip the end off, which causes the cane to throw out laterals. The laterals thus formed are for bearing fruit the third year, and will need pruning back to within ten inches of the cane in the spring. After the first year, cover the ground completely with oat straw or corn-stalks. It will keep the ground moist and loose and keep down the weeds. As soon as you have harvested your crop, cut out all the old stalks with a pair of pruning shears. This gives the new canes a chance to grow. The Gregg is the only kind I would plant. They are beauties. I do not think it will be profitable to raise them for market if you have to haul them 30 miles.—E. S. DOTY, Stanberry, Wis.

Goats for Milk.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of your patrons inform me if it would pay to keep a pair of goats for the milk, and if so, what kind or breed is the best? Information from some one who has had experience in that business would be very thankfully appreciated. A concise reply in the BLADE, or if any one will write me their full experience I will enclose them postage for their trouble.—J. S. SPAULDING, Wathena, Kans.

Box Elder—Seed Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Tell Charles L. Faulkes that the best time to plant box elder seed is about the last of May, as that is the time nature plants them, and the June rains start them. Corn left on the stalk here in Kentucky makes the best of seed, if it is thoroughly cured before winter, but to pull corn before the husk is dry and pull the husk back, is the best way to cure and save seed corn. Never plant corn husked out of the shock if it can be avoided, as it is liable to be frozen before it cures.—C. P. VAWTER, Springdale, Ky.

Chemical Studies of the Corn Plant.

The *Rural New Yorker* of May 5 is largely devoted to ensilarge, its ensilage special covering the entire question. It speaks editorially of the chemical studies of the corn plant as follows:

"Corn (maize) is the great silage crop. The fact is generally acknowledged that the corn plant will produce the greatest weight of green growth to the acre, and that its form is such that the cutter and the silo offer the best chance of feeding it without waste. It is not strange, therefor, that our experiment stations have of recent years given extra attention to the chemical composition of the maize plant. The stations of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Wisconsin and Minnesota have been puriteularly active in gathering this information, until now a careful synopsis of the various experiments will net some valuable facts.

It has been supposed that sweet corn would give the best results in the silo. Careful investigation does not uphold this theory, but proves that the sweet corn does not possess a very high percentage of feeding value. When the small yield of stalks per acre is estimated, sweet corn ranks lowest in agricultural value. Chemistry proves that it is not profitable to raise sweet corn for an exclusive ensilage crop when a large field corn can be grown and allowed to mature ears. At the same time, when a crop of sweet corn can be grown so that the ears can be sold in the market and the stalks put in the silo, an excellent profit is made. Chemistry shows that there is considerable difference in composition between the different varieties of corn, and that different soils produce different grades of grain. Rich land not only produces more corn, but better corn than that grown on poor land. This difference is more marked than is generally supposed. Chemistry also shows that when the ensilage crop is planted so that each plant has room to produce an ear and to reach a perfect development, far more nutriment per acre is produced than when the stalks are thickly crowded into drills. Chemical analysis would indicate that an acre of stover or field corn from which the ears are taken, will yield more and better silage than an acre of thickly planted corn which does not mature ears.

Analysis by Prof. Johnson show that the leaves of the corn plant contain one-third of the dry matter, the lower half of the stalk one-third, and the husk and upper part of the stalk the remainder. The leaves and the husks are by far the richest in the albuminoids, the former containing 51 per cent. of the total amount found in the entire plant, while the husks contain 22 per cent. Thus the leaves and the husks together contain about three-fourths of the albuminoids, we see that the old practice of "stripping" secured much of the feeding value at comparatively little cost. But the silo has proved that the stripped stalks can be made valuable too. In chemical composition there is little difference between the upper and lower parts of the stalk. This is contrary to general belief, as is also the statement that there is very little difference in the digestibility of the different parts of the plant. As the chemists all insist that the stalks must be cut or shredded in order to insure digestion, it is evident that the silo affords an excellent means of securing their feeding value. It appears that the lower half of the stalks contains one-fifth of the albuminoids, one-third of the starch and fat, and from one-third to one-half of the fiber. It is evident that the most profitable variety of corn for fodder or ensilage is one that suckers freely, and presents the greatest amount of leaf surface with the smallest stalks.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Colic.

W. W. O., Wetmore, Kansas: For colic in a horse it is not essential what is given at the time. Something must be given quickly and if you have no preparation expressly for colic on hand, give a hot, stiff glass of whisky or brandy toddy, not water and ginger, or dissolve in a pint of hot water all the salt it will dissolve and give it as hot as the horse will bear it. Then inject a pint of warm soapsuds. This will hasten a discharge from the bowels, and as soon as this is done the horse recovers. If you have no syringe to inject with, use a long necked bottle. In cases of colic there may be an irritant in the intestines which must be removed. For this purpose a cathartic should be administered. It is always best to be prepared for colic, and this should be kept in a bottle, tightly corked: 1½ ozs. sulphuric ether; 3 ozs. tincture of opium; 1 qt. raw linseed oil. As soon as the animal is attacked, give half the contents of the bottle, follow the dose with an injection of soapsuds water. If in an hour relief is not had, give the remainder of that which is in the bottle, and another injection. Keep the animal moving about. To prevent colic, keep the horse from becoming constipated, and keep rock salt where the horse may have all he wants. For the running sore between your horses' jaw that did not heal after an attack of distemper (strangles), apply a large linseed meal or bran poultice, warm, to the part. Do not put the bran or meal against the sore. A piece of old linen or muslin should be interposed between the poultice and jaw. After the poultice has been applied, touch the ulcers with a stick of nitrate of silver. Then give this: Sulphate of iron, 4 ozs.; ginger, 4 ozs.; mix with linseed meal or any common mass and give one twice a day.

Corns on Horses' Feet.

H. G. L., Nola Chuckey, Tenn.: Corns are found in the fore feet only of the horse, on the sensitive sole, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall at the heel, nearly always in the inside heel. They are usually caused by the shoes being worn too long, or by bad shoeing. To cure, pare down the bruised part until quite thin, after removing the shoe and poulticing the foot. If the corns are blistered, open them to give vent to the pus. Care should be taken that portions of the sensitive bars of the frog are not cut out. Give a cathartic of sixteen ounces of raw linseed oil, and one ounce of sweet spirits of nitre before beginning work on the feet. After paring, touch the corn with a glass brush, dipped in fuming nitric acid, daily, for a few days, and then poultice well. In shoeing afterward keep the wall of the foot open at the part affected. It is recommended by certain horsemen to pour on the corn a little pure carbolic acid after poulticing, etc., as stated above. If the corns are not of long standing, by taking off the shoes and turning the animal out to grass for a month the hoof will expand so that the corns will disappear.

Winter Protection to Grapes.

J. R., Barton county, Mo.: The BLADE FARM recently had an article on grape culture covering most of that which you wish to know. The Concords, Clintons, Ives, Nortons and other grapes stand the rigor of winter well, but the Rebecca, Maxatawney, Delaware and Catawba need winter protection. In starting your vineyard during winter the vine should be laid down upon the ground and covered to the depth of an inch or two with earth. Where vines are laid down the annual trimming should be done in the fall, before freezing weather sets in. They may be successfully trained to a stake.

Horseradish.

Old Subscriber, Elk county, Kan.: To prepare horseradish for market is very simple. A grater for the purpose may be had at any hardware store. The horseradish should be dug and cleaned at once. The grating should also be done soon after the roots are taken up. The putting up of the horseradish should be done quickly after grating, or it loses its strength. It is generally put up in wide mouthed bottles, into which it is put as fast as the grating is done. The corks are inserted as fast as the bottles are filled, and sealing wax applied to make the bottles air tight. To create a good demand, pack the horseradish fresh, and put neat labels upon the bottles. Attractive labels are very inducing to those who use horseradish.

Dehorning and Reduced Milk.

Subscriber, Bureau county, Illinois, asks: "In a recent number of the BLADE, in referring to the question of dehorning, the editor of the FARM says something about an authority or authorities expressing the belief that dehorning results in cows giving a reduced quantity of milk. Will the editor please give the name of any one who holds such an opinion?" [In reply the following is given: Mr. J. M. Frink, of Marengo, Ill., says: "In this vicinity more than one-half of the cows are dehorned, and creameries complain of the loss of one-half to one pound of butter per 100 pounds of milk as compared with former years. In one dairy of 60 cows the milk stood last year at 15½ per cent. cream. This winter, after dehorning, they stood at 9½ per cent.

"Hoard's *Dairyman* warns owners of dairy herds against dehorning, on the ground that dehorning is likely to impair the potency of the transmission of the butter function, and to create a tendency toward the beef temperament and type.

Mr. G. E. Gordon, president of the Humane society of Wisconsin, has received from England the important intelligence that at the recent meeting of the Royal Veterinary association, held at Peterboro, unanimous resolutions were passed against the practice. Mr. Gordon informs me that England no longer looks to Ireland for her dairy cows as she once did, for the degeneration of said cows, owing to the long continued practice of dehorning, has to a great extent destroyed her usefulness. Mr. Gordon has been familiar with the practice of dehorning in Ireland for many years, and says that five or six years sometimes elapse before its effects can be seen, and that then it appears in the form of nasal gleet, fever, etc. Six years will demonstrate that cattle find new ways of fighting. Mr. Gordon is reported as saying that no man should buy a bull for grading or a heifer for breeding that is the offspring of dehorned parents. In the practice the farmer can see a saving of labor and feed, but he had better make haste slowly in this matter. In the operation the frontal sinus is open, the nervous system is deranged and never recovers from the shock. It may be advisable to dehorn beef animals, but let us look for more light before we dehorn our cows.

Blue Jays.

Subscriber, Blairstown: Blue jays are not injurious to fruit, and, therefore, cannot be especially destructive to apples. In winter time they affect the shelter of forests as a rule, yet at times they are found in orchards. They are dilligent searchers for the eggs of insects. When these are scarce they eat the fruits of the oak, beach, birch, etc. In spring time, when insects are plentiful, they devour large numbers of grasshoppers and catterpillers. It prefers animal to vegetable matter. It sometimes destroys the eggs of small birds. A gentleman who has made a study of the habits of the blue jay says that when he first settled on his farm apple and other trees were nearly denuded of leaves by tent-catterpillers. Blue jays appeared, they at once began devouring the catterpillers, and it was not long until the trees were entirely rid of them. The tent-catterpillers that had been so destructive were entirely destroyed not only on his own trees, but in other orchards in the vicinity.

Founder.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A reader of the BLADE, and a friend of the same, wants to know how to cure founder. It is very easy to cure it. Place your finger upon the horse's leg, above the hoof until you find a vein. Then with a knife or lance with a sharp point, stick it in half an inch and you bring blood. Take from each foot six drops or more, the more the better. This will cure in 24 hours.—S. B. YOUNG, Webb City, Mo.

Ohio Crop Report.

The Ohio State Board of Agriculture's May 1 crop report, giving returns from over a thousand regular township correspondents, shows a decline of thirteen points in comparison with that of April 1, which indicated a decline of five points in comparison with the report made March 1. Drouth is assigned as the cause of the low condition of wheat. The Spring rains were not sufficient to saturate the ground to the depth of wheat and clover roots.

On good loam and sandy land, where the drainage was good, and fertilizers used, the best wheat is found. On black lands, with clay subsoil the destruction is complete as it is on all lands where water stood at the time when the whole state was covered with ice. That sleet destroyed the barley so that it is considered a practical failure.

Secretary Bonham says: From some counties we have reports that more than half the wheat land has either been plowed up for oats or flax, or oats have been drilled in among the wheat—the mixture of wheat and oats to be used for feed. Still more would have been sowed to oats if the land had not been sowed to timothy last fall.

We have no means of estimating this reduction of wheat and barley, but it is almost unparalleled. It will result in a marked increase in the acreage of oats and corn. As a rule, the oats are going into the ground late and the spring is backward. Pastures have been weakened by the long continued drouth. Clover and timothy pastures have been so materially injured that they cannot afford more than half of a full average of grass.

Blue grass has survived, but is backward.

Rough feed is exceedingly scarce, and farmers are compelled to turn on to their short pastures.

The month of April has been favorable for farm work, and corn land is generally ready for the planter.

The outlook for orchard fruits and berries is very promising. Cherries alone are reported injured in some counties.

In giving the following summary of the estimates made by our correspondents, it may not be amiss to say that a careful observation of the condition of the wheat and barley in the southern half of the state, by the writer, leads to the opinion that the estimate of wheat is high, and that of barley is so high as to be misleading, because, in the counties where the most barley is grown, there the destruction is most nearly complete.

Wheat—Compared with full average, 56 per cent; condition of drilled wheat, 59 per cent; condition of that sown broadcast, 51 per cent; damage by Hessian fly, 8 per cent; damage by other insects, 9 per cent.

Barley—Condition compared with full average, 50 per cent.

Rye—Condition compared with full average, 75 per cent.

Oats—Condition compared with full average, 86 per cent.

Clover—Average date of sowing clover, March 25; acreage sown compared with full average, 87 per cent.

BORN IN SLAVERY.

You Cannot Inherit the Property of Your Father.

CHICAGO, May 9.—Judge Tulley has rendered a preliminary decision in a contested will case that is of considerable importance to all children born in slavery and to any of the descendants of such children. He, in fact, pronounces such children illegitimate, and holds that they cannot inherit property from the father. The will contested is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Bunch, and the story is as follows:

James Washington, a slave of Gen. Thomas Marshall, of Mason county, Ky., married a slave named Liza, and from the union sprang two children, Liza and Elizabeth. In 1832 James escaped, going to Huron, O., and there he made arrangements to buy his wife and two children from their master. But while he was paying for them his wife and child Liza died, and their master, in consideration of the sum already paid, gave him Elizabeth.

She, however, soon left him, and after wandering over Ohio and Indiana, came to Chicago, where she was married in 1844. Her husband and children died, and in 1886 she, too, passed away, leaving property by will, it is claimed, to one Bettie Kilroy, a white girl, who had been her companion for some years.

But it seems that James Washington, after the death of his wife Liza, married again and had several children. The eldest of these, a daughter, married Wm. H. M. Bond and had three children.

These three children stepped in and contested the will, claiming it to be a forgery, and that they were the legal heirs of Elizabeth Bunch. But Judge Tuly decided that Elizabeth Bunch was an illegitimate child, and could have no heirs but those of her own body. The ground of the decision is that slaves being chattels no legal marriage was possible [illegible]

This decision, which was made on a motion for a rehearing, was a surprise to both sides. The case will be appealed, however, and then the special point involved will be fully discussed. It is claimed by Mr. Fish, who represents the heirs that whatever may have been the status of a slave marriage prior to the war the effect of the emancipation proclamation and the constitutional amendments was to restore to the slaves all those rights of which they had been deprived. [illegible]

THE NEGRO MOB.

They Had Banded for Murder and Protection the Black Man.

ST. LOUIS, May 9.—Several reliable gentlemen reported at Montgomery, Ala., the following particulars as to the plans and extent of the plot laid by the negroes at Sandy Ridge, Lowndes county. A negro who was mortally wounded made some very startling revelations. He states that Friday night last was the time appointed to massacre the whites. [illegible]

THE CHURCH OBJECTED.

They Did Not Want a Wicked Street Car Company to Pass Their Door—The Deacon in Jail.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 12.—The members of the congregation of the Holland Reformed church have objected strenuously to a street car line laying tracks past their property, and some weeks ago secured an injunction. [illegible]

IRELAND FIRST.

The Pope and the Church Afterward—The Hibernians.

NEW YORK, May 12.—The Ancient Order of Hibernians, in its convention this afternoon, adopted the following resolutions with reference to the Irish situation and the Pope's latest [illegible] in Irish affairs: [illegible]

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The Weekly Report of R. G. Dunn & Co.—Business Review.

NEW YORK, May 12.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: Gold exports, the advance in bank of England rates, [illegible] make the business prospect less favorable.

The high prices and efficient yield of wheat strengthened the impression that merchandise would not increase sufficiently to prevent the outgo of gold. At the same time, the failure of the treasury for several days to obtain bonds at the price it is willing to pay, revived the fear of the withdrawal of money. Thus far, in all events, the treasury has succeeded to paying out more than it has taken in.

Crop and industrial reports are not entirely encouraging.

The condition of wheat May 1, officially estimated at 73, indicates about 80,000,000 bushels of winter wheat, [illegible]

[illegible]

OIL ON FIRE.

A 20,000 Barrel Tank in Pennsylvania Struck by Lightning.

OIL CITY, PA., May 14.—Saturday afternoon lightning struck a 20,000-barrel tank belonging to the Keystone Refining company, located on Oil Creek, about two miles north of this city. The tank contained about 15,000 barrels of oil, and at 10:30 the petroleum boiled over and ran into the creek and down stream about three-quarters of a mile. [illegible]

ANOTHER DISS DEBAR CASE.

A New Jersey Man Influenced by Spiritualism in the Disposition of His Property.

NEW YORK, May 9.—A case which rivals the spiritualistic career of Mme. Diss Debar was heard yesterday in the Orphans' court, Newark. William Henry Livingston died February 4, leaving real estate valued at $100,000. [illegible]

GREEK CATHOLICS.

They are About to Establish a Church of Their Nationality in Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 9.—The Greek Catholics of this city are about to erect a church of their own. It will be the third Greek Catholic church in the United States, there being one in San Francisco and another in New Orleans. [illegible]

DIVIDED BY MORMONS.

A Husband and Wife Separated for Life.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., May 10.—In 1859 John B. Craddock and his wife Mary A. Wilkes were married in [illegible], England. [illegible]

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Strengthen the System

"Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WATCHING THE WHEAT PIT.

Great Interest Felt In Duluth at the Present Time—Greedy Buyers from New York—The Situation.

DULUTH, Minn., May 14.—(Special.)—Developments in the wheat situation at Duluth last week have been of an unusually interesting and important character, and Duluth seems to be attracting more attention than ever before. [illegible]

THE CROP REPORT.

Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—The report of the Department of Agriculture says: [illegible]

CROSBY HIGH LICENSE.

Governor Hill Bound to Keep Solid with Brewers and Liquor Dealers.

NEW YORK, May 11.—Governor Hill vetoed the Crosby high license bill, [illegible]

FOLLOWED COLEMAN.

A Canning Failure Adds $200,000 More to the Liabilities.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—The firm of J. Lusk & Co., operating a large establishment for canning fruits and vegetables, made an assignment last evening. [illegible]

STOLE HIS NEIGHBOR'S ROOF.

Quite a Story from the Wilds of Western Nebraska.

NEWPORT, Neb., May 9.—John Peters, a farmer, living three miles from Newport, has been arrested for a singular crime. [illegible]

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, *Penetrates Muscles to the Very Bone!* Wonderful! TRY IT

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, used vigorously is death to Swinney, Wind Galls, Sore Backs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT rubbed in saves many a valuable Horse and Mule's limbs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for *Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Stiff Joints.*

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures PILES, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS—all INFLAMMATION.

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for Man and Beast. Greatest Curative discovery ever made.

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures all ailments of HORSES, MULES and CATTLE. Rub in!

MUSTANG LINIMENT

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT should always be kept in House, Stable and Factory.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

HALSTEAD'S REPLY

To the Charge That He is a Member of the Cobden Club.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—During the tariff debate Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, quoted several authorities in support of the declaration made by him that Garfield had repudiated a membership in the Cobden club. In reference to the statement that Murat Halstead was a member of the club, Mr. Boutelle read the following letter from that gentleman:

"The story that I am a member of the Cobden club is correct. One night in London with Cyrus Field, a personal friend of Cobden, I boarded a small steamboat at Westminster and was carried to Greenwich. There we had a white bait dinner, twelve courses of fish, and as good cold champagne as was ever drank in Maine. It was a lovely dinner. There was a distinguished man in the chair, and a toastmaster who whooped things up and made them lively.

"I made a speech about the white wings of commerce on the ocean and the large rivers in America, the distance Cincinnati was from salt water, and the indifference of her people on the tariff question, and the London *Times* said that the humorous party from Ohio ought to have told something about the reciprocity treaty with Canada, but did not seem to know much about it, and that was true.

"It was for my services in making this Greenwich speech that I was made an honorary member of the Cobden club, and I have ever since received marked copies of the publications of that energetic organization and many marked copies and pamphlets, indeed loads of the most serious and dull information ever misapplied to human affairs. I would rather at any time read the essays of my old friend, United States Moore, the Parsee merchant, who resides on the limited express between Washington and New York.

"This literature shook my faith in the application of free trade to our country, that is, of selecting our country to begin with. Then the price of news print is less than one-half of what it was before the war and I told Frank Hurd and Henry Watterson about that, and that I was afraid protection had caused more paper mills and paper materials, and had knocked down the price of the one article of merchandise that I did know something about, and when Hurd and Watterson could not explain it Cobden club fashion, I could not.

"In London some years after the white bait dinner I was troubled for hours trying to get a trifling article through the custom house. It was a case of small bottles of cologne water, and when I was exhausted I told them I was an honorary member of the Cobden Club, and the experience was liable to make me a high protectionist. The inspector was greatly disgusted in appearance and slammed down my case of cologne water at once."

"This was the instance of the greatest utility to me of the Cobden club membership. The policy of M. Thiers in France, and Prince Bismarck in Germany, after their war, both of these great statesmen relying on the protective system for strength in time of trial, has been to me a more striking chapter of history than any I have found in my Cobden club volumes. I don't think the Democratic party has a tariff policy that it can apply to business or that its methods would be trustworthy if it had a policy.

"If President Cleveland had been a member of the Cobden club as long I have he would have known better than to have written his message of December last."

Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, cited authorities to show that Garfield had been elected a member of the Cobden club, and had accepted the membership.

LAMAR'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

He Is Detected Trying to Put a Letter Into a Fire-Alarm Box.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 9.—He was a medium-sized, dark-complexioned gentleman, noticeable for a profusion of iron-gray hair, which hung low on his shoulders. He held a letter in his hand which he endeavored vainly to drop into a fire-alarm box at the corner of 15th and G streets. There was a far-away look on the gentleman's face as he perseveringly searched for the aperture through which to insert the letter. His efforts attracted the attention of a street-gamin, who exclaimed:

"Say, mister, that's a fire-alarm box. The letter-box is on the opposite corner."

"You are right, my lad," said the gentleman, following the youth's suggestion and dropping the missive into the proper receptacle. As he moved away Ben Butterworth, of Ohio, who had been an amused spectator of the occurrence, remarked to a friend:

"Judicial honors have had no effect upon Lamar. I see he is quite as absent-minded as ever."

FRANKIE'S FINGER

Will Be in the Presidential Campaign This Year.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—[Special letter.]—That Grover Cleveland will be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency goes without saying. Don't imagine from this beginning that I'm going to give you a letter on politics, for I'm not.

The telegraph gives you enough of that sort of news, and besides these letters are not intended to be particularly newsy, though I do endeavor to give you all the current talk round about the capital.

But I started to say that the unique feature promises to be the quiet yet effective part Mrs. Cleveland will play in it. Ladies have taken part in Presidential campaigns before, and in some instances have been quite as effective workers for success as their husbands, but in no case has a lady ever been so popular with the people of the United States as Mrs. Cleveland has become since her residence at the White House, and the decoration of hat crowns and badges with her photographs will be but one of the forms in which her popularity will manifest itself during the campaign.

REHEARING REFUSED.

Chief Justice Waite's Decision in the Telephone Cases Must Stand.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The Supreme court to-day denied the application for a rehearing of the telephone cases.

This application was made by the People's & Overland Telephone companies, who claim that Drawbaugh and not Bell was the first inventor of the telephone.

CONCERNING TRUSTS.

Dr. Bacon Believes the Investigation will Result in Much Good.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—(Special.)—Mr. Bacon, of New York, chairman of the House committee on manufactures, at present engaged in the investigation of trusts, in speaking of the results likely to follow the work of his committee, said to a *World* correspondent yesterday:

"I think the good that will result from these investigations is very generally underestimated. I know it is easy, in looking back over the inquiries held at Albany and in New York city, and even in reviewing what we have done in our committee, to come to the conclusion that, after all, but little has been accomplished in the way of reform. I do not believe this is so.

"The mere agitation of the subject of those monopolies in the press of the country has had a healthy effect, and the examination into their methods, even should no legislation follow immediately, will point to the remedies which can hereafter be applied, besides lending the full force of an official finding of facts to the attempt which is being made to stamp them out."

"Will your committee report a bill to reform these evils?"

"Yes; though we have not as yet determined upon the lines upon which it will be drawn. We find ourselves constantly stumbling over the restrictions placed upon Congress in the constitution in the management of the affairs of the people.

"The rights of states may not be encroached upon. The remedy which we expect to be able to apply will doubtless be found in the power allotted Congress to regulate inter-state commerce. I am confident that we may thus control in a large measure the operations of these great combinations, or at least, confine them to the states from which they take their charters. Here, however, is where the true remedy is found.

"I do not think I have ever heard the question argued, but I am convinced that in the right which every state assumes to regulate the limit of the capitalization of the corporations to which it grants charters may be found the power to strike these trusts. The problem is a knotty one, but I believe tee experiment is worth making."

NEW PENSION BILL.

A Proposition to Remove the Restrictions on the Payment of Arrearages.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—The House Committee on Invalid Pensions has reported a bill proposing to remove the restriction upon the payment of arrearages of pension in the case of claims filed before the passage of the bill. The bill is a substitute for a number of bills on the same subject. It authorizes the secretary of the interior to adjust all pension claims on account of disabilities or injuries incurred since March 4, 1861, filed on and after July 1, 1880, and up to the date of the passage of the bill. Also directing the secretary to readjudicate all such claims as have been allowed or filed, as if they had been filed prior to July 1, 1880. The report accompanying the bill says:

"We place this bill upon the ground that it is the only legislation upon the subject now practicable; not that it does full justice. It will be borne in mind, however, that it does not prohibit legislation hereafter that will put all pensioners upon an equality, but on the contrary, strengthens their claim to supplementary legislation that will give them arrears. We shall be able to submit estimates clearly approximating the cost of this legislation and for the present venture the assertion that it will not exceed $250,000,000, and suggest to the House in this connection that it affords the very best means of disbursing the present surplus; scattering it through all sections of the country and placing it in the hands of those who will at once put it in circulation, and the surplus accumulated under the present tariff will probably be sufficient to meet these just obligations of the government."

THE CROPS.

The Weather Market as Reported by Gen. Greely.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The Signal office weather crop bulletin issued to-day, reports the rainfall during the past week to have been in excess in all districts, except from the Lower Ohio valley southward over West Tennessee, the northern portions of Alabama, Mississippi and eastern Arkansas.

The seasonal rainfall has been in excess generally in the states west of the Mississippi, except Arkansas. There has also been more rain than usual in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the interior of New England. The weather has been especially favorable for growing crops during the week in the central valley and in the districts on the Atlantic coast.

Rains, which were much needed in the winter wheat regions and the eastern portion of the cotton region, occurred during the week, and reports from those sections indicate that the weather has favorably effected cereals, pasturage and wheat. Rain is needed in the western portion of the cotton region, although the crops in that section are reported as having improved during the week.

The season is reported backward in New England, where the well distributed rains have improved the crop conditions. In Minnesota and Dakota the season is apparently fifteen days late; the excessive precipitation and unusually low temperature for the season have been unfavorable to crops and farm work in this section has been greatly retarded.

Cora's Pa.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—Mr. Fellows, the father of Cora Belle Fellows, who recently married Chaska, a Sioux, says that the story sent from St. Paul, yesterday, that the newly married couple had accepted an offer of $5,000 for a 10-week's engagement in a dime museum, is an outrageous lie. It is suspected that some museum manager may have thought of exhibiting a bogus Mr. and Mrs. Chaska.

A DOUBT CLEARED UP.

Garfield Renounced his Cobden Club Sympathies.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—The tariff debate has developed more of the peculiar quality of Democratic harmony and several additiona structural defects in the Mills bill. It established as far as David A. Wells's testimony could do so, that the lamented Garfield was at one time proposed and elected a member of the Cobden club, but it also proved conclusively by that same authority, supplemented by a most historical statement by Judge Kelley, that before his nomination to the Presidency, Garfield distinctly abandoned any free trade sentiments he might previously have entertained. It also disclosed the fact that Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, the funny man on the Democratic side, is nothing when not trying to be humorous. His attempt to discuss the tariff seriously was a flat failure and the House had to extend his time in order to extract the feeblest laugh out of him.

The Garfield episode was called up by Townshend, of Illinois. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, interrupting him, said he had refused to vote for Garfield as Speaker, when nominated by the Republican caucus, because of his unsoundness on the Protection question, but after visiting Louisiana with him as one of the visiting statesmen in 1876, he had never doubted that Garfield had repented of all his free trade heresies. In his best manner, Judge Kelley proceeded to detail how Garfield and himself and twenty or thirty others had visited the Effingham Lawrence sugar planation below New Orleans, and had been shown over all the magnificent improvements of that place, now owned, he believed, by Gov. Warmoth, and how at the dinner afterward Garfield arose and avowed himself a humble disciple of the protective system, and, rising from his seat at one end of the table and walking to his (Judge Kelley's) at the other end, he said:

"Henceforth I am your humble disciple on all questions of economy connected with the revenues of our government. My abstract opinions have vanished before the material facts with which I have become acquainted to-day."

Townshend attempted to impeach Kelley's memory of this incident, by saying that Garfield was not nominated by the Republican caucus till the year following the visit to Louisiana, and that Kelley then voted against him.

Kelley replied that Garfield was nominated more than once, and that there were other questions besides tariff which might have influenced his action, and that his personal convictions were sacred.

Townshend sent to the clerk's desk and read a letter of David A. Wells, dated May 8, 1888, which distinctly asserted that Garfield was made a member of the Cobden club in company with Henry Ward Beecher, David Dudley Field and other distinguished citizens. But this very letter incidentally confirmed Judge Kelley's statement, for the writer asserted that Garfield had abandoned his free trade principles previous to his nomination for the Presidency.

Then was given another manifestation of Democratic harmony. The Kelley episode had used up a good deal of Townshend's time, and Judge Kelley, on the part of the Republicans, had promised unanimous consent to extend his hour. But when the chairman put the question O'Neill (Dem.), of Missouri, objected, and refused to withdraw his objection, though appealed to by his party friends. Townshend thereupon rose and, with much warmth, declared his intention hereafter to object to anyone occupying more than an hour. As this would effectually shut off Speaker Carlisle in his expected three hours' closing speech, consternation descended on the ranks. The Republicans kindly came to the rescue. Kenn, of New Jersey, who was on the list to follow, yielded Townshend sufficient time to wind up his speech, and the doughty Illinoisan thereupon withdrew his threat.

CRITICISING SCOTT.

John Jarrett Declares that the Administrations Mouthpiece Tampered with the Statistics.

PITTSBURG, May 15.—Congressman Scott's speech in the House excited the ire of the labor leaders in Pittsburg. John Jarrett after reading the speech said: "Mr. Scott is in error in stating that the average selling price of rails for 1887 was $37.50. The average was $34.24. Then the labor cost submitted by Mr. Scott is only a part of the total as his figures covered only the covering, blooming and part of the finishing departments. This being the case, his whole argument amounts to nothing. He says there is but 50 per cent difference between wages in England and the United States, whereas there is over 100 per cent. difference.

His estimate of the average cost of producing a ton of steels rails at Carnegie's during 1887 is several dollars too low to my own knowledge. His figures on structural iron and steel beams are still more flighty and his argument upon the profits of these beams is ridiculous. Why did he not give his own experience of 1882, when he refused to pay reasonable wages to his iron workers because the profits were too low?"

"W. L. Scott, the owner of the numerous coal mines on the Baltimore & Ohio, and Pittsburg, McKeesport & Youhiogheny railroads is more dreaded by coal operators than any other man in the business," said John Flannery, an ex-officer of the old Miners' association.

The operators fear him not only because he pays less wages to his miners than any of the other operators, but because he runs a large "Pluck me" store. The miners are compelled to deal there, if they want to retain their situations. While there is no standing order in existence that they must buy at Scott's store and nowhere else, still it is generally understood that he who does not deal there will soon have to "walk the plank." Being compelled to buy goods at this place at exhorbitant prices, the men never can save any money, and consequently they would not be able to go on a strike for any length of time, no matter what their grievances might be. There have been several attempts by the men to compell Scott to pay the prices paid by other operators, but these have always failed. Scott pays 5 cents less per ton for mining than any other operator in the Pittsburg district, or along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. In that particular he has always proven an enemy of labor organizations.

The Debate on the Tariff Bill as a Whole Will Continue All This Week.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—As arranged by the Ways and Means committee, the debate on the tariff bill as a whole will continue throughout the coming week in the House, and close on Saturday with the speeches of the Republican leader, Mr. Reed, and Speaker Carlisle. Mr. Randall's speech is now set for Tuesday. Mr. Mills says it is not certain when the debate can be closed on the bill by sections; it may linger for some time. He thinks that the measure will eventually pass the House substantially as it was reported from the committee.

Congress.

MAY 8.—Senate—Bills introduced: To encourage growth of timber on the prairies. A number of bills were reported. Resolutions agreed to: Concerning appointments in the Baltimore customhouse. Mr. Voorhees made a personal apology for the language used in reference to Mr. Ingalls.

House—A question of privilege by Mr. Brumm and the tariff debate occupied the attention of the House.

MAY 9.—Senate—Bills passed: Forfeiting certain railroad lands; providing for international copyright.

House—The day was spent discussing the tariff bill.

MAY 10.—Senate—House bill to promote agriculture was reported and placed on the calendar. Railroad land grant forfeiture bill passed. The following bills were taken from the calendar and passed: The Senate bill to grant to the Fort Smith & El Paso Railroad company right of way 100 feet in width on each side of the line through the Indian Territory; Senate bill to authorize the construction of a bridge over the Mississippi River at Clarksville, Mo.; Senate bill appropriating $40,000 for a public building in Beatrice, Neb.; Senate bill granting to the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company the right of way, 75 feet wide on each side of the track, through the Nez Perces Indian Reservation; Senate bill for a public building at Hastings, Neb., $75,000. The conference report on the House bill authorizing the President of the United States to arrange a conference for the purpose of prolonging arbitration and reciprocal commercial relations with the Central and Southern American States, and Brazil, was presented by Mr. Frye and agreed to.

MAY 11.—Senate—Not in session.

House—The day was spent in discussing the tariff bill.

May 12—Senate—Not in session. House—Discussed the tariff bill.

May 14—Senate—A number of bills were reported. Resolutions adopted: Calling on the secretary of the treasury for a statement as to the existence of any regulation of his department under which lead ores containing gold or silver are admitted free of duty; and, if so, under what law; also, as to the amount of lead ore and silver ore imported during the past ten months. Bills introduced: To prevent convict labor from competing with organized labor. Referred. Proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States so as to reduce from two-thirds to a majority the vote in each house over-riding presidential vetoes.

Bills passed: Making an appropriation to enable the executive departments, the bureau of agriculture, the Smithsonian institution and the fish commission to participate in the centennial exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central states at Cincinnati from July to October, 1888, with following amendments: Strike out the provision for a committee of Congress to act as on advisory board; reduces the appropriation from $150,250 to $145,250 (the $5,000 for the advisory board being stricken out), and requires the President to designate a person to make final audits of the accounts.

House—Bills introduced: Authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to cause such changes and improvements to be made in the public building at Chicago, and to erect such additions thereto as may be necessary to provide sufficient accomodations for the postoffice; for the erection of a public building at Reno, Nev.; for the location and reservation of coal lands in the United States. The House then went into committee of the Whole on the tariff bill. Bills passed: Granting to Wyoming 640 acres of land on the Fort Sanders military reservation for a fish hatchery and other public purposes.

THE FLOODS CONTINUE.

The High Water Mark of 1881 Passed at Several Points.

ST. LOUIS, May 15.—The Mississippi river continues to rise and the high water mark of 1881 has been passed at several points. At Hannibal, Mo., the gauge read 19 feet 10 inches last night, and still going up. The break in the Suy levees at Turkey' Foot caused a flooding of territory about three miles square, but did not inundate the whole of the lowlands known as the Suy bottoms, which extend from opposite Hannibal to Louisiana, Mo.

The Suy levee, opposite Hannibal, is yet intact, and has a large force of men working upon it. The lumber business is practically at a stand-still, as all the yards are flooded. The railroads are continuing traffic with difficulty, all the tracks being partially submerged, and many of them so deeply covered that it is impossible to move over them.

Three bad breaks are reported in the Indian Grove levee, a few miles north of Quincy, Ill. The largest crevassse at Turtle island is more than 100 feet wide. The damage to homes and promising wheat and corn crops in the lowlands is enormous.

The dike below Rock Island broke at 10 o'clock last night and the lowlands were quickly inundated, discommoding about 300 families. They were prepared for the break and there were no disasters. Since 6 o'clock last night the river has been on a stand still. At Keokuk the gauge measured 19 feet 2 inches above low water mark.

This is two and a half inches above the highest mark of 1881 and within two inches of the mark of 1851. Business is entirely suspended along the levee front.

Alexandria, Mo., can be reached only by boats.

Reports from Warsaw, Ills., states that the levee in that vicinity is still intact. The break in the levees has relieved the influx and lower water further north indicate that the worst is passed.

LOUISIANA, MO., May 14.—The continual rise in the Mississippi river is causing great apprehension among the dwellers in the fertile Suy bottoms in Illinois, extending from this city to Hannibal. The levee is still perfectly secure and could stand a further rise of twelve inches, but the high wind lashing the waves against the sides are washing the dirt considerably. Farmers are beginning to drive their stock to the bluffs and preparing for the worst.

It has been seven years since the levee broke and that whole section was inundated; but in the seven years following the levee has been strengthened along the entire length, and confidence was restored, and the valley began to blossom like a rose.

Last year witnessed quite a boom in real estate at advanced rates, and last fall thousands of acres were sown in wheat. A great acreage of corn has been planted this spring, and it is no wonder that the anxiety over the safety of the levee is truly painful.

HATEFUL RELICS.

William Walter Phelps Defines the Line of Duty for Colored Men.

TRENTON, N. J., May 10.—The Electric club, an organization of prominent colored men, celebrated its tenth anniversary with a banquet. Among the invited guests were Fred Douglass, William Walter Phelps, Thomas Fortune, ex-Congressman J. Hart Brewer and ex-State Senator John Taylor. They discussed choice viands for two hours and then listened to responses to toasts. Mr. Douglass spoke eloquently on the pressens duty, and was followed by Mr. Phelps who answered the toast "Protection Essential to the Development and Maintenance of American Industries."

"Your Southern masters," he said, "put into their rebel sonstitution two great principles: Liberty for the white men only, tariff for revenue only. They are twin relics of sesession, and the one ought to be as hateful to you as the other. Be vigilant in keeping your liberty, be equally vigilant in keeping the American system of protection." Mr. Fortune responded to the toast, "A Sacred Ballot, the Bulwark of American Liberty."

YOUNG GIRLS HIT THE PIPE.

New York Misses in Their Teen Arrested While Going Into Chinese Dens.

NEW YORK, May 9.—Two pretty young girls were seen going into a Chinese laundry on West Broadway yesterday by Policeman Harges, who had heard complaints from the neighbors. The officer followed the girls, but they ran into another laundry. The policeman continued the chase and arrested the girls. They gave their names as Mary Sexton, aged 14, and Annie Eagan, of Jersey City. They were taken to the Tombs police court, where they said they had come to New York to have a little fun. "The Chinamen asked us to hit the pipe," said one of the girls, "and we were just trying a smoke when the policeman came after us." The girls were turned over to the Children's society.

POLITICAL POINTS.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

The Convention May be For Depew, Which Means Blaine.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 15.—The State committee will meet to-night to fix upon the temporary organization for the Republican convention to-morrow.

There is said to be a disposition to place Warner Miller in the position of temporary chairman, but there is reason to believe that he does not care for the honor. Editor Fitch, of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, may be the man.

Ex-Senator Arkell favors a solidification of the national delegates for Depew. He wants Depew to be the candidate of the delegation until he is nominated or until it is clear that the Western states will not have him. Then he would have Depew arise and turn the delegation over solid for Blaine.

There is developed among Blaine's whilom and even his present adherents, an impatient petulance at what is termed the "Burrowing tactics" by which many delegates feel they are being kept in the dark or being misled as to whether he is actually a candidate. The statement is made on what is deemed good authority to-day that C. M. Depew will not attend the convention.

Senator Hiscock will be here at 1 o'clock, after which the question of presenting a platform or resolutions to the convention will be considered. Gen. Husted and many others oppose any formal declaration or committals of the party at this convention. Thos. C. Platt has just said he sees no question on which the convention could be divided.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

The Convention to Choose Delegates to St. Louis in Session.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The Democratic state convention to choose delegates to St. Louis, was called to order at a quarter before 1, in the Academy of Music, and Frederick R. Coudert chosen temporary chairman. The building was crowded and handsomely decorated.

UNION LABOR PARTY.

The National Convention in Session To-day in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, May 15.—At the meeting of the executive committee of the Union Labor party to day it was found that twenty-eight states were represented. Last year's business was settled up.

It is clear that the chief difficulty before the convention will be the preperation of a platform.

The Greenbackers, at their conference last night, made but little progress toward merging into the new party. The drift of sentiment as developed in the speeches, which prolonged the session until after midnight, was in favor of holding fast to the name and leading principles of the organization.

The United Labor faction shows more anxiety to combine, but their cardinal principle of a land tax is repugnant to the greater portion of the Union Labor men. The question of a union of the two wings will perhaps be the first to engage the convention, and it is not likely that a platform can be created to-day.

BROTHER BOB NOMINATED.

The Tennessee Convention Makes a Choice on the Fortieth Ballot.

NASHVILLE, May 15.—The state Democratic convention which has been in session here since last Wednesday, nominated Governor Robert L. Taylor to day for reelection. The opposition which had been fighting him on every occasion, surrendered this forenoon, and the fortieth ballot resulted virtually in his nomination by acclamation, as he received nearly every vote cast.

Indiana Republicans' Scheme to Boom Harrison for the Presidency.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 12.—A novel movement has been made here in the interest of Gen. Harrison's candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination. There is an organization in Indianapolis, known as the Tippecanoe club, composed of old men who voted for William Henry Harrison for President. No member of the club is under 70 years of age, and nearly all are invalids. It is proposed to take all of them to Chicago in a body, or as many as can possibly undertake the trip, and it is expected that the attention that they will attract will materially help Harrison's candidacy. Five coaches will be required to transport the old men, and the trip will be made with great display.

Missouri Republicans.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 15.—The Republicans of the Eleventh Missouri district selected the following for the national convention: Delegates—Hon. L. F. Parker, of Phelps county, and Hon. L. B. Robinson, of Miller county. Alternates—Hon. James T. Moore, of Laclede, and Giles Bell, of Gallaway. One delegate is for Gresham and one for Blaine.

STOVE FOUNDERS.

The National Defense Association in Session.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 15.—The Stove Founders' National Defense association met at the Monongahela House this morning, 30 delegates being present from all parts of the country. As there are no labor troubles this year, there will be no important business transacted.

To-morrow the Stove Manufacturers' National association will begin its semi-annual meeting, and among the questions to be discussed will be the revision of the constitution, the advisability of reducing the terms of credit from four to three months, the invention of some plan to restrict the number of costly patterns made, which eat up the profits of the business, and the idea of forming a stove trust. Prices will probably not be touched.

Down Go Wages.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 15.—The employes of Singer, Nimick & Co., iron manufacturers, have been notified that their wages will be reduced 10 per cent on May 28. An advance was granted in February, 1887, and the proposed reduction will make wages the same as they were prior to thrt advance. About 1,000 men will be affected.

To Cut Down the Wages.

POTTSVILLE, PA., May 15.—The Pottsville Iron and Steel company has given the 600 employés of its Fishback rolling mill notice of a ten per cent. reduction of wages to take effect on the 21st inst. The employees have not yet announced theia acceptance or rejection of the reduction.

GOT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

A Long Sentence for Setting Fire to a Loaded Ship.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—Charles R. Bachman, steward of the English ship Brussels, who was convicted of setting fire to the vessel while the crew were on board, was sentenced yesterday to San Quentine for 35 years. This sentence seemed to horrify the prisoner, who is a well educated German of good personal appearance. His accomplice, Mate Coskey, pleaded guilty, and will be sentenced Saturday.

The trial was rendered noteworthy by the fact that Coskey confessed the crime to detectives, but when brought into court declared this confession false. On the following day he appeared and said his confession was forced from him, as Bachman had mesmerized him while in his cell and had controlled him with his eye when in court.

THE MOLLIE MOTTS.

The Woman Held the Officer's Arm While Scanlan Shot Him—A Hard Crowd—O'Brien's Murderer.

CHICAGO, May 11.—The attorneys for Timothy O'Grady, who is now serving a seventeen-year sentence in Joliet for the murder of Police Officer O'Brien on the night of April 3, 1887, are confident that Dyer Scanlan, who was arrested yesterday with Mollie Mott for the shooting of Officer Nolan, is the real murderer and that their client is innocent as he always claimed to be.

In police circles it has been reported that Scanlan had confided to friends that he was O'Brien's slayer but he refused to say anything on the subject last night.

He is resting easily at the Armory station under surgical care. Officer Nolan may recover but will lose his right arm. Last evening the police learned from Mollie Mott that she held Nolan's arms from behind while Scanlan emptied his revolver into the unfortunate officer's body.

HEAD THEM OFF.

A Cargo of Ex-Convicts From Italy Liable to be Returned to Their Home.

NEW YORK, May 15.—Among the 1,528 steerage passengers that arrived by the steamship Caebar, from Naples, last Friday, were five ex-convicts. One of them had served a term for attempted murder, and another for threatening a man's life with a pistol. The vessel was detained at quarantine until to-day, when her passengers were allowed to land, there being no sign of any contagious disease on board.

The ex convicts were detained at Castle Garden, and after an examination by the commissioners of Emigration to-morrow, they will probably be sent back to Italy.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

Herr Lingfried Urges a Union of the Two Countries.

BERLIN, May 11.—Deputy Siegfried distributed the prizes to the pupils of an Alsatian school yesterday. In an address to the pupils he deprecated a war between France and Germany. An outbreak of hostilities between those countries, he said, would be a great misfortune, while a union of the two powers would have advantages, the importance of which it was not difficult to see.

Herr Siegfried urged that a reconciliation between France and Germany would lead to a customs union. If his ideas were now scouted as illusions, he said, they would be understood later on, for through them, alone would the country be able to end the crisis through which Europe was now passing and realize the inscription on Kaiser Williams' tomb—"Justice exalts Nations."

WOLSELEY'S REPLY.

He Cannot Disguise the Fact that England is Weak on a War Footing.

LONDON, May 15.—The House of Lords was crowded with people who desired to hear Lord Wolseley's defense. The peers and peeresses galleries were filled. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Stanhope, Lord Randolph Churchill, Vicount Cranborne and other members of the House of Commons crowded the steps of the throne. Lord Wolseley, who was seated on a cross bench, rose and shook hands with him. Upon the appearance of Lord Salisbury, Lord Wolseley asked leave to make a personal explanation with reference to Lord Salisbury's complaint. He did not see how an unprejudiced person could construe his remarks into an attack upon the government.

He felt that he could not honestly assail the government for negligence toward the army and navy. In the position which he occupied in the administration of the army he could not fail to be fully aware of what Mr. Stanhope had done and was doing to render the army efficient. He felt deeply the necessity of keeping the forces efficient, and was convinced that more might be done than had yet been accomplished. He admitted that the present government had done much toward improving the military defenses. In the banquet speeches referred to he said no more than he did in his evidence before the commission of inquiry. He still adhered to that evidence, word for word, and had nothing whatever to withdraw.

As long as the navy was as weak as it was now the army could not hold its own, dispersed as it was all over the world. The defenses at home and abroad were in a bad condition. The military forces were not organized as they should be. They did not even guarantee the safety of the capital. He did not want to create a panic, but he maintained that the conditions of the country were such that if a force of 100,000 men succeeded in effecting a landing and were properly handled there was no reason why they might not take possession of the country. He made this statement with a full appreciation of his responsibility. He had been tempted to resign on Saturday after reading what Lord Salisbury had said. The House could not take the initiative in the matter, but he placed himself in the hands of the premier.

He did not intend to cast a slur upon the government; he had endeavored to the best of his lights to serve his sovereign and his country. [Cheers.]

Lord Salisbury held that his strictures upon Lord Wolseley's statement at a recent dinner were fully warranted. At the same time he accepted Lord Wolesley's disavowal of any intention to attack the government. He only hoped that if Lord Wolesley had occasion to assail the administration in the future he would do so in the House. He trusted that Lord Wolesley would not take the matter too seriously. He should regret the general's leaving the service as the greatest blow that could fall on the military administration. Lord Wolseley's statement regarding the weakness of the country's defense would be seriously inquired into. Meantime he deprecated the practice of officers speaking over the heads of the government, and thus destroying the authority and shattering the administrative machine. ["Hear, hear."]

The Duke of Cambridge said that every now and then he and Lord Wolseley did not agree, but they disagreed without quarreling. If these matters were to be discussed in open House between the commander-in-chief and the adjutant general, it would be most detrimental to the interests of the public service. ["Hear, hear."]

THE MOORS APOLOGIZED.

Claims for a Cash Indemnity Delayed a Settlement.

LONDON, May 15.—A dispatch from Gibraltar to the Exchange Telegraph company concerning the settlement of the dispute between the United States and Morocco says: "After the withdrawal of the claims for a money indemnity an apology was tendered to the American consul and orders were given for the immediate release of the persons whose arrest gave rise to the trouble.

ENGLAND WAKING UP.

The Press Stands by Lord Wolseley in His Defence.

LONDON, May 15.—The *Standard*, commenting on Lord Wolseley's defence, says: "Lord Woleley's facts are sufficient to cause very grave anxiety. His statements, if true, are a reproach to a rich and powerful nation. The government cannot complain this time that they were not advised of the real situation. The *Standard* urges the government to make a vigorous attempt to hasten the remaining stages of the King-Harman salary bill. The game, it says, was never worth the candle, but having gone so far it should be finished.

The *Standard* says it understands that after the Whitsuntide recess the opposition will demand an inquiry into the administration of the crimes act, as urged by the *News* yesterday.

In the division on Mr. Neneage's amendment last night several Conservatives abstained from voting. Fifteen Parnellites were absent.

The *Standard's* Rome correspondent learns that no doubt exists as to the absolute and unconditional obedience of the Irish bishops to the Papal rescript, and that Archbishop Walsh has expressed entire submission to the Pope's authority.

The *Times* says: "Lord Wolseley's defence was manly and straightforward. It will be generally felt that if he had spoken at the dinner with the same discretion and dignity a painful incident might have been avoided."

Parnell.

LONDON, May 15.—Mr. Parnell says that he never heard of the alternative plans for a crown colony and the present system until he read Lord Carnarvon's letter. He does not recollect Lord Carnarvons mentioning a limitation with reference to the crown appointing the judiciary. He finds no fault with the general tone of Lord Carnarvon's rejoinder, which he says is the first distinct admission from him. Mr. Parnell denies that the interview was held in Lord Carnarvon's house.

German Improvements.

BERLIN, May 15.—The Oldenburg Diet has unanimously approved the proposed subvention for the construction of a port at Nordenham, opposite Bremerhaven, and the associated project for the establishment of a new trans-Atlantic steamship line.

The German Emperor.

BERLIN, May 15.—A bulletin issued this morning says the Emperor's condition is good. His appetite has improved, and the difficulty he experienced in swallowing has lessened. His strength has increased. He had but little fever last night.

Prince Bismarck has gone to Varzin.

Republican Victory.

PARIS, May 15.—The second ballots for municipal councilors have resulted in favor of the Republicans.

M. Dubarail yesterday received the presidents of the Napoleonic committees and restated the programme of the party. He said that an appeal to the people was the only means for rescuing the country from jobbers. He urged the necessity of Cæsarean rule and of concentrating power in strong hands able to quell internal divisions in the face of foreign menaces.

Banquet to Boulanger.

PARIS, May 15.—At Fournicer, General Boulanger was yesterday given a banquet. There were 200 persons present. In a speech he said he was astonished at the ardor with which he was welcomed. He felt that the welcome was not addressed to him personally, but to the soldier unjustly driven from the army.

Russias Military Moves.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 15.—Russia has invited the powers to send twelve delegates each to attend the August military manouvres.

Missionaries.

WASHINGTON, PA., May 11.—The Women's Missionary society met and discussed at length the various branches of missions. The following officers were elected to serve one year: President, Mrs. F. E. Carson, Baltimore; first vice president, Mrs. Griffin, Egypt; second vice president, Mrs. R. J. Smith, Wooster, O.; treasurer, Miss E. Sloan, Pittsburg; secretary, Mrs. Robert Elliott, Philadelphia. The next annual meeting will be held at Argyle, N. Y.

READS LIKE A ROMANCE.

The Story of a Physician and His Long-Lost and Forgotten Daughter.

BOSTON, May 15.—The *Globe*, in the morning, will tell a story of Dr. Augustus Franklin, who became a leading light in Nantucket society in 1862, became engaged to a young lady, and on the eve of their wedding sent her word that it could never take place and left. Sixteen months later he re-established himself in business in Nantucket, informing the public he would resume "the family name of Franklin Augustus Ellis." He prospered, but died in 1884 of the morphine habit and was buried at Worcester. His will left $15,000 to his three sisters.

The attorney for the sisters visited California last October and learned there that the doctor had been married in 1860 to one Martha Pity, daughter of a wealthy widow of Saylesville, Ala., by whom it was ascertained he had one daughter; also that May 5, 1861, the doctor had suddenly deserted his wife and her mother, taking with him the proceeds of the sale of the latter's plantation, some $6,000, and had never afterward been seen by them.

Mr. Newton secured the assistance of O. E. Hall, of Collinsville, Ala., who in January last succeeded in tracing the long lost daughter to one of the "moonshing" districts of Tennessee.

She was scantily clothed and her appearance indicated that she had been subjected to all the drugery that could be imposed on her, and that she had practically been the slave of an old eccentric "moonshiner." She told Mr. Hall that her mother had been dead about eleven years. She was brought to Collinsville, where she was at once identified by her aunt, on account of her striking resemblance to her mother. The clergyman who married Dr. Ellis and several witnesses of the marriage have been found, and steps will be taken at once to secure for the young lady her rightful share of her father's estate.

NAPTHA AND POWDER.

A Frightful Wreck Reported on the Santa Fe Road.

DENVER, COL., May 14.—[Bulletin.]—News has reached here that the thunderbolt on the Santa Fe railway collided with a freight train near Fountain, at 6 o'clock this morning. A car of powder in the freight exploded, completely wrecking both trains, and instantly killing ten people and injuring many more.

Later advices from Fountain, the scene of the Santa Fe railway accident, state that train No. 7, known as the "Thunderbolt," arrived at Fountain at 2:41 a. m. and had only been standing a few minutes, when a caboose and some cars, the brakes of which had got loose in some way, ran down from a side track and struck the train with terrific force.

One car was loaded with naptha, which exploded, throwing the fluid over everything and setting the train on fire. The trainmen shoved the uninjured cars back from the wreck, and were trying to save the depot, when it was discovered that two cars were standing on the main train that were not wrecked.

The nearest one was burning and was tagged "powder."

Shortly afterward the car exploded, completely demolishing the depot, several dwellings and a number of cars, one dwelling and the depot were consumed. Three persons, one woman and two men were killed by the explosion and some 12 or 15 persons were wounded. None very seriously.

There is a hole in the ground where the car stood about 30 feet in diameter and 15 feet deep. Two cars were burned and 16, together with the locomotive, were more or less wrecked. It is reported that tramps let off the brakes from the cars.

KILLED HIS BROTHER.

A Tragedy in a Georgia Home Unparalleled in Criminal History.

MACON, GA., May 15.—From Fancy Bluffs, in Glynn county, this state, comes news of a tragedy in which a nine-year-old boy murdered his six-year-old brother. The father is Col. John R. Williamson, one of the most prominent men in this section of the state. He, with his family, had just returned from a journey, and the children were put to bed in the same room.

After they had said their prayers Mrs. Williamson joined her husband down stairs. Five minutes after they were startled by the report of a gun in the boys' room. When Col. Williamson reached the door the elder boy was standing in the open door. In reply to the question "What has happened?" he replied: "Oh, it is all right, no body is hurt." The father and mother pushed into the room.

On the bed lay their youngest child, his head literally blown to pieces. The weapon was a heavily loaded shot gun, and must have been held within a few inches of the victim. The unconcern of the youthful murderer was appalling. He admitted the killing, but said, laughingly: "What's the good of a brother anyway?" Col. Williamson says the young murderer must be half-witted or insane. The brothers always appeared to have great love for each other.

USING DYNAMITE.

Temperance Advocates Being Assaulted—A Reign of Terror.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., May 15.—A reign of terror exists in Chambersburg among its 3,000 people on account of the use of dynamite by the whisky men against leading Prohibitionists. Monday night an attempt was made to blow up the residence of J. C. Rummell with an infernal machine, and yesterday morning early an explosion of a dynamite cartridge blew the whole front of his big store to atoms and caused great damage to his stock. The shock of the explosion was terrific and was felt for five miles around. All the windows of the houses for a square on either side were demolished and many others shaken. Fortunately no lives were lost. Rummell is one of the leading temperance in the state and is on the electoral ticket. Threats to shoot him have been freely made. Other fires and explosions are looked for. Business men who are acquainted with the facts of the trouble are afraid to move in the matter lest their turn may come next. A number of merchants have received notices to keep their hands out of the Prohibition movement.

CONKLING'S WILL.

The Long Looked for Document Probated To-day.

UTICA, N. Y., May 9.—The will of Roscoe Conkling was offered for probate before Surrogate Bliss to-day. The text of it is as follows:

"I, Roscoe Conkling, of Utica, N. Y., do make, publish and declare my last will and testament as follows: I give, devise and bequeath to my wife, Julia, and to her heirs and assigns forever all my property and estate, whether real, personal or mixed and I constitute and appoint my said wife sole executrix of this will. In testimony whereof I hereto sign my name, this 21st day of June, A. D. 1867.

"ROSCOE CONKLING."

The will is signed by Ellis H. Roberts and C. H. Hopkins.

Sale of Short Horns.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 12.—At J. J. Hill's sale of Shorhors at his farm at North Oaks, H. F. Brown and Col. King, of Minneapolis, were the heaviest buyers. There were 37 animals sold for $14,835, the average price being $385. The highest price paid was $1,900 by B. C. Ramsey, of Buffalo, for the imported Duchess of Ramfant 2nd. William Steele, of Ionia, Mich., paid $1,550 for Grand Duchess of North Oaks 2nd, and H. C. G. Bals, of Indianapolis, paid the same price for North Oaks Lady of Oxford.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

A LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL.

Some Hot Words by Leading Politicians at Louisville.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 9.—Col. A. M. Swope, one of the most prominent Republicans in this state, and a former collector of internal revenue of this district, met Col. Wm. Cassius Goodloe, also a prominent leader of the Republican party of the state, and a delegate to the Chicago convention, in the lobby of the Phœnix hotel yesterday morning and denounced him as an infamous liar, a scoundrel, and at the same time throwing off his coat.

The hotel was crowded with strangers attending the races. Col. Goodloe said that this was no place to have a settlement and no trouble originated at the time. The affair grew out of the speech made at the Louisville state Republican convention, held last week, in which Goodloe denounced Swope and stated that nineteen out of the twenty-two delegates from this county were not on speaking terms with Swope. The affair created a great deal of excitement, and rumors were afloat that a meeting between the gentleman would result. The friends of the parties are trying to harmonize things at the Phœnix Hotel. The result has not yet been learned. Mr. Goodloe is in the hotel, but the whereabouts of Col. Swope can not be learned.

CASHIER ROYCE

Taken to Jail with Twenty-five Counts Against him.

WILLIMANTIC, CONN., May 11.—The climax in the case of the Willimantic Savings institute, was reached to-day in the arrest of Cashier H. F. Royce on twenty-five counts, which indicate that Royce's rascalities have been more bold and extended than at first expected. The indictments allege the misuse of deposits belonging to Frank Frost, which was covered by false entries, and the making of false entries for a large number of notes and bills receivable which were never sent for collection. He is also charged with appropriating about $35,000 at different times; with keeping false accounts of all his transactions, and with suppressing entirely from his books certain accounts for good notes sent to New York for collection and paid by New York banks. Royce takes his arrest coolly, and has openly boasted that the directors dared not arrest him, as in that case they would all be implicated as equally guilty with himself. The loss to the bank was paid from the reserve fund, and the institution is now pronounced sound.

INTO A STREET CAR.

A Rock Island Switch Engine Crushed into a Load of Passengers—The Fatally and Seriously Injured.

CHICAGO, May 12.—(Special.)—A Wentworth avenue street car was run into by a Rock Island switch engine at Fourteenth street last night, and several persons injured.

The conductor claims that the crossing watchman signaled him that the track was clear and to come ahead and he signaled the driver. Just as the horses crossed the track, the switch engine, which was backing up at a rapid rate of speed struck the rear end of the car.

The car was thrown from the track, the front platform torn away and the car badly smashed. The injuries to the driver are likely to prove fatal. Mrs. Annie Smith, Wm. Bulger and E. F. Russell, passengers, were seriously bruised and injured internally.

The other passengers escaped with a severe shaking up.

The switch engineer says he received the customary signal at the crossing, and blames the street car conductor. An investigation will be made.

HAVE SETTLED UP.

The Nevada Bank Pays Senator Fair the $2,000,000 Wheat Money.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 10.—An executive meeting of the directors of the Nevada bank was held yesterday. The details of the business transacted have not transpired, but in banking circles it is known that ex-Senator Fair had been paid the balance of the $2,000,000 which the bank owed him.

This squared the account between the old Bonanza partners that has been unsettled, and Mackay, Flood and Fair have now arranged all their financial affairs as relating to each other completely and satisfactorily. The $2,000,000 which Senator Fair received in settlement of his claims against the Nevada bank represented the stated bulk of the money which he put into the concern to tide over the troubles caused by the wheat deal.

Miners Strike.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 15.—At noon yesterday the miners in the Reinhart Coal company's mine near Boonville, Mo., quit work and demanded an increase in wages. This was refused by President C. J. Berger. He says the mines will not shut down, nor will they re-employ the strikers.

Sugar Coming Down.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—The American Refinery company yesterday made a reduction on sugars one-eighth of a ct. all round, which was at once met be the California company. Both refineries quote white sugrrs at six cents per pound.

Bible Society.

NEW YORK, May 11.—She seventy-second annual meeting of the American Bible society was held at the Bible house. The financial statement shows cash receipts for general purposes $55,734; disbursements, $506,453.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, May 15, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	May 15.	May 8.
4½'s coupons	126⅞	126⅞
4's registered	126⅝	126⅞
Pacific 6's of '95	121	121

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—increase	$ 4,026,600
Loans—decrease	1,143,600
Specie—increase	3,484,800
Legal tenders—increase	1,701,500
Deposits—increase	4,634,800
Circulation—decrease	3,900

The banks now hold $22,276,675 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, May 15.—3 p. m.—The stock market closed dull, bnt firm, at about opening figures.

NEW YORK, May 15.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1@1½ per cent. Bar silver, 91⅞.

The stock market subsided into intense dullness after 11 o'clock, Richmond & West Point being the only oasis in the desert of stagnation, but even in that stock, while it displayed a firm front, the fluctuations were confined within a range of ¼ per cent.

There was absolutely no feature to the trading until the last quarter hour, when weakness appeared and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy dropped to 113½ against 115¼ at the opening; New England showed considerable weakness though its decline was only fractional. The rest of the list sympathized and at noon the market was quiet but weak at lowest prices of the morning.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 49⅜; D. & A., 108⅝; D., L. & W., 129¼; Erie, 24¾; J. C., 83⅜; H. V., ——; K. & T. 14; Lake Shore, 91⅛; L. & N., 56; M. C., ——; Mo. Pac., 76½; N. E., 40⅛; N. Y. C., 105⅝; N. W., 108⅜; O. T., 25; P. M., 33⅛; R. T., 25⅛; Reading, 61⅛; St. Paul, 72½; U. P., 53⅜; W. U., 76½; C., B. & Q., 114.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the past week was fair. The wheat trade was active, and prices were higher on reports of the bad outlook for winter wheat. In the iron trade manufacturers are producing only to meet present requirements, on account of the tariff agitation in Congress.

THE MARKETS.

Markets for Wheat Weak, Lower.

At the leading sources of supply to-day the wheat markets were less active than on yesterday, said to be on account of reports of improved crop conditions. The decline exhibited at the close was 1⅜@1⅝c as compared with yesterday. There was but little done in June wheat, and therefore July more nearly represents the condition of the market. Cables were firm. Exports light.

Prices of June wheat at leading points, to-day were:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Clos.
Toledo	94¼	94½	94¼	94½
Chicago	87⅝	87⅝	87	87
New York	97⅝	97⅞	97	97⅛
St. Louis	92	92¼	92	92

Corn was dull but firm at ⅛c advance. Oats quiet. Clover seed firm, and 5@7½c. higher.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day cash wheat sold to the extent of 17,000 bushels in one lot at 95c.

For future delivery there was active trade in July and August; other months, light trade. Prices were lower; No. 2 Red, June, 94¼@94½c; July, 93⅞@93c, 1⅜c off as compared with yesterday; August, 93¼@93c, 1⅜c lower; September, 94@94⅛c; December, 96¾@96⅛c.

Corn sold light; prices firm; No. 2 May, 60½, ½c advance. Oats quiet; June, 35½c. Clover seed, fair trade at firm and higher prices; prime, cash, $4 35, 5c up; May $4 37½, 7½c better; October, $4 67½.

CLOSE—Wheat, cash, 95c; June, 93½c; June, 92⅝c; August, 92⅛c. Corn—Cash and May, 60½c. Oats—Cash and June, 35½c. Clover Seed—Cash and May, $4 40; October, $4 70 nominal.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

THF GREAT SPRING MEDICINE.

For the CURE of all Chronic Diseases and Functional Disorders Peculiar to this Season of the Year.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Complaints, etc., Glandular Swelling, Chronic Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone, and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

THE SKIN after a few days' use of the SARSAPARILLIAN becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots and Skin Eruptions removed. Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured disease or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is taken.

Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

The Produce Market.

There was a little more doing in general produce to-day. Dressed hogs are in demand at outside prices. Butter, gilt-edged, 20@22c. Eggs, 12c. Cheese, new, 10c. Poultry—chickens, 11@12c. Salt, in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Fruits—apples, $3 50@4 00 per barrel; oranges, $4 50; lemons, $3 50@4 00; bananas, $1 00 @ 3 00 per bunch; cranberries, $3 25; strawberries, $3 73 @ 4 00 per crate. Vegetables—Onions, new, per dozen bunches, 20@25c; spinach, 75@80c per bush.; peas, green, $1 60@1 75 per case; cabbages, $1 50 per case, or 10@15c retail; lettuce, per pound, 12c; radishes, 30c per dozen; cucumbers, per dozen, 85@90c; asparagus, 7@8c per pound; tomatoes, $4 50 per box; green beans, per box, $1 50; wax, $2 50; old beans, $2 50@3 00; potatoes, 90@95c per bushel. Provisions—Mess pork, $14 50@15 00; short clear, $17 00; lard tierce, 8c; tins, 8c; hams, 11c; shoulders, 10½c; breakfast bacon, 11c; dried beef hams, 11½c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. hay—timothy, $13. Flour, straights, $5 00; patents, $5 25; bakers, $4 75. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3c; cured, 6c; calf, green 6c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 23c. Wool, washed 26c; unwashed, 12c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 6¾@7c; light steers, 6½c; cows, 5c; calves, 6½c; sheep, 9c; lambs, 10c; dressed hogs, 7c. Sheep are scarce.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, May 15.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat, June, 87c; July, 88⅛c. Corn—June, 57⅜c; July, 57⅞c. Pork—June, $14 37½.

DETROIT, May 15.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 96½c; No. 2 red, cash, 95c; June, 95c; July, 95¾c; August, 94⅛c. Corn—No. 2, 59c. Oats—No. 2, 37c; No. 2 white, 40½c, nominal.

CHICAGO, May 15.—1 p. m.—Wheat weak and lower; cash, 86⅜c; June, 87c; July, 88⅛c. Corn lower: cash, 59c; June, 57⅞c; July, 57¾c. Oats easy; cash, 35½c; June, 37½c; July, 33 13-16c. Rye, 64½c. Barley—nothing doing. Prime timothy, $2 45. Flax seed, $1 45. Whisky, $1 18. Pork easy; cash and June, $14 40; July, $14 50. Lard easy; cash, $8 45; June, $8 47½@8 50; July, $8 52½; July steam rendered, $7 72½.

NEW YORK, May 15.—Wheat heavy, irregular and 1c@1¼c lower; speculation fairly active; receipts, 2,246 bu; No. 2 red May, 100¾@101; June, 97¼@98c; July, 97⅝@98c; August, 96⅝@97½c; December, 99½@$1 00¼; May, (1889), $1 03¼@1 03⅝; Sep. 97@97¼. Corn—⅛@⅜c lower and easy; mixed western spot, 67@69½c; futures, 66@69½c; receipts, 129,800bu.; sales, 264,000 bu. Oats ¼c higher; western, 37@47c; receipts, 39,000 bu; sales, 30,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork quiet, generally steady; new mess, $15 00@15 25; old mess, $14 00@14 50. Lard, higher and firm; steam rendered, $8 85. Butter dull without further change; western, 19@25½c; Elgin and Pennsylvania creamery, 26c. Cheese quiet and easy; state new, 8½@10; old 8½@10½; skims, 7@8c. Sugar dull; crushed, 8c; powdered, 7c; granulated, 6¾c. Molasses quiet; 50 test, 20c. Coffee—spot dull 16; options, weak and 35@45 points lower. Spirits of Turpentine quiet at 37c. Eggs—Western, 13½@14¼c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, May 14.—Hogs—Market active; common and light, $4 25@5 65; packing and butchers, $5 50@5 90. Eggs in good demand, firm at 13c. Cheese scarce; firm; prime choice Ohio flat, recent make, 10@10½c.

EAST LIBERTY, May 14.—Cattle—Market active and all sold; 15@20c higher than last week's prices; prime, $5 15@5 40; fair to good, $4 65@4 90; common, $3 95@4 40; no cattle shipped to New York. Hogs—Market slow; Philadelphias, $5 90@6 00; mixed, $5 70@5 80; Yorkers, $5 60@5 7; pigs, $5 00@5 25. Six carloads of hogs shipped to New York. Sheep—Market firm on good; slow and dull on common and medium, at last week's prices; prime clipped sheep, $5 80; fair to good, $5 25@5 60; common, $2 00@3 50; clipped lambs, $3 50@6 50; spring lambs, $5 00@9 00.

KANSAS CITY, May 14.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 351 head; shipments, ——. Offerings too light to test the strength of the market, but quotations about the same as Saturday. Hogs—Receipts, 3,651 head; shipments —— head. The market steady to strong; good to choice, $5 35@5 50; common to medium, $5 00@5 25; skips and pigs, $2 25@3 50. Sheep—Receipts, 1,901 head; shipments, 237 head; market strong for good to choice muttons at $4 50@5 25; common to medium slow at $2 25@4 00.

BUFFALO, May 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,900 head through, 2,400 head sales; active and 10@15c higher than last Monday on all prime steers; prime 1,400 lbs., upwards, $4 60@5 25; good, 1,200 to 1,400 lbs, $4 50@4 85; good, 900 to 1,100 pounds, $3 90@4 50; mixed butchers, $3 75@4 60; bulls, steady, 10c higher; $3 10@3 85; light receipts; sausage to fat, $2 75@3 50; stockers and feeders steady; $3 00@3 90; milch cows and springers, $3 00@4 00 per head lower; common to choice, $22 00@38 00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,200 head through, 5,800 head sale; sheep active, 10@25c higher; extra 100 lbs., $6 45; choice, 80 to 95 lbs, $5 40@6 25; fair, 70 to 80 lbs, $5 00@5 30; lambs, scarce, choice, $6 75@7 50. Hogs—Receipts, 12,720 head through, 8,400 head sale; fairly active, 5@10c lower; medium heavy, $5 75@5 85; heavy Yorkers, $5 60@5 65; light do, $5 35@5 50; pigs, $5 00@5 10; rough, $5 00@5 25; stags, $4.

Boston Wool Market.

Sales are light. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 29@30c; Michigan and Wisconsin, 26@27c; Territory, 16½@23c; unwashed, 16@21c; pulled, 30@31c; scoured, 28@50c; California and Oregon, 15c.

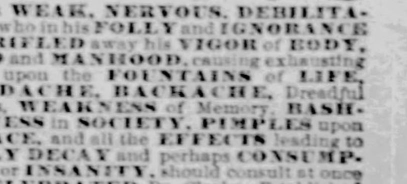
Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 86¾c; highest, 87⅝c; lowest, 86c⅝; closed at 87⅞c; puts, 86¾c; calls, 89½c.

Market dull but strong.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, May 14.—The Mark Lane *Express* in the weekly review of the British grain trade says: The English wheat trade is slow, and previous rates are difficult to sustain. The sales of English wheat during the week were 49,056 qrs. at 31s 5d, against 47,526 qrs. at 33s 6d during the corresponding period last year. Foreign wheat is quiet; in London prices have been maintained, but in Liverpool they are a fraction cheaper. Flour is firm. Corn at Liverpool is 1d per cental dearer. Oats are in demand at an advance of 3d. Linseed is weak and prices have declined 6d. To-day there was a better demand for wheat, and both English and foreign rose 6d. Flour was 6d higher. Corn was unchanged. Oats was 6d@1s dearer. The linseed trade was still depressed; Calcutta seed was quoted 37s ex-snip.



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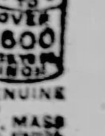

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